PENTHOUSE

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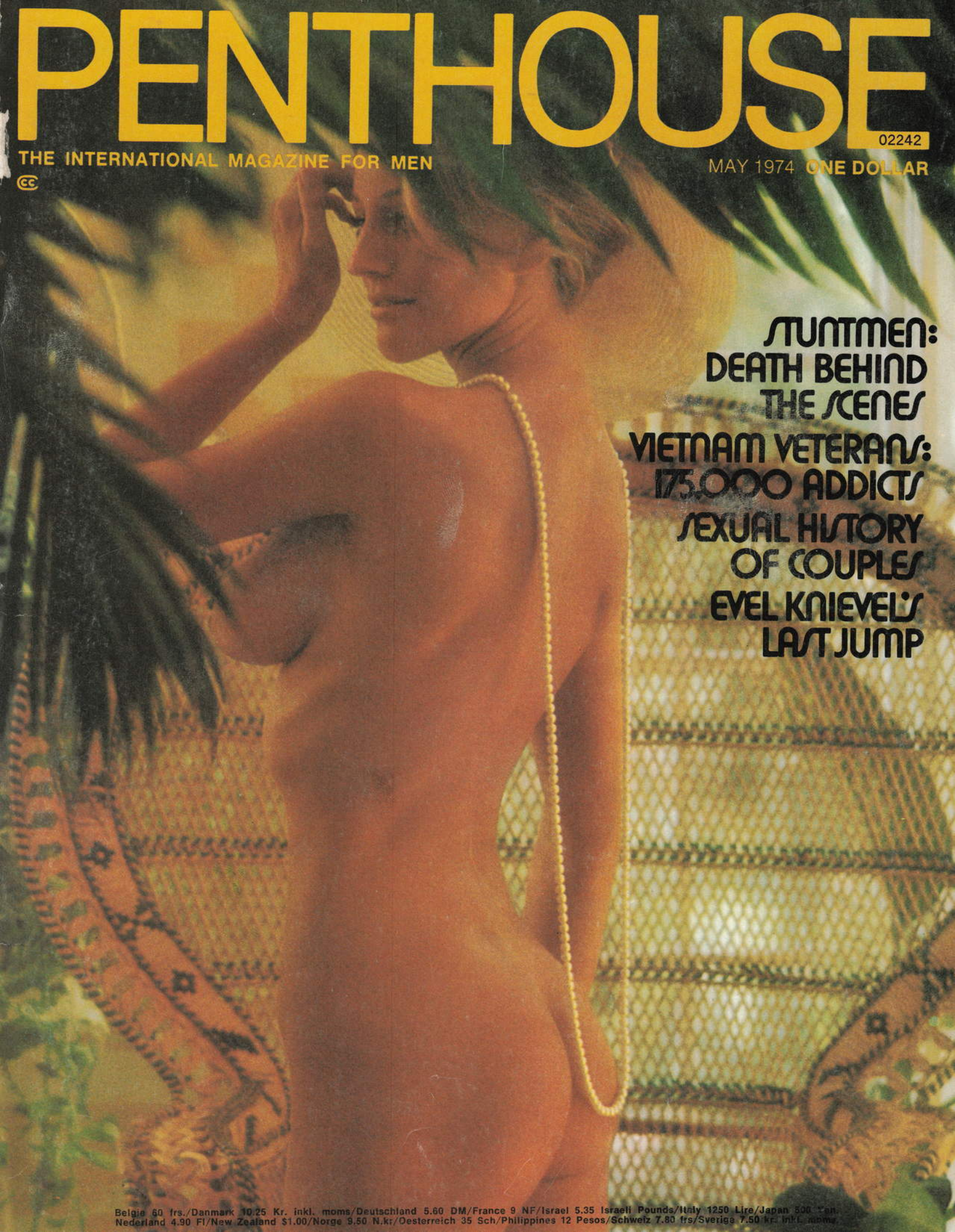
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1974 ONE DOLLAR



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / MAY 1974

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IN EUROPE, WHERE A GALLON OF GAS GOES FOR BETWEEN 77¢ AND $1.80, MORE PEOPLE BUY FIATS THAN ANY OTHER CAR.

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"You can print any goddamn thing I say." The man who told us that, **Evel Knievel**, may well be dead by the time we do print it, God bless him. The World's Greatest Insurance Risk courts death the way some guys chase chicks, and of course Evel does that too —with spectacular success to hear him tell it. Which you may read in this month's *Penthouse Interview*. We hope it's not his last, but any guy who figures on sailing across the Snake River Canyon in Idaho, a mile wide and a mile deep (the Canyon, not Idaho), on a mere motorcycle is certainly taking a risk, especially with the fuel shortage and everything. The bravest stunt man who ever lived, Evel started out in Butte, Montana, as a lowly hubcap thief. How his breakneck career brought him to the very doorstep of Valhalla is recorded here in a vivid interview especially conducted for *Penthouse* by **Russ Ewing**, an NBC News reporter based in Chicago. Evel is no novelty, of course. His forerunners include every glory-minded adventurer from Achilles to Mack Sennett, the great slapstick director who first realized the comic potential in human suffering. Sennett went on to create the Keystone Kops and other acts which engendered such mayhem that they called forth a whole new generation of fall guys to stand up and take it. This comes from film historian **John Baxter's** new book *Stunt: The Story of the Great Movie Stunt Men* (Doubleday), and so does his concise survey of the same topic herein. Now, we're not saying that Evel and his colleagues aren't a swell bunch of guys, which they are, and if they want to look for trouble, they're welcome to it, by us. But, fascinating as the stunt men make it all seem, violence is no fantasy for either those on the receiving end or those who dole it out. America's soldiers in Vietnam were forced to be both aggressors and victims, and the pent-up pressures of this double bind caused all too many of them to turn to the use of heroin, which came cheap, pure, and sweet in Southeast Asia. And the opiate of the Orient did not end with debriefing; rather, many veterans reenlisted in America's growing army of addicts. Can these men be helped? And to what extent has our government seriously tried? These are the pressing questions *New York Times* staff reporter **Fred Ferretti** answers in *175,000 Addicts*, the third installment of *Penthouse*'s series on the plight of America's unwanted heroes. This month's lead fiction is by **John Fergus Ryan**, who's just finished writing a fine detective novel called *The Copeland Mortuary*. In *The Arkansas Traveler* this Southern storyteller condenses a skein of events both macabre and satirical into a shaggy-dog tale that, like its hero, goes both everywhere and nowhere and contains many an insight into Dixie folklore, dialect, and orthodontics. Another connoisseur of dialect and death is **Francis Ford Coppola**, who directed *The Godfather*. Enough said. In *Celluloid Dreams . . . Childhood's End*, **Thomas Maremaa** delves deep into Coppola's background to find out why success can't spoil the most successful director in show biz. Finally, **Xaviera Hollander** and **Wicked Wanda** present proof positive that the so-called death wish is nothing but *naked carnal lust*. Well, now you know where the bodies are buried.

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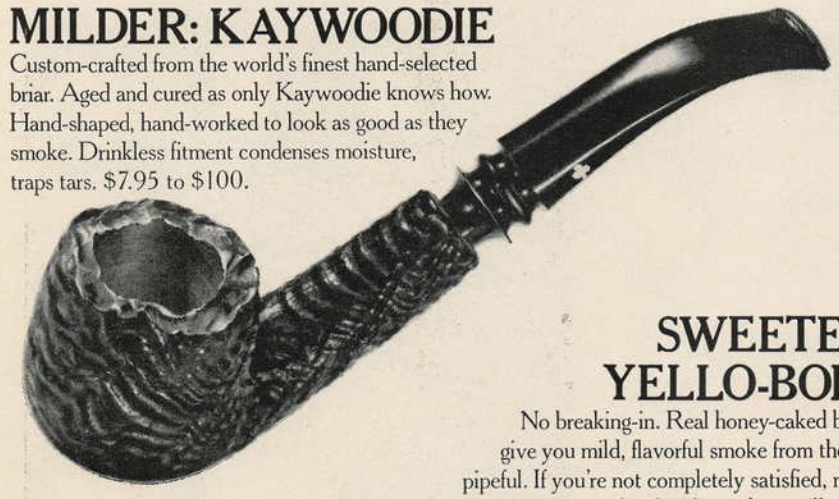

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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Marks on Marco

I would like to thank you for an outstandingly provocative and personally fulfilling article by Marco Vassi, *The Eroticum: Sex Versus Metasex* (November 1973).

During our sexual experiences, my wife and I have come to recognize the different sensations we attained, but never have been able to categorize them.

It seems that Mr. Vassi's sexual intellect has been acquired through normal physical contact and has been enhanced by the not-so-common "discuss and discover yourself" technique. I am grateful to him for being able to put into words what I could only envision mentally.—*D.R., New York, N.Y.*

Marco Vassi's article in November was truly a revelation to me! Three years ago, when I was pregnant with my first, and only, child, I tried to explain to my lover how sex was different for me—different, that is, during the time I was trying to get pregnant. I felt, for the first time in our lovemaking, that I was in communion with something much deeper than my own feelings of pleasure. I am normally a very sexual person and enjoy all aspects of sexuality—but this was truly something else. Since I couldn't make much sense out of my emotions, I had forgotten about them—until I read Vassi's article. This is the first time I have read about (or heard about) the concept of metasex and I think it is one of the most important ideas in today's screwed-up world. I am curious to know if any other reader has had similar experiences.—*P.B., New York, N.Y.*

American Moonscape

American Moonscape, in December *Penthouse,* reveals the not-so-secret fact that some capitalist corporations put environmental concerns out of their minds in their lust for profits. Probably even more important, author Frank Browning shows that the Tennessee Valley Authority goes along with the Peabody Coal Company, which is destroying the Kentucky countryside by strip-mining.

Before the TVA turned to large-scale generation of electric power in coal plants, it was noted for strong and continuing conservation efforts. To avoid even worse environmental damage, perhaps it would be advisable for the TVA to turn its attention towards increased hydro and nuclear generation of electricity.—*Henry R. Korman, Longview, Wash.*

I was intrigued by Frank Browning's well-written article, *American Moonscape: The Peabody Strip-Off* (December 1973). He wrote with analytical force, yet used genuine compassion in delineating the sad destruction of the lives and countryside in Muhlenberg County by the Peabody Company. Browning demonstrated courage as well as literary skill in bringing still another example of pollution by the powerful to the attention of the American public.

As the meek are supposed to inherit the earth, they should be informed that Muhlenberg County will be available soon; the powerful are moving to Montana.—*Dave Kelleher, Irvine, Calif.*

Farming has been the occupation of my family on eastern Long Island. I am the first in my family that has not made a living that way, but I have deep admiration for the farmer and his way of life. I grew up with a television always at my disposal. Automobiles on superhighways and speeding jets have been my means of transportation. My job as a nuclear-reactor operator aboard a navy submarine was created by the advancement of modern technology. However, blind loyalty towards the word and act of "progress" is not a trait of mine, nor is it one I ever want.

After reading Frank Browning's article *American Moonscape,* I felt compelled to write to you. I have never seen the wastes that strip-mining has left, except for a few brief newsreels on television. Those few glimpses of the landscape raped by the huge shovels make me heartsick. I don't understand how people working for Peabody or any other strip-mining company can live with their consciences, if indeed they have any at all. I couldn't justify my need for employment if it resulted in the massive destruction and degradation of the land by the strippers' shovels.

After a recent visit to Long Island following a ten-year absence, I could see that the huge, magnificent potato fields are now being paved over for parking lots and the developers are moving in. It was a scene that left me uneasy. I can't imagine the pain felt by the Kentuckians when their land was stolen and ravaged. I fear for the people and land in Montana and Wyoming, especially since the energy crisis has forced America to look with greedy eyes at the coalfields across the land. Will they too be devoured in this cannibalistic suicide we call progress? Is there anything that one American can do to help those farmers and landowners who have lost or stand to lose against those greedy giant corporations that indiscriminately scrape away the land and the roots of others' heritages?

There must be alternatives somewhere, somehow. I want to see this beautiful country someday, but I don't want to see towns like Paradise, Kentucky.—*Ken Strong, New York, N.Y.*

American Moonscape: The Peabody Strip-Off by Frank Browning is a well-documented example of what one company has done to devastate Kentucky. How often have those of us in other parts of the country seen the same wholesale depredation of our favorite landscapes? Unfortunately, it is easy to fill in the blanks in the following quote from the article: "One of America's most unscrupulous and greedy megacorporations and polluters, the *blank blank* Company."

As a native Montanan, I have seen what the Anaconda Copper Company has done to the landscape of Butte and surrounding areas. A once-beautiful mountainous region, the land is now gouged and scarred by mining operations. In the mining heydays of the Twenties and earlier, Butte's population was nearly 100,000. Today the population is approximately 23,000. Remaining

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are the ruins of abandoned buildings and houses, along with patches of mud and dirt, all that is left of once-grassy areas. Moreover, while the mining operations were at their heights, massive clear-cutting was taking place in the forests.

Presumably, the worst of the mining and forest depredations are past. But now a new monster threatens the environment—strip-mining. Behind the strip-mining is Peabody Coal Company.

Presently, Peabody is stalemated in its land acquisition and strip-mining implementation program, though some strip-mining is taking place under the cautious eyes of local and state government officials.

One Montana rancher said on television that if Peabody is allowed to strip-mine below the surface it would pollute the feeder streams on which his cattle depend. This represents a serious concern for thousands of people. So serious, in fact, that the above rancher rejected a $15-million offer for his property.

If the strip-mining issue or other environmental problems had been openly presented to the country twenty years ago, the results probably would have been altogether different. In Montana, the difference might have been spectacular. The reason such issues never received proper attention was because most of Montana's large dailies were owned, except the *Great Falls Tribune*, by the Anaconda Company, which is the state's biggest industry.

Now, more than in any other period of recent history, we need a group that will stand up against the likes of a Watergate, a war in Vietnam, or vast devastation of our resources. The media is just right for the job.

Penthouse, by providing such pertinent and hard-hitting articles as *American Moonscape*, proves itself a vital member of that group.—*Joe Frank Purcell, New York, N.Y.*

Being a native Kentuckian for the past twenty-three years, I admire *Penthouse* for exposing Kentucky's strip-mining czars for what they are—destructive parasites of Kentucky's farmlands. In *American Moonscape: The Peabody Strip-Off* (December 1973), Frank Browning surely captured the essence of what us Kentuckians have been trying to explain to our legislatures over the past many years. Kentucky newspapers, prejudiced by the large coal-mining companies, never reveal the true aspect of such a devastating injustice imposed on our farmlands.

It is ironic to note that farmland only a few counties away from Muhlenberg County seems desirable enough to let Secretariat, the greatest horse and Triple-Crown winner of all time, graze on it. There are counties noted for their green pastures and the preservation of horse breeding and racing. Thousands of acres are set aside for the growing of some of the best burley tobacco in the world. A few miles away I have seen farmlands of the same high quality scoured by industry and their fat cats, while the species of the Kentucky farmer disappears.

My compliments to such a talented, informative writer and researcher as Frank Browning, and also to *Penthouse* for illuminating Kentucky's fast-approaching downfall.—*John M. King, Boyd County, Ky.*

I just finished your article *American Moonscape*. I am in the air force, stationed in Germany, but my hometown is in the area of Kentucky that your article covered. I found *The Peabody Strip-Off* to be very informative and shocking. I had no idea Peabody was killing Kentucky.

Before entering the air force I worked for the Kentucky Reclamation Association planting trees and sowing seed. I thought at the time that state officials were cracking down on the coal companies and holding them to strict regulations. I guess I was wrong.

If your article is fact, and the figures for taxation correct, Peabody should be behind bars and not behind that damned steam shovel. I hope others from Western Kentucky read this article and that it opens some eyes to what is going on. Most Kentuckians look at mining as a way of life and feel that without it they just can't survive. Thank you for printing *American Moonscape*.—*David W. McLemore, Bitburg, Germany*

Law and disorder

Dave Greenburg and Bob Hantz, interviewed in your November issue, seem to be a classic example of our bureaucratic society. Laws were designed to protect man from himself. In most cases the laws are effective, but in these men's case the law has hampered and finally curtailed their ability to enforce the law they obviously idolize.

Police officers are not allowed to leave their precinct and enter whorehouses without proper authority—for obvious reasons. But in this case it is necessary to ask why they did what they did before you ask why they broke a law.

The classic example of bending the law occurs when a police officer stops a man speeding on a rural road and proceeds to write a citation, and then he discovers a woman in labor in the backseat. The ticket is forgotten and the police officer *escorts* the *speeder* to the hospital. Let us take time to reason, before we so strictly enforce petty rules when life is at stake.

Narcotics is a life-and-death matter. If we want it stopped, we can stop it—simply by using men like Dave and Bob.

I applaud their courage and hope they get their jobs as detectives of narcotics back again.—*James L. Hamilton, Washington, D.C.*

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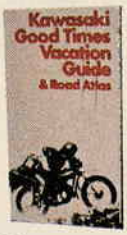

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High Marx

It may be of interest to you to know to what new dimensions your publication reaches. Let me unfold this anecdote:

For a course in film criticism, I was required to write a critique of the Marx Brothers' film, *Duck Soup*. Now, being a by-product of an apathetic society, I completely tossed the assignment aside until it finally dawned on me that the essay was due the next day. So, I decided to amble down the halls of the college residence and find a shoulder to cry on. Upon entering my friend's room, I noticed December's *Penthouse* lying on the bed. I picked it up and, lo and behold, my eyes became fixed on the exclusive interview with Groucho Marx. To say the least, I freaked!

The result was a B+ and the accompanying little note by the prof, "... entertaining! well-researched and informative ... good work." Many thanks.—*Name withheld, York University, Toronto, Ontario*

Personal appearance

Being a native of Pittsburgh, I feel it my duty to write you and apologize for the reception Bob Guccione encountered from the audience when he appeared on local TV on the "Marie Torre Show." I watched the show and I just can't believe the hassle he was subjected to. All of our city is not as closed-minded as the audience at that show. I must compliment Bob on the way he handled the situation—beautiful!—*Gary Rixner, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Two views on the Guru

In reference to Mr. Dean Latimer's article *Who Is Guru?* (January 1974), I can only say that I am most surprised at *Penthouse* for printing such a one-sided view on *any* topic whatsoever. For a magazine such as yours, which so obviously proposes a "do your own thing, whatever turns you on" philosophy on life, to so emphatically reject, mock, and ridicule any way of life, no matter how unrealistic or unusual or offbeat it may be, can only be viewed as pretentious and hypocritical.

It seems to me that this magazine has received enough unfair and adverse publicity in time passed to be one of the first to realize that it is definitely not up to one individual to judge. Nor is this a rap in the mouth for freedom of the press. I am simply saying that it seems most unrealistic to expect a certain amount of tolerance shown toward your own viewpoints, but not tolerate another's.—*L.G., New York, N.Y.*

We do not normally claim credit for the insight of our authors, nor do we necessarily endorse the opinions they express. In the case of the Guru Maharaj Ji, however, we are quite happy to waive our traditional position.—Editor

Thank you for your fine article on Guru Maharaj Ji in the January issue. I'm glad you had the courage to denounce and expose such a ridiculous fraud.

It is not strange that man seeks spiritual enlightenment. But for years he has been misled and denied knowledge by the very people who say they possess it and can help man achieve it. This rip-off will probably continue until we realize that we *all* are beautiful and truly spiritual.—*John Fleming, Glendale, Calif.*

Reviewing the reviewers

I just finished reading the January issue of *Penthouse* and I must say hats and jackets off to you. This magazine really achieves its purpose.

One department in View From the Top could do with some changes, however. I'm referring to Sounds. I was appalled at the space your critic gave to the Allman Brothers Band.

The *Brothers and Sisters* album is mentioned with just thirty-three words, poor-mouthing a band that was live on coast-to-coast radio on New Year's Eve.

Second, the writer of the article called the Allmans a hard-rock band, which is just a label. This band has its roots deep in blues, jazz, and country music. The *Penthouse* critic went on to say that the band was "only mildly interesting." I would like to remind your critic that nothing is disinteresting; there are only disinterested people. The article closed with "skip this record." Where does that ass get the right to judge the creativity and appeal of a band or individual artist in thirty-three words? A critique with not even enough words in it to make a good sixty-second spot is not a critique, it's a shuck. Why not use letter grades? They take up less space and are as informative as a thirty-three-word blurb.—*Ed Emerson, Alpine, Calif.*

In defense of Barbra Streisand, I offer this rebuttal to Roger Greenspun's critique of the film *The Way We Were* by Sydney Pollack (January 1974). I feel that Mr. Greenspun apparently became sidetracked in his article when he began to lash out at Miss Streisand and question her talents. I believe the section the article appeared in was called Shows and not Persons.

Mr. Greenspun indirectly gives the opinion that Miss Streisand was miscast for the film. Mr. Greenspun stated that "it is also geared to accommodate an image of Barbra Streisand as actress"—and later said of Miss Streisand's ability to play a character—"never has and possibly never can." Really?

Her image and ability were proven by her winning the Best Actress Oscar in 1968 for her portrayal of Fanny Brice in *Funny Girl*. As far as Miss Streisand co-starring with handsome and debonair men—no question about it at all, Omar

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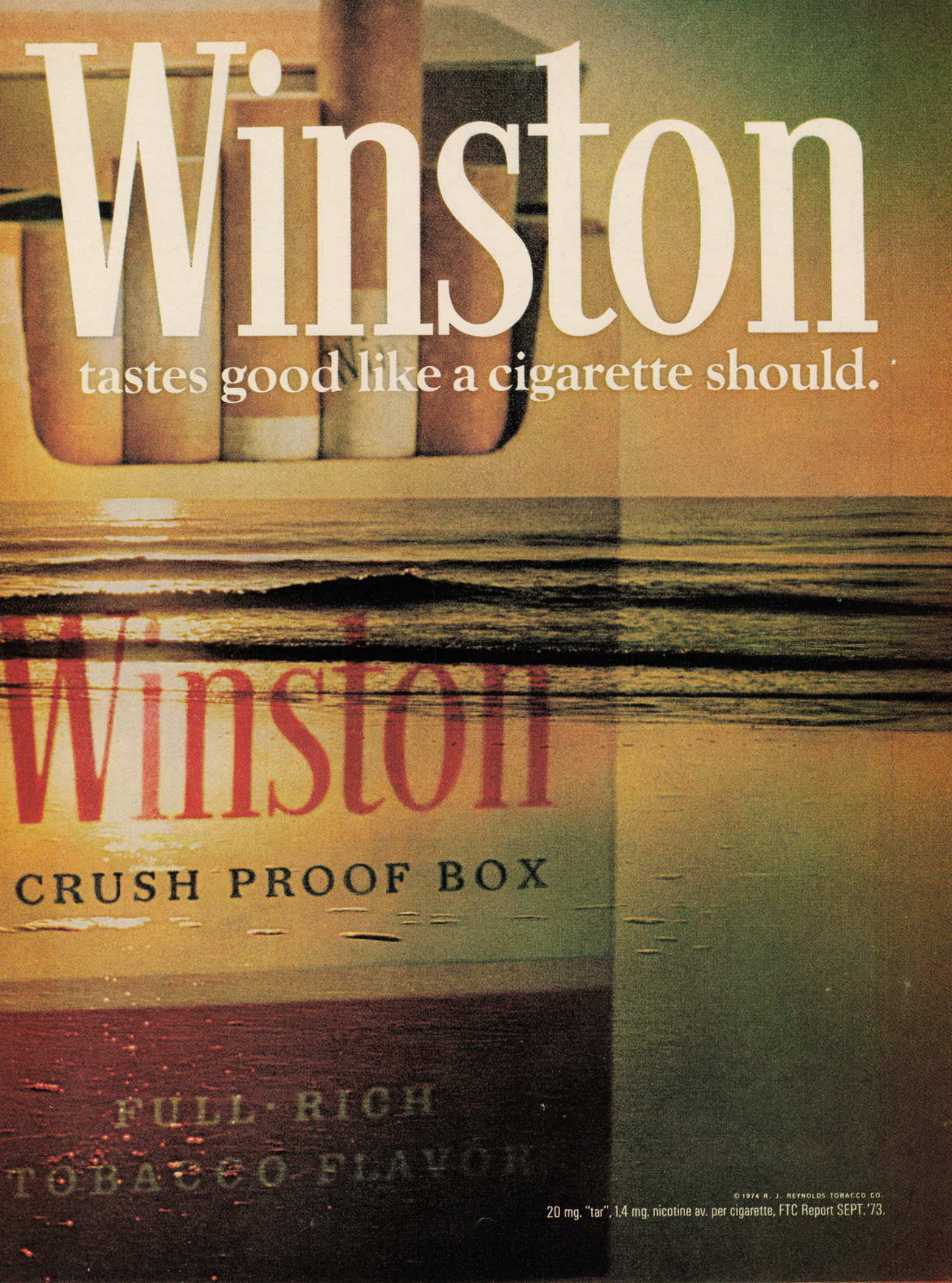

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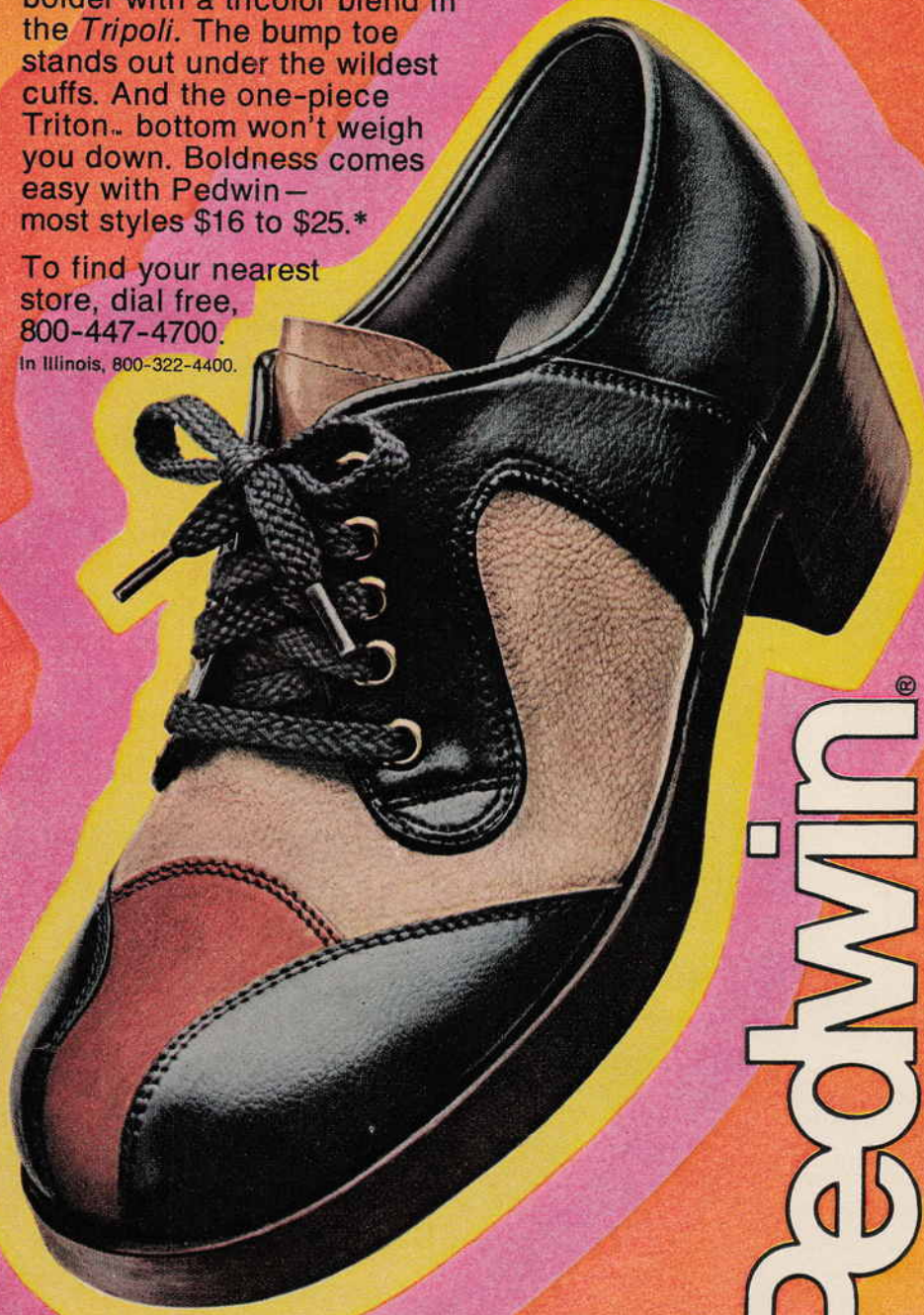

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Sharif starred in *Funny Girl* also. Mr. Greenspun need not worry about Miss Streisand fitting into the nostalgic scene because of the "ugly duckling being Jewish"—Fanny Brice was a star in the 1910's and 1920's. In the same issue of *Penthouse*, Lionel Chetwynd stated that Bob Fosse is the only individual ever to win the Oscar, Tony, and Emmy awards in a single season. True, good for him! Barbra Streisand is the only performer ever to earn all *four* awards in a career. She won the Grammy also.

Maybe you were right about the film in this case, but believe me, you were wrong about Streisand.—*Michael Farmer, Orlando, Fla.*

I would like to respond to Roger Greenspun's review of the motion picture, *The Way We Were*, which appeared in your January issue. In his verbal rape of Barbra Streisand, Mr. Greenspun confuses his vendetta for her with her truly remarkable talent and versatility as a performer.

It is not often in viewing a movie that I have been transported emotionally and aesthetically into a character with human feelings. As Katie, Miss Streisand was utterly sensitive in her insensitive and caustic defense of herself.

Mr. Greenspun must learn in his reviewing to sort out resentment. Might I suggest that he enlist a strategy of objectivity, in substitution for preconceived celebrity pouncing. He has done Miss Streisand a grave injustice.—*Phil Alexander, Glen Head, N.Y.*

Pet partisans

I just have one short but straightaway sentence: Claudia Arena (January) is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman that has *ever* adorned the pages of *Penthouse*. Finis.—*Michael Roberts, Fresno, Calif.*

Congratulations on your February issue. The spread on your Pet of the Month, Beatrice Vogler, was beautiful. The pictures broke two precedents that you have protected assiduously in the past by showing naked feet and the anal area. I am sure that I am not the only one of your subscribers to enjoy these two luscious parts of the female anatomy.

The lighting was good in all of the pictures and especially good in the centerfold and page 72 with side light accentuating the delicate body hair. But couldn't you have been just a bit more daring and omitted the panties in the centerfold or at least had them down another inch or two? —*Name and address withheld*

Your January Pet of the Month was the best that I have seen in my two years of reading *Penthouse*.

I praise Mr. Slack for the great photography. I commend Mr. Guccione for his selection, and most important of all, I would like to compliment Miss Arena for being such a fine model.—*Robert Keller, Satellite Beach, Fla.*

Your December photos of Sandy Robertson with Chuck were sensationally arousing. Many times pictures of a woman alone obviously forcing herself to appear aroused leave much to be desired.

Sandy and Chuck provided a refreshing relief from the humdrum girly shots, and we would like to see more of the same.

You really outdid your competitors with the December issue.—*Name and address withheld*

Woman's view

I have been looking through some old copies of *Penthouse* and find most of the letters to be from men who boast of their power over women, so I'd like to give a woman's point of view.

When I shared an apartment, my girl friend

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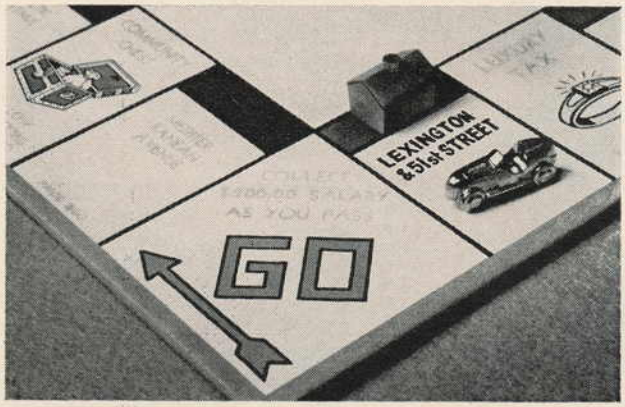

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suggested a way to get rid of an overamorous male. I would encourage his passion to build up and then tell him I would only sleep with men who I knew really loved me. Eventually he would ask how he could prove his love and I would ask him to take a cold bath.

Most told me not to be stupid and refused, but the persistent ones were made to sit in the bath while I turned the cold tap on. I would hold their hands and when the cold water reached a sensitive spot and their grip tightened I would whisper words of encouragement.

If I was at the flat of a man I disliked, I would make some excuse to leave the bathroom and go home, leaving him sitting there in the bath, with instructions to wait until I called. Often I would make a man stay in the bath for an hour, so that when he got out his penis would be very small, although it soon grew again with our loveplay.

Last year a friend (a married woman) and I arranged a holiday together at the same hotel and on the last night before returning home I enjoyed a great feeling of power as we drank and watched TV while my boyfriend and her husband sat for nearly an hour in cold baths.—*L. A., Twickenham, Middlesex, England*

Gently does it

The subject of sex and the young seems to enjoy a lot of discussion at present and the commonsense attitude seems to be that if something is a happy experience that does no physical or mental harm, then why not?

I am forty years old, "well off," and do very well finding sex partners. I live alone most of the time in a well-furnished house just outside London. I keep some dogs, a horse, several cats and own a Honda motorcycle and a Mercedes. I also freely admit that my lifestyle and material "goodies" must account for most of my success with women.

Recently at our local tennis club I met a widowed "lady" and her extremely pretty young daughter. While talking to the mother, I invited the daughter to "drop in anytime" to ride and groom my horse.

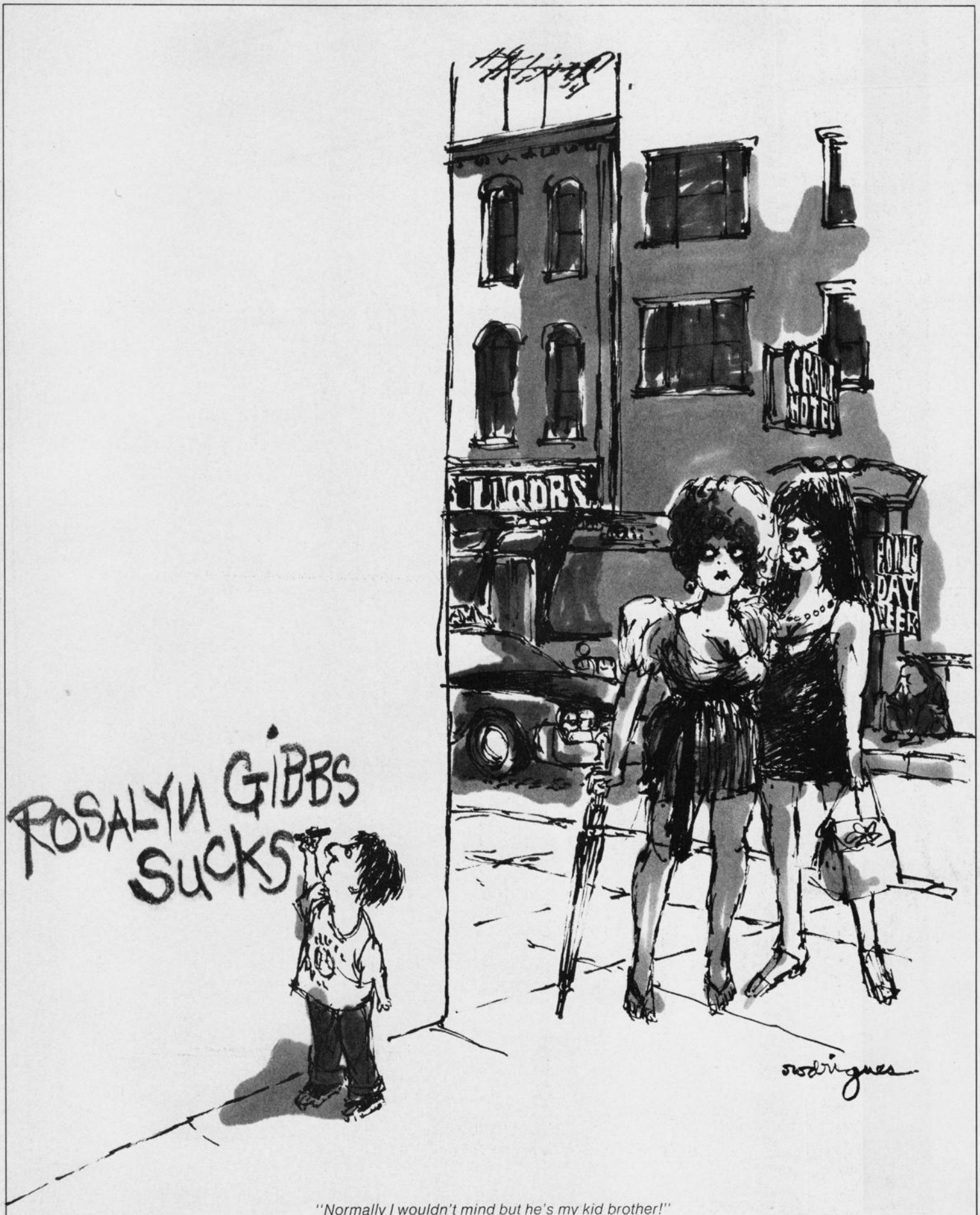
After several visits on her way home from school, it became obvious that she was developing a big "crush" on me and that it would not take much effort on my part to have sex with her (the dream of most men of my age). However, not wanting to spoil my relationship with her mother, I played it cool and also spoke to the mother about her daughter's crush, adding that my gentlemanly resistance was waning.

I was amazed when she replied, quite calmly: "Well, it's going to happen sooner or later anyway, so it might just as well be with an experienced and gentle older man rather than some ham-fisted youth who doesn't know or care what a clitoris is."

Well, that was that, and I let it happen one Saturday afternoon. It was the most beautiful and one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. I *was* gentle and there was very little pain for her when her maidenhead broke. We both had three perfectly timed and mutual orgasms. I therefore honestly believe that this is the best way for a young girl to learn about sex, regardless of any subsequent disappointments with younger men. This all took place four months ago and the girl seems to be well-adjusted and happy. Her mother tells me that the girl is now enjoying a very active sex life (as indeed are her mother and myself).

I hope my experience may give heart to any mothers of young daughters who are concerned about the important first time. A bad experience may cause repressions, disgust, or even frigidity in later life.

Unfortunately, bigotry and narrow-mindedness are still rampant in the quiet backwater where I



"Normally I wouldn't mind but he's my kid brother!"

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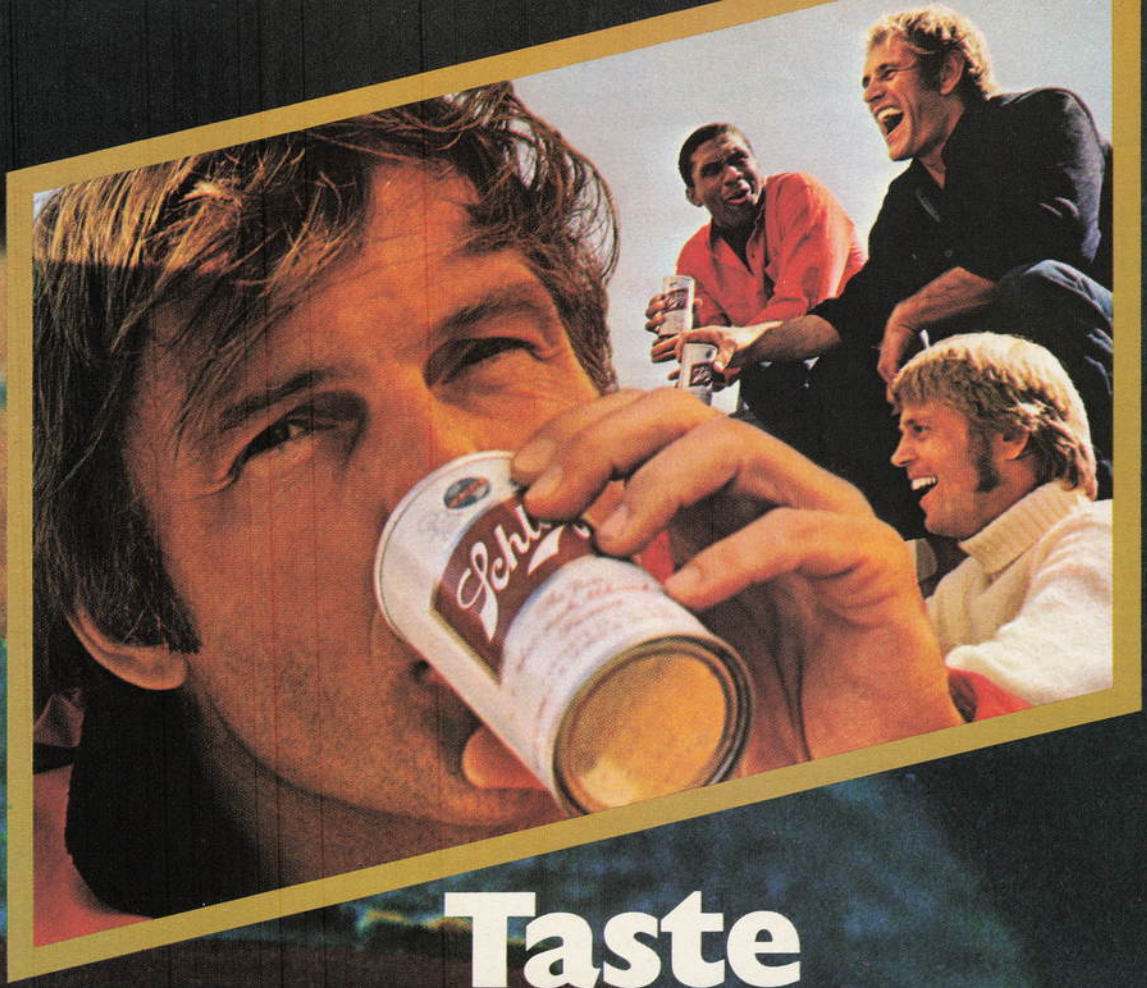

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live, so I must withhold my name and address, although my neighbors probably read *Penthouse* secretly.—*P.H., London, England*

Let's hear it for the little guy!

After reading your magazine, I feel compelled to write on the subject of size. It seems that too great an importance has been placed on the size of female or male genital areas, or breasts, in the woman's case.

I have had an affair with an average-sized man who has completely restored my belief in sex. His lovemaking leaves nothing to be desired; it is beautiful and open and manly. Our sessions leave us breathless and our mutual orgasms are numerous.

I have experienced anal intercourse with him, and due to his size found it stimulating and sexy. I doubt if I would have tried this with a "hung like a horse" guy.

I think the importance of size should only be measured in the size of your heart and the size of your needs and how you get them satisfied. Your magazine offers many wonderful ideas and your articles are very stimulating. It definitely isn't the "same old thing," like the competition every month.—*Name and address withheld*

Although I'm not a regular reader I have looked through several issues of *Penthouse* and feel it is superior to other magazines of its kind in all respects but one. Your magazine tends to be more artistic and less degrading to women. It is your obsession with models having large breasts that annoys me. Certainly you should appeal to all tastes, and many men are more attracted to women with large breasts than small breasts, just as many women are more attracted to men with large muscles than small. But certainly all men and all women don't feel the same way.

I happen to be one of those women with sexy green eyes, long blond hair, long slender legs, and smaller-than-average breasts. I have seen no women of this type in *Penthouse*.

It is an American, egotistical fetish to be so entranced with breast size, and I resent it. I once had hang-ups about it; I was afraid to go to bed with a man and have him find out my long legs are on the same body as small tits. I've found that liberated men and men who are not self-centered are not so concerned with this and consider me very sexually attractive. I've gotten over it; unfortunately some men haven't. What about you?—*Nancy N. (address withheld)*

You have answered your own question by admitting that you are not a regular *reader of* **Penthouse**. *If you had troubled to look through more than "several" issues, you would have noted that we are not obsessed with breast size, and very often feature girls whose breasts are quite average in both size and shape.—Editor*

I am increasingly angry at my fellow males' infantile fascination with large breasts. To many of them the rule of thumb is the bigger the better. Personally, I find an over-endowed female with large hips and breasts sickening and the sight almost turns me off altogether. I find a thin woman with firm yet small breasts to be far sexier than her plump counterpart. Females such as Ali McGraw are far more sexy. Also, small-breasted women are generally in better physical condition and are more responsive in bed.

The fascination with large breasts seems to directly relate with the "large penis and missionary-position syndrome." These men are totally ignorant sexually and I feel sorry for them. They don't know what they are missing. Right on with small breasts!—*D.W., Irvington, N.J.*

Pain and pleasure

In the very early stages of our married life, my husband did some very childish things and I often told him so. Then, one day when he had been worse than usual, I told him in no uncertain terms that he should start to grow up. We were preparing for bed and he was naked and he asked what I would do if he were a little boy, I replied: "No problem. I would put you across my knee." He then asked if we could pretend he was a small boy, and a very naughty one at that.

This really appealed to me and in no time at all he was across my lap. I gave him a sound spanking and then reached for my hairbrush and gave him some more.

Call me a sadist if you like, but I enjoyed it. It released all my tensions and I felt on top of the world. We made love that night and slept in each other's arms, and never have I enjoyed it so much.

Since then I have used a variety of corrective instruments to keep a firm hold on him. Usually he lies across my knee and I use a folded strap, or a hairbrush, or just my bare hand. For more serious things he lies on the bed and gets the cane on his bare bottom.

Quite honestly, I get a kick out of being the boss but I am not at all sure who gets the most fun out of it, however much pain is administered. After the first time I had spanked him, I asked him at breakfast the next day why he had submitted to it at the hands of a woman. He said that he had once witnessed a man spanking his naked wife across his knee which had caused him to have fantasies about being spanked.—*D.H., West Hartlepool, England*

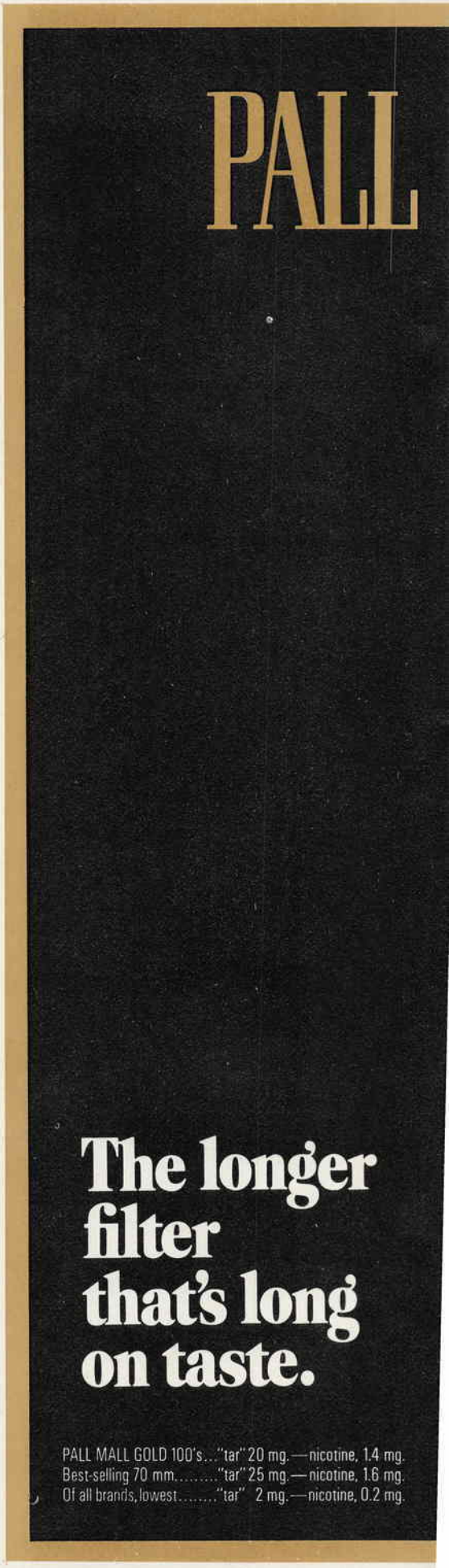
All in the family

From your recent issues it appears that sibling sex might be more commonplace than is generally assumed. I might also venture to say that the publication in your magazine of letters on the subject helps to promote more understanding.

In my own case, Sis and I experimented with each other when she was thirteen and I was fifteen, over twenty-five years ago, but had not touched each other since. That is, up until two weeks ago when I stayed overnight at her home in Illinois while on a business trip there. At about two o'clock I awakened with her shaking me and telling me that I was snoring too loudly and that she could hear me in her room downstairs. (Her husband works at night.) I started to whisper my apologies and turn over when I noticed through her gaping robe as she bent over the bed that she was naked except for stockings. I asked if she didn't wear pajamas and she countered by asking if I really minded. At that point we started to fondle one another and had an absolutely great lovemaking session. On my return trip two days later it was absolutely delightful. I firmly believe that my future trips to that area will be a lot more fun than before.

I must point out that she still has a trim and attractive figure, and I want to add my voice to the chorus of those requesting pictures of some of these mature and handsome women. Mr. Guccione has amply demonstrated his ability to photograph women invitingly and attractively. I am sure he could do an even better job with older ladies who will have a great deal of sensitivity and understanding.—*Name and address withheld*

While **Penthouse** *is, of course, not opposed to any kind of sexuality between consenting adults, we feel that incestuous relationships—contrary to your own particular experience—often turn sour and unhealthy. There is a real risk that a person may become fixated on the incestuous partner and cease being interested, sexually or emotionally, in others.—Editor*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Hair there, or bare?

In the last few issues of *Penthouse* I see that you are slowly trying to make another breakthrough in your magazine, which pleases me. You are starting to show some of your models without pubic hair. I think this is long overdue. No other magazine sold over the counter does this and I hope you will become braver in the future. I, for one, am tired of all the pubic hair in men's magazines. It's nice to see through it once in a while. I also hope that in the future you'll make your pictures clearer as several of them seem fuzzy.

And, I ask that you stop showing so much hair, as I think many other readers think the same way.—*Name and address withheld*

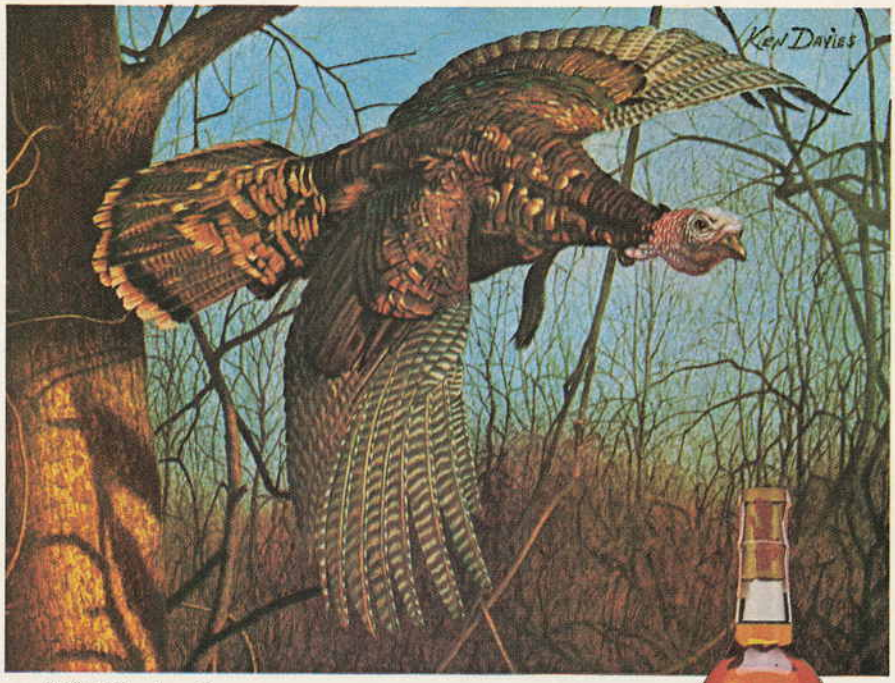
Talk about pleasing all of the people, all of the time. . . .—Editor

Special requests

I loved your January issue, but do have a couple of things to comment on. First, concerning the person who wrote in advocating bare-bottomed, razor-strap spankings as a method to insure proper discipline and strong character. I feel that before advocating such a thing, one should pause to consider those people who may have been harmed by such harsh punishment, whether they become withdrawn, or even violent. What may work in one set of circumstances could have very different results in another. This even applies to things like incest, swapping, and other activities that many of your readers write in praising. These things may be fine for some, but they're not for everyone, and one should not feel guilty for *not* engaging in them.

My other thought concerned your article on coed bathhouses and saunas. How about a follow-up article on nude beaches, both in the U.S. and abroad? I went to one for the first time last summer. This one is known in California as "Pirate's Cove." It was remarkably hassle-free. I was a bit hesitant about going, figuring there would be few other women there. But I was by far not the only female. A majority of the people there were nude, but when I didn't take off my bikini for a while, I didn't feel any pressure to do so. That time I only went as far as doffing my top, but the next time I felt at ease enough to go *au naturel*. Sure, a few people do come just to gawk, but even the cops seem to be leaving the place alone finally, as long as no problems arise or laws broken. Again, it's not for everyone, but it's nice to know it's there, for people of all types and all ages who dig that sort of thing.—*C.H., Los Angeles, Calif.*

I don't know why I'm writing this, but others express their opinions, so why shouldn't I? I guess it is the peeping-tom instinct that inspires me to write. I'm not the type to go sneaking around backyards or wear mirrors on my shoes in order to catch a peek at an unclothed woman, but I do believe in taking advantage of any opportunity that presents itself. When my secretary bends over too far, or our neighbor forgets to shut her curtains, I'm not about to look the other way. Who would? I think that it is this instinct that *Penthouse* should take advantage of. Your Pets are beautiful. No one can deny that, and they are getting better all the time. Yet, I find one quality missing. That is, you open to a page, and—Wap!—there she is in all her naked glory. Missing is what goes on before she gets completely nude and exposed. I think most men find that the act of a woman undressing is very stimulating. Like reading a mystery, you're eager to see what's coming off next, and to see what there is to see when it does come off. I would be delighted if *Penthouse* would show a Pet in a series of photos at various stages of undressing. Start with the Pet fully clothed, then in



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sequence show her shedding her garments, then finally posing fully nude. Or even do it backwards. Start with the Pet nude, as if she just came out of the shower, then in sequence show her getting dressed with various exposures along the way.

I hope that in some future issue you will use this idea. In the meantime keep up the good work, and long live *Penthouse*!—*L.H., Lodi, Calif.*

As a professional photographer, I take my lens cap off to such *Penthouse* photographers as Jeff Dunas, Ralph Nelson, Tim Perior, and especially Bob Guccione. Their soft-focus color with interesting backdrops help make *Penthouse* girls sexier than any of your competition's.

Absolutely nothing excites me more quickly than a photograph of a woman in her "unmentionables," even if it's just an ad in a woman's magazine, a reference in a book, an article about a girl's pants, or a glimpse at a beauty's bikini on a gusty day.

During the act of sex I prefer that my partner keep her panties on so I have to slip my penis under one of the elastic leg bands, causing extra friction. I also like to place both hands under her buttocks, gripping her closer while I'm caressing the silky material.

While I like all colors of ladies' underwear, my favorite is brown, ever since I visited Paris not long ago and saw many brown bikini and bra sets in the lingerie shops. I also like the new hip-hugger panties which seem to be a cross between a bikini and the older-style brief.

Psychiatrists might explain my interest in ladies' underpants as a fetish—"an abnormal condition in which erotic feelings are excited by a nonsexual object."

Well, I really don't care if my condition is abnormal, but I certainly disagree that a pair of lace-trimmed nylon panties are a "nonsexual object." I believe panties are deliberately designed and worn to excite the male and, if tight enough, the female wearer.

Because a man rarely even sees his wife in her panties, they have a bit of mystique. This is probably why a woman in her underwear is more stimulating than a woman in an even more revealing bathing suit. Please publish more photos of beautiful misses in their sexy underpants.—*Name and address withheld*

Monopede mania

Having seen some of your articles on female amputees I felt that I should write of my own experiences. I would like to preface that portion of my life with some added information. Before my husband and I were married he asked me to wear what I considered to be rather unusual underwear. For him I began to wear long, black seamed stockings and garter belts; also corselettes, half bras, girdles, and other articles of this nature. At first I thought his requests were very strange, yet I came to enjoy wearing these garments to please him. It added an extra element to our sex life and I continue to do it now that we are married.

Last year, I lost my left leg above the knee in an automobile accident. I suffered the same fear that most amputees experience, that their sexual appeal is diminished or destroyed. However, my husband was wonderful at this time, a constant source of encouragement and inspiration in my deep depression. When I returned home my fears sometimes plagued me as my stump healed. Nevertheless, I began to wear a nylon on my good leg and dressed as I always had. To my great surprise and pleasure my husband became even more sexually excited than in the past when he saw me dressed this way. He even asked me to wear a stocking on the short stump of my thigh. He further requested that I wear my artificial limb only

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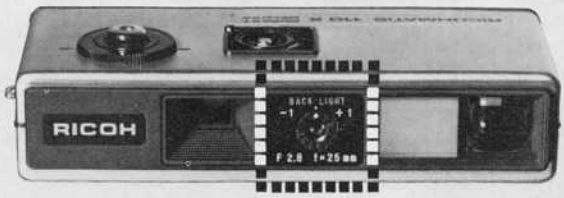

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when he is not home. I can hardly satisfy his desires now and while the discomfort and awkwardness of being an amputee are almost unbearable, I am fortunate that I have my husband to turn to for the reassurance I need.

I now move about the house on my crutches dressed in a miniskirt and seamed stockings with my stump just visible to continually please my husband in any way I can. I thought that other women in my situation would be cheered by the news that they will be appealing to men and may even capitalize on their handicap by doing as I do. Thank you for being so open in your choice of articles and allowing me the chance to write. *—Name and address withheld*

In your readers' discussions about their sexual preference for one-legged women, nothing has been said of the fact that this preference is something that one is either born with or not born with. It is not something that one acquires later in life as a developing preference. According to some psychiatrist friends of mine, the preference may remain dormant for years until awakened by visual exposure to a one-legged woman.

In my own case, the "awakening" occurred when I was about thirteen or fourteen. One of the customers on my paper route was an attractive young housewife who had lost her left leg. When I made my weekly collections she would greet me at the door standing on her one leg and leaning on a single crutch. I found it strangely fascinating to see just one leg below her knee-length dress and I looked forward to my stop at her house. But I was especially intrigued by the way she propped up her purse with her stump while she paid me.

One day when I called at her house for my weekly paper money she didn't come to the door, but called to me to come in and wait a moment in the living room while she finished a telephone conversation.

Just then a car pulled up in the driveway and the one-legged housewife ended her phone conversation with the announcement that her husband had arrived. She grabbed her crutch and limped to the door to greet him. I sat watching from the living room, completely ignored.

The instant he closed the door, her husband dropped his attaché case and embraced his wife tightly in a hug which she returned with equal passion. As they embraced they murmured all sorts of endearing phrases about how much they missed each other, and kissed each other repeatedly. I felt embarrassed watching all this, but they evidently thought they were alone and didn't even glance into the living room.

After about five minutes of this, the husband slipped his wife's crutch out from under her arm and leaned her crutch against the hall table so he could embrace her even more tightly without her crutch getting in the way. Their tight embrace kept the wife from losing her balance on just one leg, and she took little hops on her foot to keep up with her husband as they swayed around in their hugging and kissing session.

As they stood there, the husband's hands began to roam down his wife's back to around her hips. I watched dumbfounded as he slowly started to slide her dress up until he had it bunched up above her hips. Suddenly I saw the back of her white panties and, of still greater interest to me, her stump. Her left leg had been amputated midway between her knee and hip, leaving her with half a thigh as her stump. As I watched her bare stump, she swung it up and began rubbing it against her husband's pant leg. He responded by fondling his wife's stump with one hand while he clutched her tightly with his other hand. I was afraid to breathe lest they discover I was watching.

Suddenly the husband slipped down his wife's panties and let them drop around her one foot. She giggled as her husband lifted her momentarily to free her foot from the panties. Then, with her dress still above her hips, she hopped around and faced me for the first time. She stiffened and screamed, "My God! The paper boy is still here! He saw everything!" It was my first front-view look.

For a few seconds I gaped like an idiot at her exposed patch of pubic hair until she recovered her senses and swung her stump up to cover the patch. She frantically pushed her dress down and hopped out of sight as fast as her one leg could carry her. Her husband paid me and gave me a $5.00 tip with the observation that he was sure I wasn't the kind of kid to go blabbing things all over the neighborhood. The wife was too embarrassed to ever face me again. But she had awakened me to the strange sexual power that a one-legged woman could exert over me.

I found sex with a two-legged girl enjoyable but always wondered how much more pleasurably different it might be if my mate had a stump on one side of her body. Eventually I found out, and I was not disappointed. More power to you, *Penthouse*, in lighting some of the enshadowed areas of our sexual world.—*Name and address withheld*

Vegetable attraction

I am a woman who has tried a variety of masturbation aids myself, except artificial male organs, which I would rather not have in the house. I have yet to find something that can beat my present sex aid, which has given me many hours of writhing enjoyment. I refer to the good old-fashioned cucumber. Before anyone starts laughing I can assure you that with a kitchen knife and a little patience, a large cucumber can be shaped into a very lifelike penis. It is not quite as hard, but nevertheless it is almost as good. I usually treat myself to two large ones a week and use them to make two models. I use one for masturbation and one for simulated fellatio.—*A.L., Billericay, Essex, England*

Red with meat

A few years ago while on holiday in Spain I met a very beautiful Spanish girl who worked at the hotel where I was staying. I dated her several times, and on our third date she offered to cook a meal for me next day because it was her day off.

During the meal we talked about wine and I said I liked rich red wines like Pommard. Although she didn't have any of this, she did have a very good red wine. After several glasses we went to her bedroom and I was quite surprised when she took the bottle of wine as well.

After about half an hour of extensive loveplay including fellatio and cunnilingus (my favorite hobby), she took the bottle of wine and poured it over and into her vagina. It was the most exciting experience I ever had. When she had rested a while she took the bottle and poured a little over my erect penis and then went to work with great skill and fervor.

So if anyone tires of bananas I am sure this change would do a world of good.—*P.H., Liverpool, England*

A London vintner (who prefers to remain anonymous) says: "In my experience, any good red wine will have its bouquet and flavor seriously impaired by treatment of this nature."—Editor

So what if he didn't make the cut?

After reading the January *Penthouse* Forum, I was quite annoyed with this letter by some cocksucker who goes by the initials R.M. I am twenty years old and have been going out with a handsome, intelligent man who is twenty-four. We've been messing around for a month now. He hasn't got a circumcised cock, and I am fond of this fact. Nothing feels better than sticking your tongue in and separating the foreskin until you reach the head of the penis. R.M.'s letter was *bullshit*. I have spoken to many girls who definitely believe nothing beats what nature creates.—*A.B. (address withheld)*

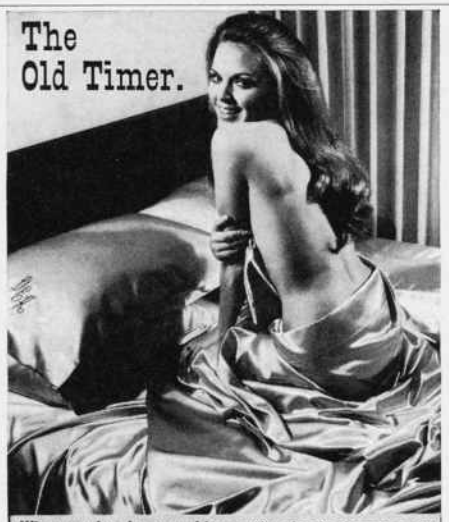
Happily ever after

When I was at school back in 1931 my lady teacher had a lovely green full-length leather coat and on my first day while I was close beside it I felt it with my hand. Every day after that I would feel it when I could, while she was wearing it if I got the chance, or when it was hanging on the peg. I also used to run to help her into it when she was leaving. Whenever she was wearing it I couldn't keep my eyes off her. All this happened before I knew anything about sex, but I always used to say to myself that when I had grown up my wife would look like my teacher and would have a full-length leather coat just like her.

After I left school I started to go out with girls, but every time I had sex with them I had to think about my teacher in her green leather coat before I could come. Plastic, rubber, and wet-look coats also give me the same feeling, as do silk and satin garments.

It took me twenty-four years after I had left school before I met the girl of my dreams. She was ten years younger than I, but it was love at first sight and she was just like my teacher of many years earlier.

Fortunately on our first date she told me that she felt the same way about me as I did about her and after a time of going out together I felt quite at ease telling her about my fetish for leather and wet-look clothes. As it happened she shared the same interest and told me that she felt sexy when wearing the kind of clothes that turned me on.



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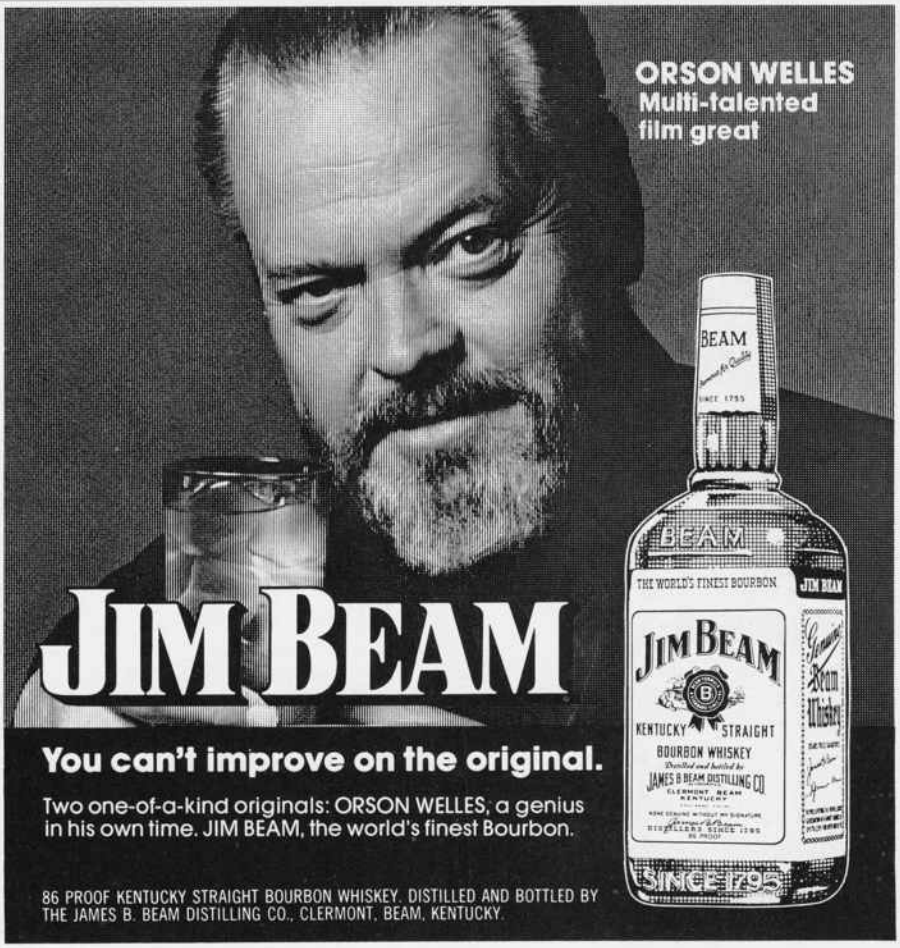
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We got married soon after this and I knew she was the girl for me. We really enjoy our sex life together and both get great satisfaction out of it. She now has two leather and four wet-look coats of different colors and I have one leather one and wet-look one.

I had to wait a long time for the girl of my dreams, but believe me it was worth it. My advice to any young fellow who finds himself in the same boat as me is to find the right girl and tell her about your fetishes. If she wholeheartedly accepts them, then she really is the girl for you.—*W.M., Perthshire, England*

Prisoners of peace

Vietnam veterans, POW's, and MIA's have been victims of a terrible fate. They believed when others had the luxury to doubt. They bore the brunt of war when the public lost interest. They paid the human price of war only to return to increased prices, tight job markets, and an indifferent or hostile attitude toward the war. This attitude has inevitably rubbed off on them as participants in this conflict, and they are paying a price again. A private study done by a group known as the Georgia Veterans Project surveyed over 2,000 Georgia Vietnam veterans in 1972 and came to the conclusion that a veteran had a better chance of ending up unemployed and poor than a nonveteran. Another finding relevant to the problem of the young Georgia veteran and his education is that almost half of the veterans surveyed had received no further schooling in the military beyond Advanced Infantry Training. These men were taught to carry a gun, but not to operate a radio, perform as medics, drive a truck, or operate a computer. This bodes ill for their future employment. They have paid a high price for keeping the faith that we required of them. It is time to square the debt.—*Senator Max Clelland, Atlanta, Ga.*

We couldn't agree more. We are attempting to awaken America to the shoddy treatment our veterans are receiving. See page 57.—Editor

I am a young man of twenty-five, with a wife and a daughter that I love very much. I also have a burning fire in my soul. I am one of hundreds of thousands of young men—black, white, and Puerto Rican—who heard the call to arms and answered. Some were drafted, some volunteered, but we all obeyed the call, as our fathers before us had. Some people had the foresight or the insight to say no, it's not right, there's no reason for us to die in that faraway land. They were called cowards, anti-Americans, and subversives. Some went to jail, some left the country, and some went to battle and learned what the unknown soldier meant when he said, "War is hell." I know, because I went. I fought and bled so that people in a far-away land could be free, and I am not free.

People don't care if you have been to Vietnam; they don't care what happens to you after you come out of the service. To them, you are not human.

As I look back over the last five years, I feel that as a young man of nineteen I had only three choices. I took the first, and here I am now. The second choice was to do what so many others did—to go to jail or to Canada. And the third was to give up and die when I got wounded. I wanted to live, but sometimes I wonder if I should have taken the third choice.—*Name withheld.*

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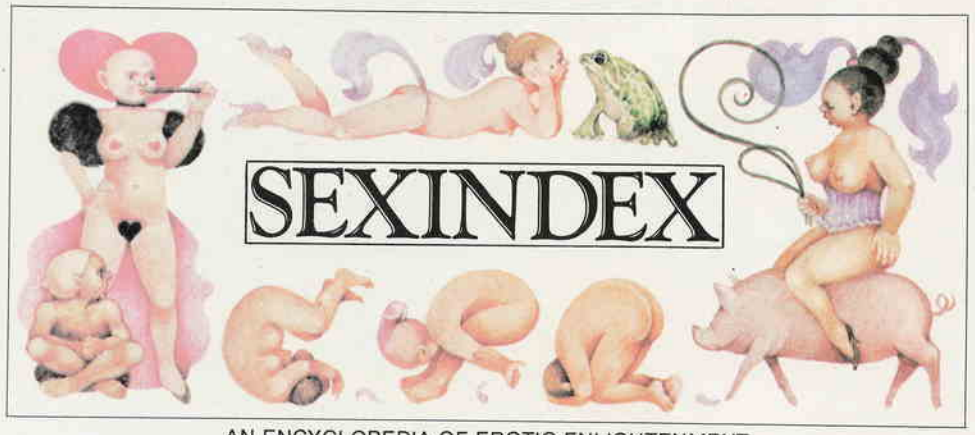

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Sappho (7th century B.C.): Greek poetess born on the island of Lesbos to aristocratic parents. In appearance she was small and dark—the opposite of the Greek ideal. Though it is not true, as sometimes maintained, that she ran a "finishing school," she was the leader of an influential set of young girls of good family. From the few fragments of her poetry which survive, and from the accounts of Greek and Roman writers who would have known all her work, it is evident that she was a homosexual. She loved a girl named Atthis who eventually left her to get married, and this might have been the occasion for Sappho's best-known lyric: "Him I hold happy as a god in heaven/Who can sit and gaze on your face before him,/Who can sit and hear from your lips that sweetest/

Bettmann Archive

Music they utter." Ovid, who knew all Sappho's poems, said that they were the most sensual ever written and that they comprised a unique course of instruction in female homosexuality. As early as the 5th century B.C. the word lesbian was synonymous with female homosexuality, and this may have been partly as a result of Sappho's influence on her native island.

Saturnalia: Ancient Roman festival held in mid-December supposedly to commemorate the Age of Saturn—Rome's legendary Golden Age. It was characterized by feasting, merrymaking, and sexual license, but its main feature was role reversal: men dressed as women, women as men, and, most importantly, slaves changed places with their masters, dressed as patricians, and were waited on at the table. Before the festival began, a king of the Saturnalia was elected who, during his brief reign, could issue orders and sleep with whomever he chose. In the most primitive version of the festival, this king was killed afterward. An early Christian narrative of the Martyrdom of St. Dasius tells how in A.D. 303 the Roman soldiers stationed on the Danube elected a Christian convert, Dasius, as their King Saturn. For thirty days he could do as he wished, but at the end of that time he had to slit his own throat on the altar of Saturn. Dasius refused to join in the debauchery or impersonate a heathen god, and he was beheaded by his commanding officer. Later survivals of the Saturnalia include the medieval Feast of Fools, with its Lord of Misrule; the Renaissance *Carne Vale*, or "farewell to meat" before Lent; and the still-practiced German *Fasching*, a pre-Lenten feast in which men and women change clothes.

satyriasis: "Excessive" sexual desire in men. But who can define excessive? Casanova, Frank Harris, Walter, Maupassant could all be said to have satyriasis, in that they wanted sex far more often than the average person, but they hardly seem to have suffered from it. True satyriasis means that the victim's sexual desire becomes inconvenient and intolerable to him. The late Albert de Salvo, who confessed to being the "Boston Strangler," was probably of this type. His wife complained that he made insatiable sexual demands on her, wanting intercourse several times every day. Unfortunately, after the birth of a malformed child, she became so terrified of pregnancy that she refused to have sex at all, and it was at this point that de Salvo began visiting the apartments of lonely, single women and raping them. Often he masturbated immediately after the act of rape. In his psychiatric examination, he confessed to feeling "in bondage to an abnormal lust." Krafft-Ebing cites the case of a forty-five-year-old engineer named Clemens who was arrested for trying to rape a seventy-year-old woman. Clemens confessed that he had always suffered from an abnormally high sex drive and for the last few months he had been unable to satisfy it because he was staying away from his wife on business. Suddenly the desire became overpowering and he jumped on a train to go home to his wife. Once on the train, however, he found he couldn't hold out, and so he left the train at a village station and set off in search of the dog pound, intending to have coitus with a bitch (apparently he had done this before). When he saw the old woman he decided to rape her instead, and so he was arrested. One can't help feeling that Clemens could have saved himself a lot of trouble by simply masturbating, which would seem to be an obvious cure. A modern alternative is treatment with stilbestrol (a female hormone) but it is a desperate remedy since it can cause irreversible damage to the testicles.

Screw: American sex newspaper, founded in 1968 and published weekly by Milky Way Productions. It was the first underground paper to use hard-core, close-up, full-frontal photographs; and it usually averages at least one penis or vulva per page. But the emphasis is on uninhibited fun-sex rather than the usual porn-perversions, like sadomasochism and fetishism. It runs articles like "Diary of a Dirty Broad" and "Filth of Our Forefathers." In "Ten Famous Pussies and How They Taste," Jackie Kennedy is rated like "diet champagne and lo-cal caviar," Golda Meir is "like a slumgullion of everything on the menu at Ratner's," and Pope Paul (!) is "a not unpalatable combination of pizza, zucchini, and Chef Boy-R-Dee ravioli with just a hint of Chianti and holy water." The "Baubles and Balls" classified ads section caters to all tastes: "Tall Caucasian male, nicely built, 200 lbs, seeking female who wants to be teased and pleased with hot tongue and talented tool. Write to Marvin, Box 34"; "Genuine 13½ inch cock photo. All-time biggest prick"; "Amyl nitrite! Snappers, Poppers, Amys. Make your own! Complete easy-to-follow instructions and details only $10 cash"; "Husky white master, age 30, seeks young submissive male slaves ages 18 to 23. Write Charlie, Box 176"; "Wanted: Female to become pregnant. Must be under 25, Caucasian, intelligent and pretty. $10,000 fee & income, plus expenses, etc. etc." Though *Screw*'s editor, Al Goldstein, is far too witty to indulge in pompous philosophizing, the aim of the newspaper is to raise the standard of American erotica and combat—in Goldstein's words—"the whole negative connotation that sexuality has in the United States."

scrotum: Part of the male external genitals. A pouch of darkish, hairy skin hanging behind the penis and containing the testes. The scrotum is controlled by muscles which pull it upward towards the body during sexual excitement or in cold weather—at other times it hangs low and pear-shaped. Presumably, the purpose of this variation is to maintain the testes at a steady temperature because sperm production ceases when the testes are too warm. Some doctors think that tight underpants, which force the scrotum up against the body, may have a harmful effect on fertility, but this has not been proven. The skin of the scrotum is sensitive to light touch and some men enjoy having it stroked softly, or cradled gently in the mouth.

Sedley, Sir Charles (1639–1701): English Restoration courtier, poet, and debauchee. King Charles II said of him that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy." He married a Roman Catholic girl who unfortunately went insane, insisting on being addressed as "Your Majesty." Sedley himself soon started getting into trouble. In 1663 he and some fellow rakes were involved in a particularly scandalous incident. Dr. Johnson reports that they "got drunk at the Cock in Bow Street, by Covent Garden, and going into the balcony exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language that the publick indignation was awakened." According to other reports, he also peed on the crowd below. For this, he was fined about five hundred pounds. Five years later he was in trouble again, this time with a friend called Buckhurst. According to Pepys they were "running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets." Pepys also records a row between Sedley and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a notorious wencher. Sedley stole one of the Archbishop's girls; the Archbishop sent

round a pompous message asking for her back. Sedley replied, "A pox take his Grace! Pray tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls and spoil his trade." In 1680 Sedley received a concussion from a collapsing tennis court, and this apparently altered his personality drastically. In his later years he turned intensely to religious mania and even drafted a bill to "prevent debauchery and profaneness."

Sellon, Edward (1820–68): English pornographer, author of an erotic autobiography called *The Ups and Downs of Life* (1867), a homosexual story called *The Adventures of a Schoolboy or the Freaks of Youthful Passion*, and a flagellation epic called *The New Ladies' Tickler, or The Adventures of Lady Lovesport and the Audacious Harry*. The latter is considered a porn classic. It tells of Lady Lovesport's wicked affairs and the upbringing of her niece Emily. In one scene Emily watches through a keyhole while her aunt flogs a girl named Maria, and her aunt's lover, Mr. Everard, looks on: "No sooner had he taken his place than my aunt began to apply the rod to the exquisite posteriors which were thus presented to her in such an inviting position for the birch. She was not very severe at first, and Maria lay pretty still though her shrinking, quivering flesh showed that she felt keenly the stinging touches. As the charming buttocks began to be reddened by this exhilarating exercise, my aunt seemed to get excited and heated with her work, and plied the rod more sharply and vigorously." Eventually Mr. Everard chips in and performs cunnilingus on Lady Lovesport while she continues flogging the unfortunate girl. In the next scene, Emily is deflowered by "the audacious Harry" while Lady Lovesport and Mr. Everard assist by whipping the young man. Later Emily and Harry return the favor on the older couple. Little is known of Sellon's life, but he was clearly an eccentric. He served in the Indian Army for several years and became a Hindu scholar, but when he returned to England he made his living by teaching fencing, writing pornography, and driving the mail coach between London and Cambridge under an assumed name. His motto for life was *Vivat Lingam, Non Resurgam* (Long live erection, there will be no resurrection), and at the age of forty-eight he shot his brains out in a London hotel.

semen: Yellowish-white fluid expelled by the penis at ejaculation (*q.v.*). It consists of sperm and secretions from the seminal vesicles, prostate, and other glands, and is about 90 percent water. The usual volume of semen in each ejaculate is about one teaspoonful. In a normally fertile man this contains 200–700 million sperm, though the sperm level will decrease if several ejaculations occur in a short space of time. It is the sperm level, not the quantity of semen, that affects fertility, and totally sterile or vasectomized men still produce a normal amount of semen. Many men quite wrongly equate semen quantity with virility, and pornographic novels often play up to this obsession. The hero of James Campbell Reddie's *The Amatory Experiences of a Surgeon* is a typical semen-obsessive: he wants to "drench" his mistress with "almost a supernatural flood of sperm" and when he does, "heavy pattering sounds announced the return of the fluid which fell in large drops upon the carpet, and ran in rills down her beautiful thighs."

sex aids: Devices to increase sexual pleasure. The oldest form is probably the artificial penis or dildo (*q.v.*)—ancient Babylonian sculptures show women holding them. Greek dildos (*olisbos*, *q.v.*) were made of leather, usually by

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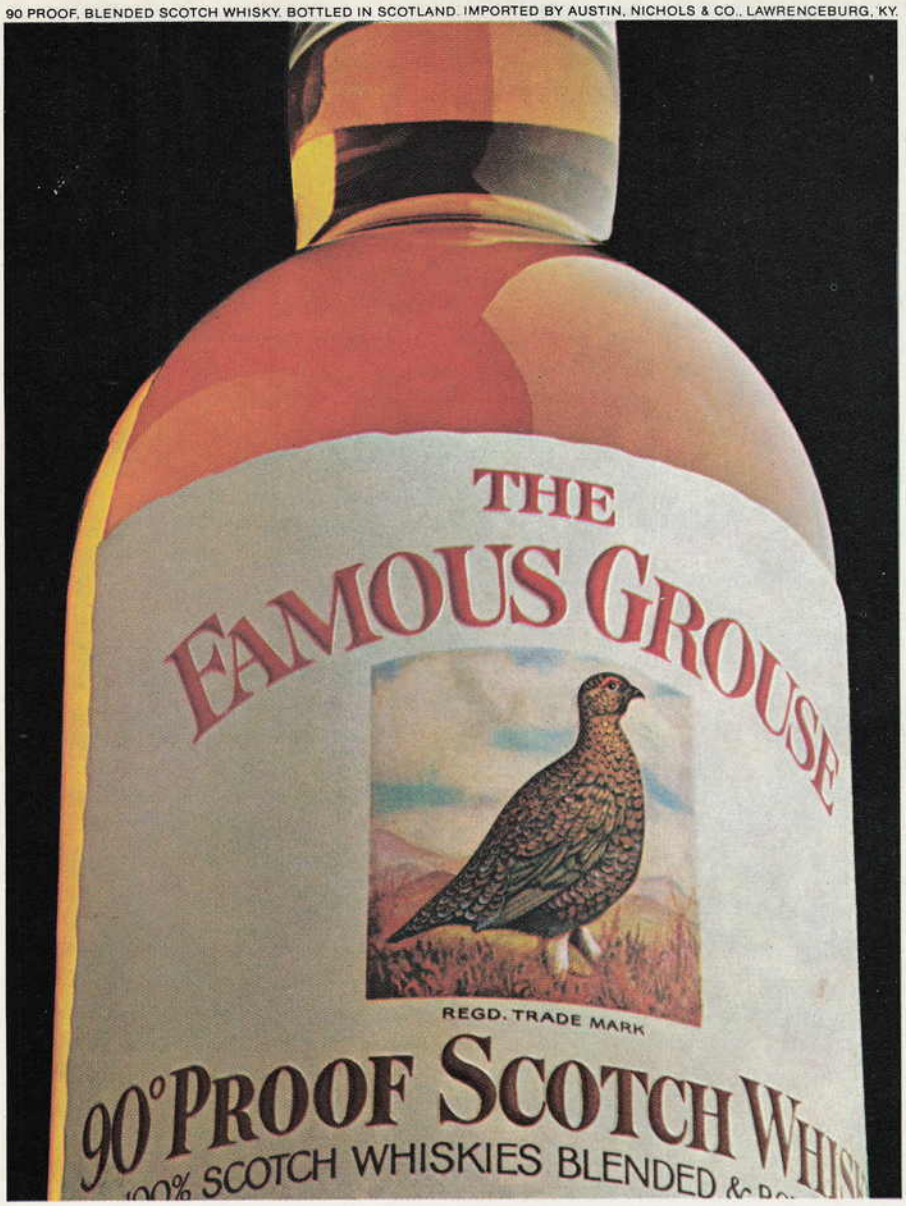

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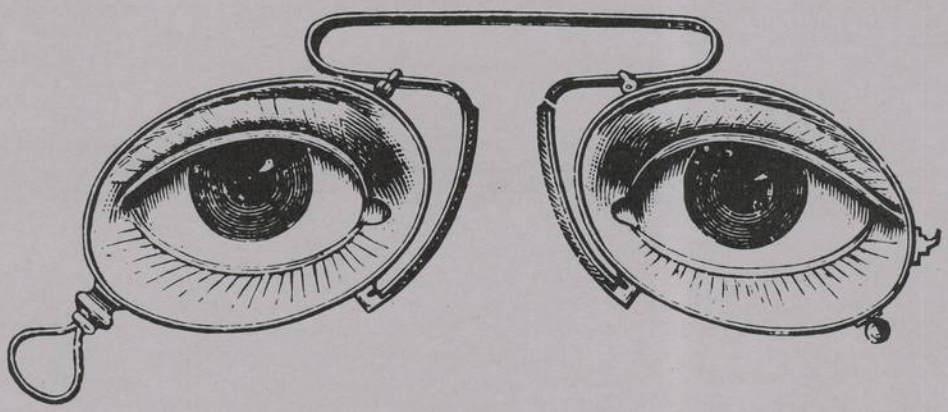
VIEW FROM THE TOP



A DEISTICAL CALLING

Time and advancing age have not dampened the zeal of the well-known intellectual daredevil, Alba Frenia. That was apparent from the moment I caught up with him at one of his favorite watering holes.

"They don't call me the 'Happy Heretic' for nothing," he chortled. "Hell, I take more chances now than I did as a kid."

"Still irritating the establishment with unpopular opinions?" I asked.

"That happens to be my deistical calling," he said. "Only I don't just limit myself to unpopular ideas. Anybody can do that. My specialty is *dangerous* opinions. The kind that really knock people off balance and make them want to throw rocks at you."

"For example?"

"Well, I'm sure you remember I was the first American ever to admit publicly that he didn't care for Kate Smith."

"You were, for a fact."

"It may not sound like much these days, but back there in the early Forties, boy, I might as well have stomped on the flag. People started forming posses. I had to go underground for two years after that one."

"But it really helped establish your reputation, didn't it?" I asked.

"No question."

"Incidentally, what was it you didn't like about Miss Smith? Was it her singing?"

"Of course not. She sang like a bird."

"Her disposition?"

"Nope. One of the nicest ladies you'd ever want to meet."

"What then?"

"It wasn't anything about her personally. What bugged me was the fact that everybody was *supposed* to like her. She had become sacrosanct. As soon as she latched on to that song, 'God Bless America,' I realized how dangerous it would be for anyone to say a word against her. She had already become a kind of motherhood symbol. But then, with God and country thrown in besides, I just couldn't resist. I had to take the chance."

"And from then on there was just no stopping you."

"Right. As time went on I took on every icon and public idol that came along. There was John Wayne (I was way ahead of the pack on him). Eisenhower. Billy Graham. The more revered they were, the bolder I became. Would you believe, I even questioned the singing ability (if not the trumpet playing) of the late, great 'Sachmo'—Louis Armstrong!"

"Wow!" I breathed.

"I've never discriminated on the basis of race, color, or creed," Alba boasted. "Just show me a sacred cow—somebody I was *expected* to like without question—and he'd go right on my shit list."

"Has it worked out in reverse as well? I mean, have you felt the urge to praise people you were expected to join in putting down?"

"Oh, sure. Up until 1969, for instance, I used to go around telling people what a nice guy Nixon was. It used to give them fits. Then when he became president and everybody thought he was beyond criticism because of his high office, I took to calling him Tricky Dick. Same reaction. But during the last year or so, I've gone back to praising him. And Spiro Agnew."

"You've certainly had an exciting time of it," I said. "Tell me, have you ever been a communist?"

"For a while, naturally. Back in the days when there was some mileage in it. But now that we have *détente* with the Chinese and the Russians and all that, it's kid stuff. These days you can show up on any lecture platform billed as a dedicated Marxist without raising an eyebrow in the crowd. The only way a heretic can have any fun with ideology nowadays is to get with some radical-chic discussion group and reveal himself as a defender of the Cold War and *anti*-communism. But even that gets to be a bore."

"Have you ever thought of taking the position that the earth is flat?"

"Nothing there," he said. "There's a group in England that's been on that trip for years without causing so much as a ripple. You have to be creative and update these things. I've been having considerable success with my own modern version of it, though."

"Which is . . .?"

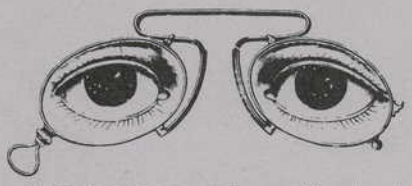
"That all aspirin is alike."

"Oh. That one really caught on, didn't it?"

"Sure as hell got a rise out of the Bayer people. They've been spending a fortune on television trying to knock it down."

"It must make you very proud," I said.

"Well, I don't want to brag. But my friends have been calling me the 'pharmacological Ralph Nader.' "



"And I suppose you're working hard on a follow-up?"

"Glad you brought that up," he said. "It just happens that I'm coming out next week with my new springtime heresy."

"Something in keeping with the season," I ventured.

"Right. It will be a full-scale movement, actually. My working title is 'The Intellectual Beer Drinker's and Baseball Watcher's Liberation.' If it succeeds, a whole new oppressed group will be free to come out of the closet and face the future unashamed."

"I never realized. . . ."

"Of course you didn't. For years the brewers who sponsor most of the baseball games on television have been projecting a stereotype—their own distorted opinion of what their average customer is like—in their commercials. Nine times out of ten, he's an Archie Bunker type, I.Q. of sixty-five or less, with huge, hairy forearms and the speech patterns of a Prohibition-era mobster. And all he ever says are lines like, 'Hey, dis Greptz's beer goes tuh-riffic wid baseball!' "

"It's a put-down, all right."

"More like group libel," said Alba.

"And the heresy you're planning to promote is that all baseball-watching beer drinkers are *not* alike."

"It could turn out to be one of my greatest triumphs," he beamed.

"Well, you're one of the lucky few to have made a fortune out of heresy as an author, lecturer, and all-around gadfly."

"Yes, we're a vanishing breed. Mark Twain, H.L. Mencken, Will Rogers. They're all gone now. It does get kind of lonely at times."

"Have you given any thought to retiring?"

"Sure. But this would be an awfully dull country without at least one of us around. And before I step down I'd like to see somebody on the scene who was qualified and willing to take my place. Got any ideas?"

He had me there.—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

LAVENDER U

With many small colleges closing their doors this year, the times seem hardly opportune for any group instituting a new university. But in San Francisco a collective of seven homosexual men and two lesbians has set up a university for people of their own sexual option. The school derives its name, Lavender U, from mixing baby pink and baby blue, the colors that sexually stereotype at birth. The collective says the result is lavender, a color that affirms the sexual qualities of both men and women. More militant members see the university's name as an inverted "fuck you," the same as blacks calling one another "niggers." "Lavender is a sissy color, a color that is always associated with gays," says one coed. "We're taking that, identifying with it, and making it into something positive. We're making faggot and dyke positive words."

Lavender U had an auspicious beginning in December of last year, as all two thousand copies of its school catalog were gone weeks before LU held its first class in late January. As stated therein, the school's purpose is "to provide gay women and men and others exploring the gay feelings with the opportunities to share their knowledge, skills, and experiences in a supportive educational and social environment." At LU it is accepted that you are gay, but a few straights do attend. "We're not trying to put straight people on the spot," muses one lesbian, "but if you're straight and you attend Lavender U, then you are the oddball, not us."

Presently there are a little over sixty students enrolled in forty-five classes. The school's thirty-seven instructors decide for themselves whether to admit lesbians, homosexuals, and/or heterosexuals into their classes. In fact, the instructors here decide everything including their own class hours and "salaries." Fees range anywhere from five to fifteen dollars a class, but as stated in the school catalog, payment can also be "negotiable, a free-will donation . . . or some such thing." Currently, 80 percent of the fee is paid to the instructor, with the remainder going to the school's headquarters at 121 Leavenworth Street in San Francisco.

LU's most popular course (enrollment: fifteen) is "Gay—Christian Love and Hope," taught by an ex-Catholic priest who is now one of the city's leading gay activists. He tells his students, "After six years as a priest in this archdiocese, I resigned and then emerged from my closet." His course outline summarizes: "How to be Christian and gay in the kingdom-queendom of God."

Carl Nicholas Titolo

A highly respected accountant and member of the school's founding collective offers "The Cuddle Huddle." Open to gay men only, the course features "the joys of cuddling . . . both cuddling in groups and in pairs . . . cuddling as a way of expressing affection that is not necessarily sexual." But the instructor delicately adds, "We will respect the embarrassment and shyness people have about cuddling."

The other classes are about as wide-ranging as the school's campus, which extends from teacher's house to teacher's house throughout the city. "Opera Appreciation," "Wilderness Survival," "20th-Century American Fiction," "Gay and Growing Older," and "Care For House Plants" are a few. If there is one common denominator, it is candidness. For instance, the course summary for the gay men's photo workshop explains, "We are two faggots who are tired of the hassle of photographing female and male nudes making points with each other."

About two-thirds of the courses are for men, but efforts are being made to equalize the ratio. The reason given for the present imbalance is that a lot of lesbians are involved in women's lib and are uninterested in dealing with gay men. But the collective at Lavender U hopes the school will be part of a trend for bringing more lesbians into gay activism.

Members of the founding collective are also trying to instigate some more traditional academic courses for the next session. They'll then seek out accreditation so that students can transfer credit from LU to other universities. At present, however, the collective has no plans to offer a bachelor of arts in homosexuality.

Inquiries are flooding the answering service about dormitories, but right now Lavender U is a university without a campus. Or rather, a campus that encompasses all of San Francisco—wherever there is a gay who wants to mingle with his own in a unique learning situation.—*Marlene Freedman*

SHOWS

BEDROOM SITUATIONS

Minutes after Gilberte says she won't marry him, Alexandre picks up Veronika and gets her telephone number. First he calls her—from Marie's place, where he shares bed and board, and collects his spending money—and later they begin to meet in the cafés where young Parisian intellectuals and would-be intellectuals pass their afternoons. Veronika proves willing. She is even offended that Alexandre is not more eager. She becomes another way for him to escape from homelife with Marie: "a Gilberte," as she describes herself, "who fucks." The two women meet, share a night with Alexandre, and don't become fast friends. Veronika is in love. She is also pregnant. When we leave them, Alexandre has just asked Veronika to marry him. In the midst of her first bout of morning sickness, she accepts the proposal.

I have now revealed the essentials of the plot, which is, in any case, surely not the reason to see Jean Eustache's *The Mother and the Whore*, probably the most unusual movie to open so far this year. But there are other reasons to see it, all of them more important.

The title sounds as if it could go with hardcore pornography (say, a rhyming double bill with *Behind the Green Door*)—or, with a feminist's eye-view of male-chauvinist role assignments. Actually, although it touches both, it doesn't belong to either. It does belong with a specifically French contribution to the art of film, with the "moral tales" of Eric Rohmer, those charmingly modest movies with naughty titles like *Chloe in the Afternoon, Claire's Knee, My Night at Maud's*. *The Mother and the Whore* is neither altogether charming, nor especially modest. But like the Rohmer movies, it is dedicated to and obsessed with talk. The talk is marvelous—even in the English subtitles. Extravagant, ironic, witty, sometimes so idiomatically clever that the English titles break down with "There follow untranslatable French puns"—it is half complaint, half confessional from people who know how to complain and what to confess, but not always how to tell the truth.

Of course, something does happen through all the talk. After many hesitations and as many reconciliations, Alexandre leaves Marie and goes off with Veronika. Between the people, there is something to choose. Clever, elegant, virtually useless, Alexandre really doesn't deserve either of his women. And between the women, you may feel that Marie gets the rawer deal, but that Veronika, who is deeper, sadder, gentler, and more vulnerable, claims more of your sympathy.

But the characters, nevertheless, virtually exist for self-expression. And the great moments in *The Mother and the Whore* come neither in action nor character development, but rather in the set speeches.

Veronika has the best of these—a very long, tearful, slightly drunken defense of her screwed-up life and all her affairs, and all her fucking with guys she can't help but love. She ends with a plea that there are no whores, and I think the film rather agrees with her. In any case, Françoise Lebrun, a newcomer who plays Veronika, provides the richest and most beautiful performance. But neither Bernadette Lafont, as the somewhat older Marie, nor Jean-Pierre Léaud, as Alexandre, have ever been better. Léaud has been in better movies, especially as director François Truffaut's surrogate in the Antoine Doinel films (*The 400 Blows*, *Stolen Kisses*, etc.). But for Jean Eustache he has created a character almost beyond the imagination of his previous roles.

When it played in the New York Film Festival last year, the *New York Times* panned *The Mother and the Whore* in an especially vicious, dull review. Partly in reaction to that review, some writers have praised the movie and probably overestimated its importance with more enthusiasm than it deserves. It is an intelligent, funny, demanding work by an excellent filmmaker, so far all but unknown in America. But three-and-a-half hours consisting mainly of other people's conversation may occasionally strain your endurance (as it does mine) to the point of agony. The agony passes and the film keeps improving its moments as it goes along. It begins with a somewhat weary worldliness, but ends with a genuine freedom of feeling that is enough reward for anyone's time and attention.

Eustache's ménage à trois.

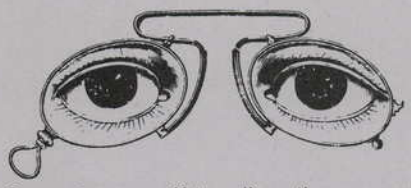
Françoise Lebrun as Veronika.

I don't know why I should feel defensively protective toward the year's most sensational horror movie—which is probably going to out-gross *The Godfather*. But I'm tired of reading about what a disgusting phenomenon *The Exorcist* is, and how all the millions of neurotics lining up to see it would do better to spend their three bucks for down payment on a psychiatrist's hour.

You don't need a recommendation to see *The Exorcist*. You will see it anyway. But I hope you will see *in* it at least a little more than most movie critics have, so as to appreciate a kind of expertise that is neither so simple nor so dishonest as it is generally said to be.

After William Friedkin made his last film, *The French Connection*, there were a lot of stories about how everybody—from the actors to the editors to the producer—was somehow more important for its success than the director. Before *The Exorcist* came out the stories appeared all over again—improved by accurate accounts of how whole crews had been fired and new crews hired, and other accounts of how Friedkin went way over budget shooting the excess footage from which other people would, once again, salvage his reputation. But having seen *The Exorcist*—and having seen and heard enough of Friedkin—I might believe any story about him except the story that he is an incompetent hack. At some fundamental level he is a real filmmaker.

The popularity of the Friedkin movies comes from an overwhelming, almost unbearable presence—the subway-auto chase in *The French Connection*, for example, or the foul body of young Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. But the special gift of those movies is a sense of absence, withdrawal—as if the spectacular show were only justified by the mystery of its disappearance. In *The Exorcist* all this is suggested in the principle of editing—cutting not into horror, but away from horror. You can explain this by the story line, which needs to gradually implicate the troubled Jesuit, Father Karras, who will eventually sacrifice himself to get the Devil out of Miss Blair and then out of the picture entirely. But the actual effect of such cutting is to provide a strategic series of escapes out of the possessed child's bedroom and into the streets and lawns of



Georgetown, as if to relieve the eye and the mind from all the putrifying flesh that the special-effects department has so skillfully provided.

On one level this is no more than a cleverly calculated distraction, a lessening of tension to prepare for the next—greater—concentration of it. But on a somewhat more interesting level it becomes the stylistic signature of the movie, which moves toward a whole series of departures. It is as if the child's release from demonic possession signaled the completion of a leave-taking temporarily postponed by an insufferable delay.

But while it is around, *The Exorcist* shows us everything—and thus almost completely avoids all phony scares: the creaking door, the menace in the shadows, the gratuitous shock. In its literalness, as in its demonology, it is a curiously anachronistic work—taking its drama of (evil) spirit vs. matter straight out of the Catholic Middle Ages. That may be one reason why it annoys so many thinking persons—they are all thinking in terms of a different world view. Without finding the film such great shakes, it doesn't annoy me in the least. And it does occasionally excite the kind of speculation about style and meaning that is a first step toward the more serious fun of going to the movies.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

TALKING WITH PLANTS

"I thought she would never stop talking," the begonia sighed to the philodendron as the lady walked away from tending her houseplants. Ever since Cleve Backster met *Dracaena massangeana* in Times Square, conversations with plants have become a topic of conversation in parlors as well as greenhouses.

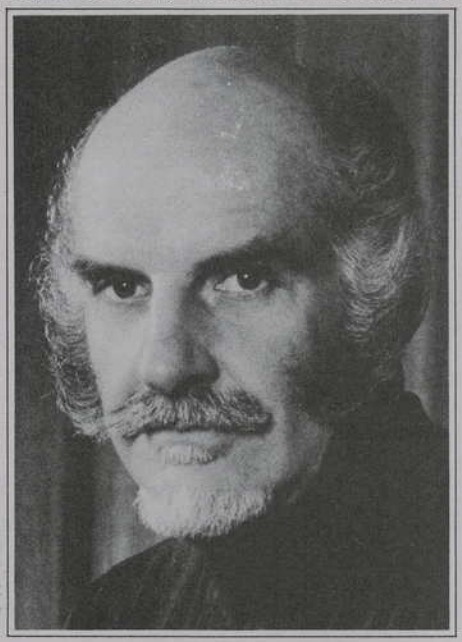
Backster is a lie-detector expert, and *Dracaena*, the dragon tree, was an ordinary houseplant who shared his office on Times Square. Their now-famous "conversation" came about when Backster hooked up some of his recording equipment to a leaf of the plant to see how fast water supplied to its roots would reach the leaf. He found that the plant registered the same reaction to the water as a human subject would to a sudden strong emotion. Backster then tried threatening the plant as he might a criminal suspect to reproduce another "emotional" reaction and discovered that the plant appeared to be able to "read his mind" in distinguishing between real and pretended threats.

Backster later plunged into serious, in-depth research on communication with plants that has produced startling and controversial results. For example, he found that plants would shudder at the approach of a man who had murdered a fellow plant in their presence.

In addition to lending affirmation to all the green-thumbed ladies who already knew that their plants reciprocated their love, Backster's work has also revived an interest in other studies of the deep relation between men and plants. Two incredibly assiduous researchers, Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, have dug up and organized a mind-boggling array of experimentation and speculation in *The Secret Life of Plants* (Harper, $8.95).

One plant experimenter detailed by Tompkins and Bird is Pierre Paul Sauvin of West Paterson, N.J. Deep into electronics as a hobbyist as well as a professional, he duplicated and extended Backster's work. Sauvin repeatedly recorded on his polygraph equipment the sympathetic anguish of his philodendron when he received a self-administered electric shock or destroyed any of the cells of his body—especially sperm cells, which he found not only more communicative but less painful to obtain than blood cells. It occurred to Sauvin that plants should react to his pleasure as well as his pain, but he couldn't get a response from them to prove this theory conclusively until one night when he shacked up with his girl friend in the country and later discovered that the plants—eighty miles away at home—had run the needle right off the top of the graph at the moment of his orgasm.

But this random sample is merely a passing reference to the indescribable variety of the material that Messrs. Tompkins and Bird have assembled. There is the poet Goethe's fascinating notion of the metamorphosis of plants from an ideal prototype, which the authors feel foreshadowed Darwin's theories. There is Sir Jagradis Chandra-Bose, the highly respected Indian physiologist, whose work appeared to erase the line between the living and nonliving. There are the great American scientists George Washington Carver and Luther Burbank, whose lives showed a remarkably productive intimacy with the plant world.



McClean Photos

There is also a stupefying parade of unheard-of characters with a mind-boggling assortment of black boxes, magic wands, bizarre machines, and supersensitive sophisticated circuitry.

The significance of the work of Backster and others that has attracted greenhouse mystics and raised from limbo such a Pandora's Box of eerie experiences is, of course, not that the plants react to being talked to, but that they react to a man's most subjective inner experiences, feelings, intents, and attitudes—not to words of love but to the very feeling of love itself. Neither distance nor sophisticated shielding devices against all known forms of radiation have any effect on the results.

The personal quality of the "Backster effect" plagues efforts to objectify it scientifically, as efforts of science to probe mysticism have always been plagued. Backster found his plants would faint—refuse to react—when placed under too much stress. Thus, when a Canadian physiologist came to observe his plants, there was nothing to observe. Backster attributed their "unconscious" condition to the fact that the scientist regularly destroyed plants in ovens during the course of his work. Backster's plants immediately revived upon the killer's departure.

Interestingly, the emotions of the plants appear to pose an ethical problem. If plants suffer when we threaten their destruction, how can we go on eating them? The solution proposed by Tompkins and Bird—and *The Secret Life of Plants* is enthusiastic about the benefits of eating properly grown plants—is that plants can be put into a mesmerized state for painless death when the intentions of the "killer" are good. Indeed, "they may *wish* to be eaten, but only in a sort of loving ritual with a real communication between the eater and the eaten—somewhat akin to the Christian rite of Communion—instead of the usual heartless carnage." Thus intrudes theism into pantheism.

While the most publicized, the Backster effect is only one of many awesome observations described in this book. Many of the claims are entirely impersonal and capable of

being tested. In fact, some appear to have been well tested, although not yet received into the scientific literature.

For instance, there are apparently careful experiments showing that plants can convert one chemical element into another—the ancient alchemists' dream. This discovery could provide an answer to the proponents of chemical fertilizers who would mechanize the relation of plants and soil to a simple input-output operation.

The notion of an effect without any tangible connection is supported by tests showing that treating a photograph of a field of plants with certain "radiation" can have as much effect as treating the field itself. This notion reached some kind of a peak when science-fiction editor John Campbell discovered that the effects of an elaborate electronic machine invented by a man with the awesome name of T. Galen Hieronymus could be duplicated by a circuit diagram of the machine. "Your electronic circuit," Campbell wrote Hieronymus in all seriousness, "represents a pattern of relationship. The electrical characteristics are unimportant and can be dropped out completely."

Another major theme of the book is ecology, since it is concerned not merely with revelations of communication between man and plants, but with the whole meaning of the plant world and the interrelationship of all life. There are sober and well-documented warnings against the excesses of commercial chemical agriculture. There is also a good account of the history of the movement for organic agriculture, and there is controversial and often contradictory material about human nutrition—an astonishingly neglected subject in traditional science. The book ends with a description of an Eden created on a barren piece of land in Scotland by a group that must have put a lot of hard work as well as the very best vibes into it.

Though it goes as far afield from traditional plant science as mesmerism, the book is not composed of random incidents. Its theme is quite clear: it is the oneness of the universe taught by the Eastern mystics. Plants can feel if we can feel. Nothing alive is dead to any aspect of any other living thing. The enormous and perfectly fascinating clutter of this book results from the long effort some people have made to achieve and explicate this mystical intuition through the methods of Western science.

But the very thing that accounts for the pervasive respectability of science, making its seal sought for new ideas, is the thing that makes science unable to sponsor an idea as grand as that motivating this book.

The first law of science is the law of parsimony, which seems destined to keep science ignorant of much that intuition affirms. It says roughly that you can't put any larger interpretation on any observation than the facts demand. Philosophers know the rule as Occam's razor.

While Tompkins and Bird are careful reporters of the multifarious claims of the researchers they have sought out, the very language of the reports often does violence to the scientific method.

That's okay. Science is a tight little game. It may have been the best game in town for a while, but it recognizes no boss who says you can't open a new game. No scientist is permitted by his commitment to say that an unscientific statement is not true. He can only say that it is unscientific—that it doesn't obey the rules of the game.

Truth may have other rules that science can't measure, because measurement, the chief tool of science, posits a yardstick that must be outside the thing to be measured. Ultimates, then, are immeasurable and necessarily unscientific.

Do plants talk? Scientists can only go on with the testing until they prove that plants talk to anybody who knows their language—and it must be teachable. If they do talk, the oneness of the universe will not be proved scientifically. We'll merely have more noise at cocktail parties.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Goss Women, by R.V. Cassill (Doubleday, $8.95). Cassill, author of *Dr. Cobb's Game* and a score of other brilliant novels, is well respected by his fellow professionals, though he has never achieved the really big public name he deserves. This is a beautifully written, rich, and sensual novel about a great painter—a kind of American Picasso—and the women in his life.

The Eye of the Storm, by Patrick White (Viking, $8.95). Last year's Laureate winner for literature, White has written what well may be another prizewinner. *The Eye of the Storm* is an intelligently written novel recounting the final days of a rich Australian widow and her emotion-fraught relationships with the various friends, relatives, and servants who revolve around her.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

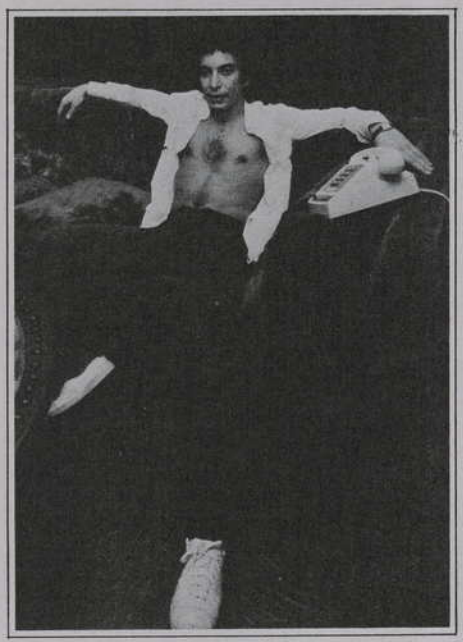
JERRY BRANDT—KING OF THE HUSTLERS

"I'd rather fall 1,000 feet off the high wire than off the curb. Most people fall off the curb. But when I fall, it's a show."—Jerry Brandt

The gutter isn't exactly Jerry Brandt's style, but even if he ends up there, it will certainly be a show. Everything about Jerry Brandt is theater. He is a showman in the tradition of P. T. Barnum, a hustler second only to Bobby Riggs, with an ego as big as Caligula's. "Very simply," explains Brandt, "I am the greatest promoter in the world."

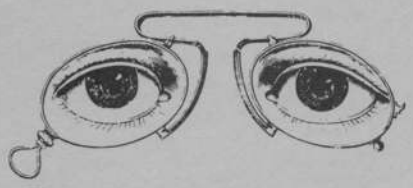
What happens when the greatest promoter in the world hooks up with the "only true fairy"? Well, if all goes according to plan, Brandt's plan, we will have the next great superstar. If all does not go according to plan, Brandt will take a big fall.

"It's a gay time, that's what I think and I think the world is ready for a true fairy," he says. "My fairy is a writer, a composer, an arranger, a singer, a producer, a mime, a dancer, a ballerina, a choreographer, a sculptor, a painter, a designer . . . he's a freak, a beautiful one."



But why a fairy? Says Brandt, "The only thing that's keeping us alive is sex. I'm selling sex. Sex and professionalism." Brandt will admit that this already is being done but, he thinks, it's not being done very well. "It starts off crude in the sense that Alice Cooper's crude. David Bowie's a little more refined. Well, thank you Alice Cooper, David Bowie. Thank you for making it possible to go higher. The signals are out. You don't have to be a genius to know what's happening."

Brandt's fairy's name is Jobriath. He is a fairy in the tradition of Tinkerbell—skinny, with short, blond hair and long, well-manicured fingernails, painted snowy white. "What I would like to be," says Jobriath, "is an art form myself instead of art being an extension of myself. Music is an extremely feminine thing. Chopin was the nelliest thing that ever existed, but he wrote beautiful music."



The stories of how Brandt met Jobriath abound. They met in a gay bar, a beauty salon, the Bitter End West. Perhaps the most credible one goes like this: At Christmas, 1972, Brandt was in the CBS Records studios New York and heard a tape that was about to be thrown out. Something about the tape grabbed him. He got the artist's name and headed out to Los Angeles. Brandt was looking for a new hustle and this seemed like a good thing. In L.A. Brandt found a skinny, dirty, smelly kid living in an all-white, completely unfurnished studio apartment. He had been drinking nothing but beer for two months. Brandt asked him if he had an act. In less than a week, Jobriath presented Brandt with a series of paintings depicting himself as King Kong swinging from a rope onto the Empire State Building. The Empire State Building eventually turns into a squirting penis complete with a stairway and a piano for Jobriath, who has turned into Marlene Dietrich. Who was hustling whom?

Brandt bit and the hustle began. They put together "The Show," complete with scenery, costumes, lighting, ten singer/dancers ("They will be beautiful and talented with fabulous bodies throwing me about the stage," says Jobriath), and a five-piece backup band. All the sets float with the press of a button. The focal point of the stage is an eleven-foot cube that eventually turns into a thirty-foot tower, "The Symbol of Life." The show lasts two hours and a quarter and costs $200,000

With the show conceived and packaged, the next step was to sell it. Operating primarily from his elegantly decadent East Side apartment, Brandt showed the stuff that hustlers are made of. He put out the word that he had the hottest property to come down the pike since Jesus Christ and that he could be had for a paltry $1 million. Brandt rarely left the apartment. He lived on the phone. He begged, he threatened, he twisted arms, he promoted, he pitted entrepreneur against entrepreneur, company against company. He hustled. He was like a man possessed. People tramped in and out of his apartment. Some were treated with deference, others with contempt. If you didn't have money, you weren't treated at all.

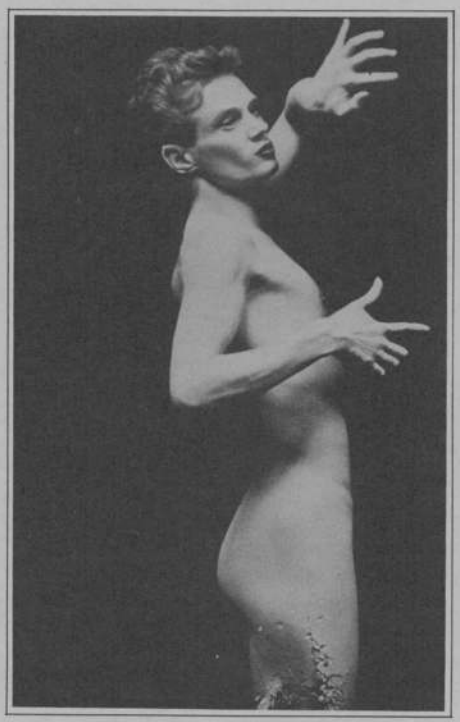
Brandt arouses strong feelings from all he comes in contact with: respect, envy, hate, love, amusement, ennui. He's been described as "Svengali of the Seventies," "Machiavellian," "America's only Prince."

"It's all a goddamn hype," screamed a *Village Voice* writer who had just been thrown out of Brandt's apartment. "Brandt just might do it again," said a record company official smiling and shaking his head as he walked out the door.

Do it again? The game is not new to Jerry Brandt. He has been hustling for a long time and has a number of notches in his belt. Brandt started in the mail room at the William Morris Agency in 1963. Within two years he was head of what is now known as their Pop Music Division. He organized over twenty national tours for Dick Clark, the Beach Boys, Sonny and Cher, and others. He was the first to bring the Rolling Stones here. In the late Sixties he built and ran the Electric Circus in New York. He discovered Carly Simon ("I saved David Geffen's ass [at Elektra Records] with that one," he says), and the Voices of East Harlem.

Bored with the scene in New York, Brandt headed for L.A. in 1970, and with Bernie Cornfeld's money built the Paradise Ballroom, which revived the dance marathon. "Our very first contest was won by two guys, which was bad publicity two years ago but would be dynamite today. Even when I try to revive something, I end up ahead of my time," sighs Brandt. The club folded and Brandt headed back to New York. "The music that's now coming out of California is putting us to sleep. They can't cut it. They had their fifteen minutes. That's it. They've retired. Anybody who lives out there is retired. It's nice out there . . . tennis in the morning, golf in the afternoon, while I'm working my ass off fifteen, sixteen hours a day. L.A. is the dumbest place in the world. It's the last place Jobriath will play and then he might not play there at all. They'll have to go to San Francisco to see it. At least in San Francisco they will give it a shout."

Meanwhile time was running out and the hustle intensified. Brandt's apartment became oppressive. It stank of cigarette smoke, dirty coffee cups all over the place. The phones never stopped ringing. Something happened to Brandt's eyes. His body seemed to have changed shape. He looked Satanic. The tension and pressure approached explosive levels. It worked. Jac Holzman, then president of Elektra Records, signed Jobriath. No one at the newly merged Elektra/Asylum likes to talk figures, but Brandt claims it's a $500,000 deal. Not bad.



The hustle escalated. Brandt went to London and a five-room suite on Park Street. "Take down all the pictures," snapped Brandt. The walls were covered with Jobriath portraits, paintings, and album covers. Jobriath's album started spinning, not to stop for the duration. The phone rang: L.A., New York, Paris, Munich. It didn't quit, either. The management went bananas: "Who the hell is this crazy American?"

Finally one became overwhelmed with a sense of déjà vu. The suite lost its elegance: it became a workroom, an office. All day and night the English press passed in and out. Interviews overlapped until they merged into one continuous interview. Brandt performed, Brandt the consummate pro. He never tired. He anticipated every question—a yellow legal pad was close by his side, with answers to all possible questions written down. The answers were edited and refined. Sometimes Brandt was so pleased with an answer he had formulated that he asked the question himself. "Did you get that down word for word?" he asked. "You should have brought a tape recorder. Here, I have one you can use." The result, of course, was that every reporter went away with the same exact interview, word for pearly word.

Brandt came to London not just to hype the English press, but to hustle additional money from Warner Communications, Elektra's parent corporation. Brandt explored and covered all the angles. Warners called up and the arm-twisting began. Brandt was subtle, outrageous, charming, sinister, brilliant. He slammed the phone down (Brandt never hangs up, he always slams the phone into the receiver). "I am simply amazing," he beamed. "I have just negotiated the sweetest deal. The guy from Warners is on his way over."

Then Brandt talked to New York. There was trouble back home. Jobriath, at this early stage in the game, was displaying the stuff stars are made of: he didn't show for a recording session. "That punk," screamed Brandt. "He just cost me a bundle. He knows how expensive studio musicians are. Where does he get off? I picked him out of the pits. I washed him, bought him clothes. I took him from a one-room dump to the Stanhope. You tell him I am going to kick his ass when I get back to New York." He slammed the phone down.

It rang immediately—Elektra "reneged" on part of its deal. The phone slammed down again. Brandt was seething. He got through to L.A. and David Geffen's secretary. Geffen was out of town for a week. "You tell that son of a bitch that I am out of town for a year." Brandt slammed down the phone.

It rang again. "That's all I need," he screamed. "What the hell does she think she's doing? She could ruin me." Ahhh, nothing worse than a woman's scorn. The phone slammed down and Brandt sent a telegram to New York: "Keep your big mouth shut."

More ringing. This time, the door. The man from Warners arrived. Brandt was transformed. He made Kissinger look bush-league. "Within two weeks London will be screaming for Jobriath. Just watch," said Brandt. The hustle in London was complete.

Within fifteen minutes the London suite was stripped. The pictures came down from the walls and were packed in specially designed boxes. Brandt travels in a green trunk, like the one you went to camp in. A regular London taxi could not accommodate the Jerry Brandt Show, so special cars were hired. His arrival at the airport was like the circus coming to town. Brandt charged the excess baggage to an expired American Express card and in an hour the show began again—in Paris. . . .

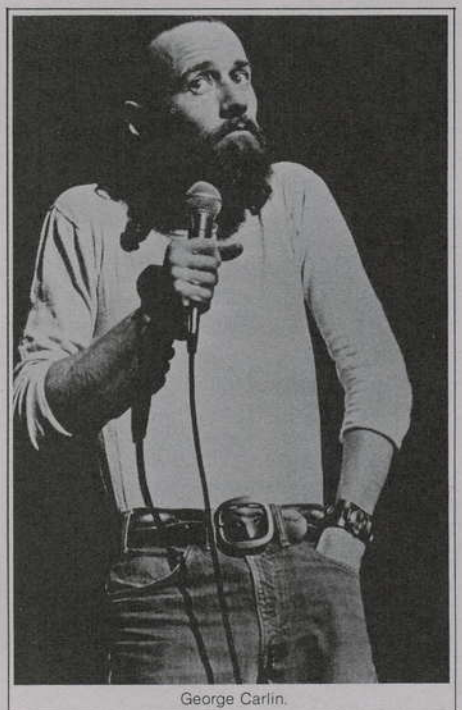
New York has already begun to show Brandt's effects. Articles on Jobriath have appeared in various trade sheets as well as *Rolling Stone, New Times, Interview,* and *Sounds.* The radio is playing Jobriath. Two hundred and fifty New York City buses have Jobriath posters plastered to their sides. A huge billboard appears in Times Square: "Jerry Brandt Presents Jobriath."

Jobriath has yet to appear anywhere and already people are talking about him. His album is selling. "It's only just beginning now," says Brandt. "Now begins the communicating to the boys and girls on the streets." Jerry Brandt has successfully hustled the industry and the press. All that's left now is the people.
—*Jean Vallely*

SHORT TAKES

Recorded comedy is having some kind of renaissance, at least judging by the recent volume of product. It's been a long season since the heyday of Mort Sahl, crazy Jonathan Winters, the Goon Show of Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, the incisive, biting comedy of Nichols and May, and Lenny Bruce. It may be that, however bitter it is, humor needs an atmosphere of optimism in which to thrive, and the late Sixties were just too earnest to leave much room for fun.

But the Seventies are another matter. Since the whole country is being made the butt of the same jokes—Agnew, Watergate, energy, the economy—we can all afford to laugh together, the way we did at all those Lyndon Johnson descriptions of Gerald Ford that were widely circulated upon Ford's elevation to the vice-presidency. ("Jerry Ford played too much football without wearing a helmet.")


George Carlin.

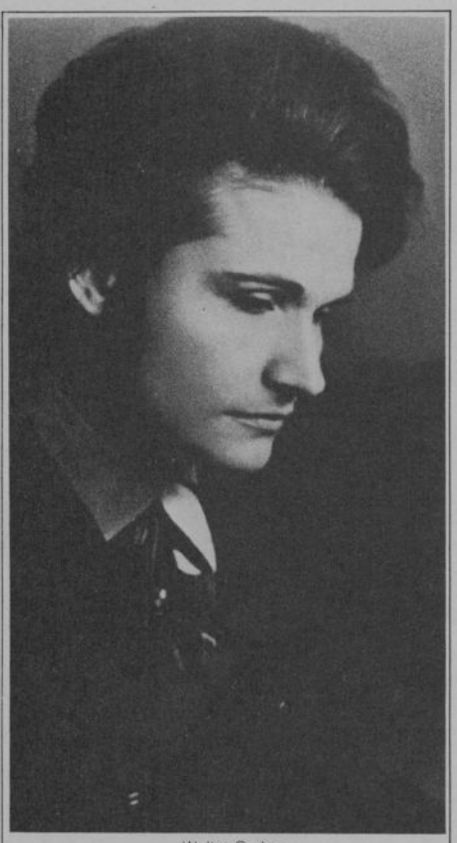
By far the greatest, funniest, sharpest, deepest and, as he would say, ca-raziest of the current crop of comics is George Carlin, a sort of Roman Catholic Lenny Bruce. He combines Bruce's brilliant ear for the absurd with an uncanny ability to mimic both the speech and thought patterns of American ethnics. On *Occupation: Foole* (Little David LD 1005) he works the street side of the material that made up his recollections of school days on *Class Clown,* the album that won him a Grammy, including an especially nice bit about hanging out with blacks, and some further thoughts on words you can't say on television.

The only recent comedy effort that comes close to equaling Carlin's is *The Wide Wide World of War* (Little David LD 1007), a series of skits by The Committee, the San Francisco cabaret group. Although some of the cuts are pretty tired—like the sportscasters covering the Vietnam War—and a few are extended one-liners, when The Committee scores, as they do with a piece of interpersonal communications called "Talk," they are flawless.

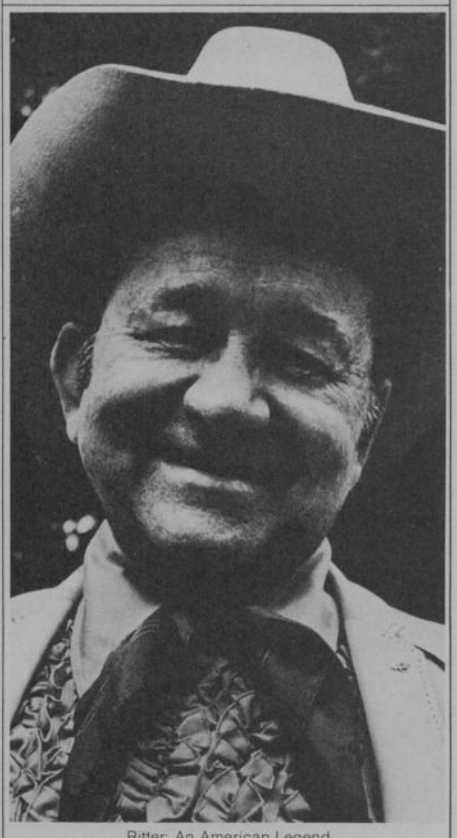
A lot of *Bill* (MCA 2-8005), by Bill Cosby, and *Caught In The Act* (Poppy PP-LA176-G2), Dick Gregory's farewell nightclub performance, are also very funny. But by now, ethnic humor that doesn't strip down to universals (as Carlin's does), or that doesn't at least get beyond how weird ethnics are, gets pretty predictable. It is the same problem that overtakes Mel Brooks's and Carl Reiner's bimillenarian, now *2000 and Thirteen* (Warner Brothers BS 2741). A cranky old Jewish man spouting absurdisms just isn't *that* funny. Still, these are four of the sharpest guys who have ever cracked wise and anything they do is worth at least a look. But they've all been funnier elsewhere.

The only comedy group that actually seemed suited to the late Sixties, Los Angeles's Firesign Theater, has now fallen on hard times. Their peculiar love affair with electronics produced at least one masterpiece, *I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus,* (Columbia C-30737) but subsequently they seem to have lost a lot of the focus that gave them their energy. David Ossman's *How Time Flies* (Columbia KC 32411), "a hi-fi, sci-fi comedy starring The Firesign Theater," has some of the measured horror that they anticipate for 1984—or is it 1974?—but it is mostly predictable, especially if you've heard their previous work, since so much of their content is style. They are the only humorists who have ever explored the possibilities of the recording studio fully, and that always makes for little treats. But we're all going to have to

Bill Cosby.



Walter Carlos.



Ritter: An American Legend.

get serious again to think these guys are really funny.

The less said about Burns & Schreiber's *Pure B.S.!* (LD 1006) the better, except to note that it is aptly titled.

Let's Go All the Way Tonight/Mel Tillis and Sherry Bryce (MGM SE-4937). After years of shuffling, Mel Tillis is riding high both on the charts and in the concert halls. With Sherry Bryce he follows up their hit, "Let's Go All the Way," with this collection of well-chosen duets.

An American Legend/Tex Ritter (Capitol SKC-11241). When Tex Ritter died in January, he left behind a unique body of country songs which Capitol had just released as a package in his honor. Ritter sounded like nobody else, and that's what makes a star. Songs from "Jingle Jangle Jingle," recorded in 1943, to the present, with commentary.

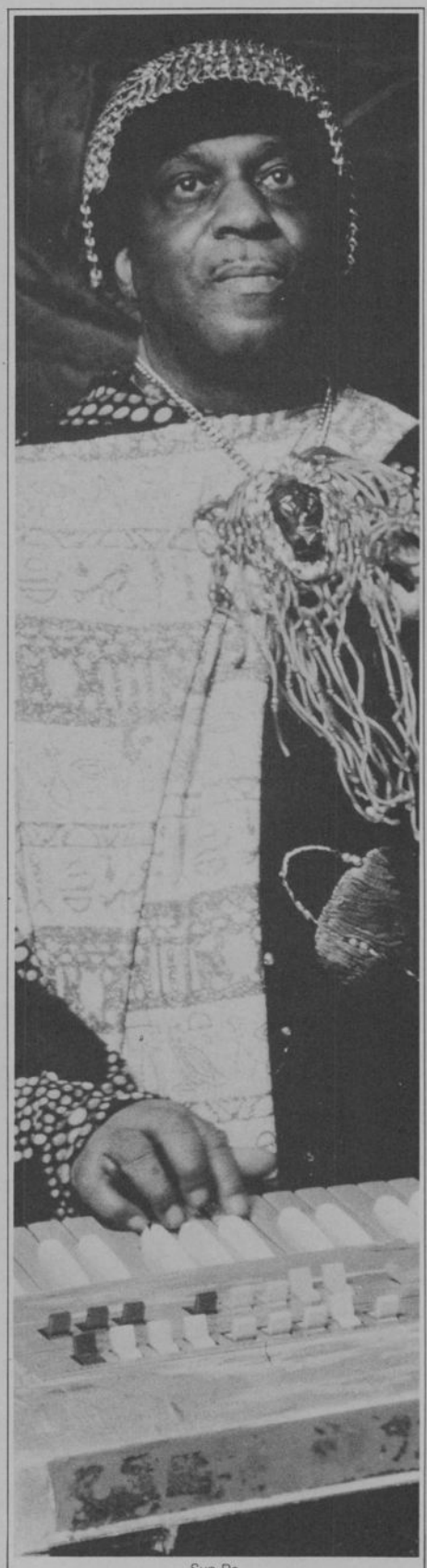
Switched-On Bach II/Walter Carlos (Columbia KM 32659). Walter Carlos's fourth album of electronic renditions of classical compositions (he has also released an LP of his own pieces) is his best yet. He has completely mastered the Moog and related gear. Includes Brandenburg Concerto No. 5.

Tootin' Through The Roof/Joe Thomas, Hot Lips Page, Charlie Shavers (Onyx 209). Here are some fascinating and long-lost 1945 sides by three trumpet players who more or less got lost in the shuffle from swing to bop. Sidemen include Dave Tough, Hank Jones, Buddy DeFranco and Sid Catlett. Onyx doesn't shortchange on quantity, either, eight cuts on each side, totaling almost an hour.

Astro Black/Sun Ra (Impulse AS-9255). After decades of dues-paying as the vanguard of the vanguard, Sun Ra finally seems to be achieving a measure of respectability and success. Fame has lessened neither his intensity nor his courage. It's especially nice to have him well recorded.

Farewell to Paradise/Emitt Rhodes (Dunhill DSX-50122). Usually a one-man album is a sure recipe for disaster, but *Farewell to Paradise*, "written, arranged, produced, recorded, engineered, and all instruments performed by Emitt Rhodes, recorded at home," is something of an exception. Better songs and this album might have really been something. A tour de force anyway.

Sweet Charlie Babe/Jackie Moore (Atlantic SD 7285). Jackie Moore sounds like she was sired by Jerry Butler out of Aretha Franklin. The best new female soul voice in years. Outstanding production.—*John Gabree*



Sun Ra.

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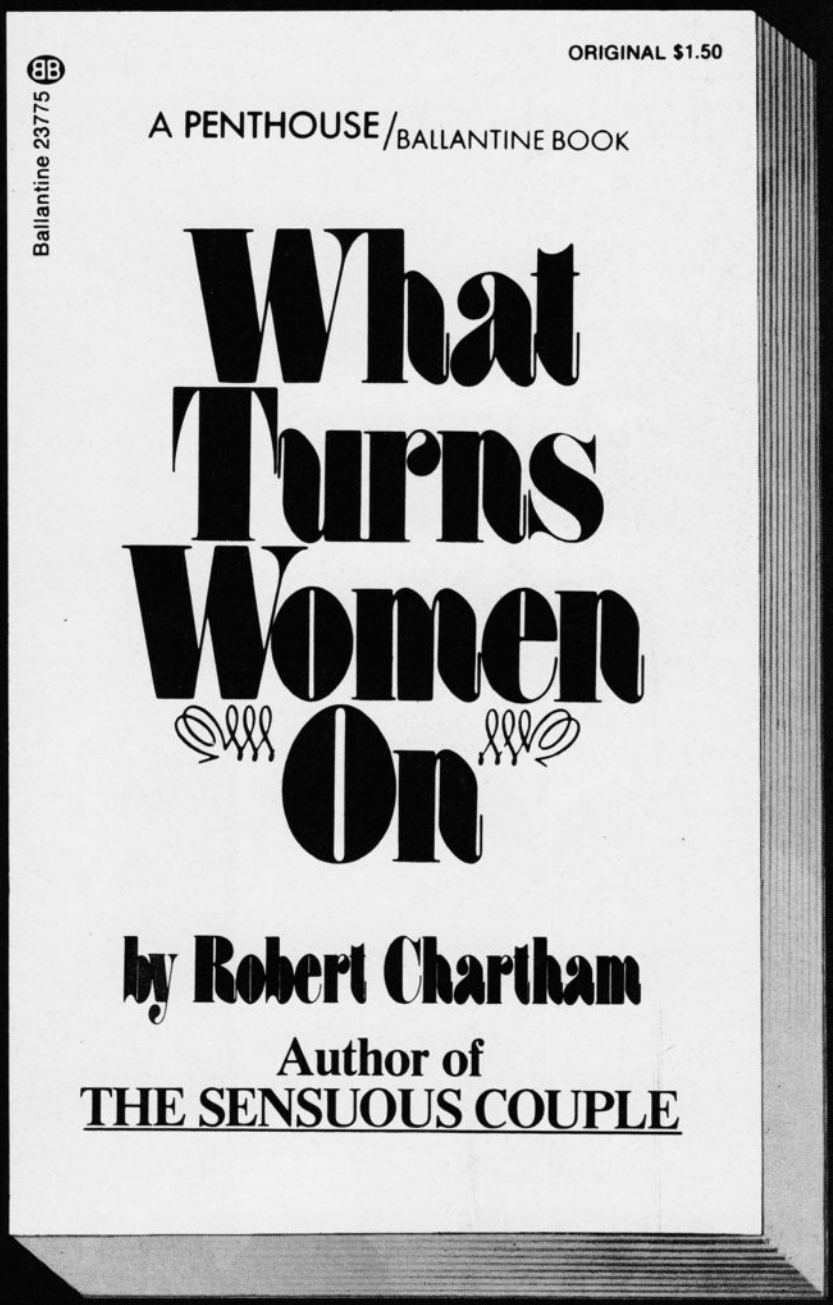

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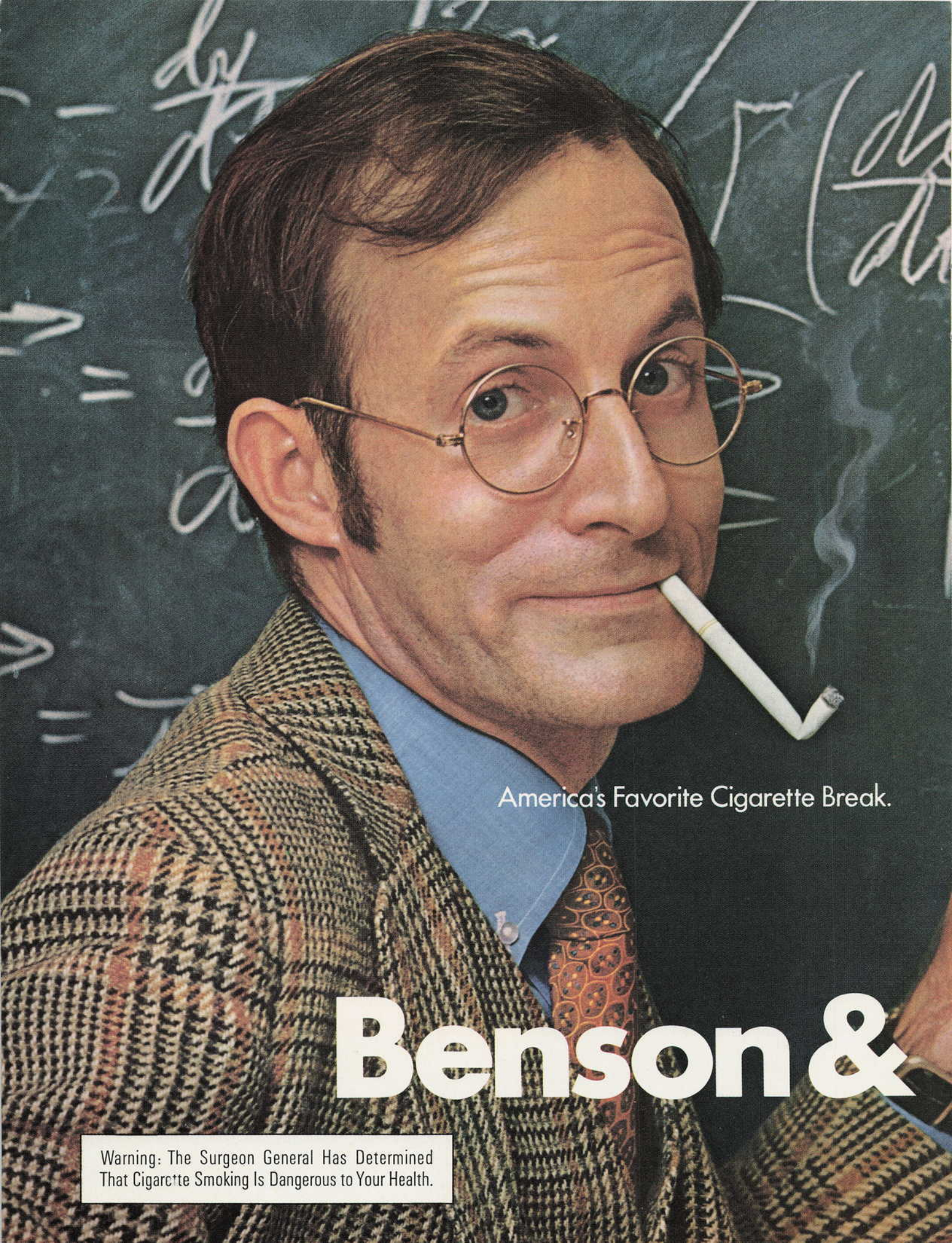
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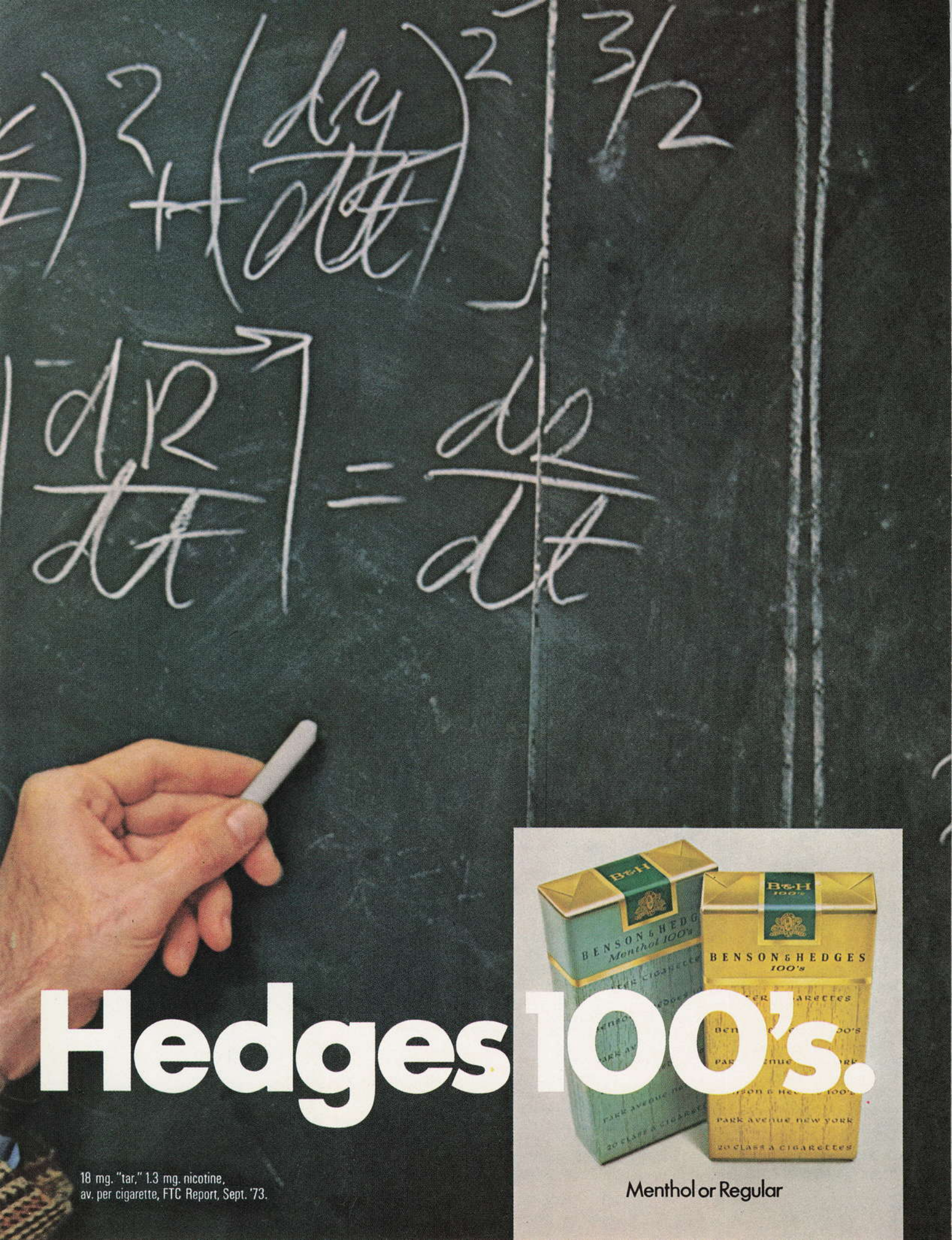

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STUNT MEN

DYING TO PLEASE

By John Baxter

It is a morning in 1908 on the Pacific coast near Los Angeles. Film director Francis Boggs and cameraman Thomas Persons are shooting a drowning scene with the only talent available, a hungry hypnotist with patent-leather hair. Persons adjusts a wig to cover the man's head while Boggs explains how he wants him to feign drowning. The scene is to be cut into *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The hypnotist listens and then, concentrating on the promised five dollars, he wades gingerly into the water and strikes out. They watch his head bob beyond the line of surf, and Persons starts rhythmically turning the handle of the camera, murmuring under his breath the "*One* two three, *one* two three" of waltz time to keep the speed at a steady sixteen frames a second. "Down!" Boggs bawls at the distant head, which abruptly disappears. They wait. ". . . *One* two three *one* two three. . . ." The head does not reappear. Boggs says nothing, but the flicker of anxiety in his eyes is eloquent. Persons stops turning. "Yeah," he agrees as he peels off his coat. "That's a $20 wig."

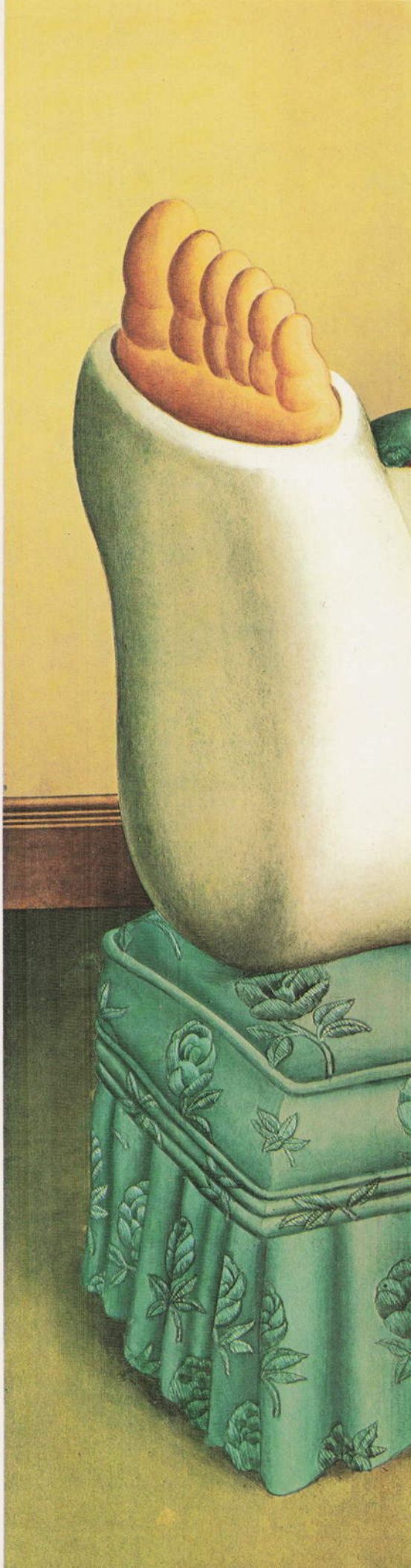
Certainly stunt men, who think mythology absurd, would be contemptuous of rather than amused by Boggs's hypnotist—an amateur in a field where amateurs have less place than in any other.

Professional stunt men are mainly a phenomenon of the Twenties. The hazardous scenes of early films were seldom performed by men with any degree of training; like the hypnotist, these men attempted dangerous work for quick profit.

The world's film industries have never acknowledged directly the existence or importance of stunt men, and the suffering and death that is part of the cinema has always been one of its best-kept secrets. It is said that more people died in Eisenstein's recreation of the storming of the Winter Palace in *October* (1927) than were killed in the actual attack.

Between 1925 and 1930 10,794 people were injured in Californian film productions. Fifty-five of them, mostly stunt men and women, died.

Mack Sennett's Keystone Kops became a national institution within two years after their debut in *The Bangville Policies* in 1913. Keystone was a laboratory in which the techniques and terminology of stunt comedy were developed. Falls were "bumps" or "Brodies," after Steve Brodie, who jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and lived. The comic fall backwards, a Ben Turpin speciality, was known for no logical reason as a "108." Even today stunt men still call any feat, from a comic fall to a multiple car smash, a "gag." When Sennett, after the First World War, expanded into both car and air-racing comedies, Walter Wright took a camera team to Santa Monica Road Races to get background footage for a film called *Skidding Hearts*. A car driven by Lewis Jackson, who regularly drove in car stunts for the serial team of Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, left the road, killed two onlookers and Jackson, and cut down the trees where cameraman L.B. Jenkins was shelter-



Roy barruthers 1974

ing and killed him. When the cameras were found intact amid splintered tripods, Mack Sennett ordered the film used, without comment. Keystone comedy was like its producer—simple, violent, and malicious, regarded by contemporary critics and filmmakers in rather the same way that critics in the Sixties regarded the Three Stooges. But even while Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd were expanding public consciousness of comedy's subtleties, Sennett persisted with remarkable success until profligacy and the Wall Street crash wiped him out.

Keaton, a graduate from Sennett's organization, was one of the most inventive of all stunt comics. Trapdoors open, cannons swivel, bombs explode. But at the vital moment, Buster always manages to be somewhere else.

In *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* (1927), we find him straying into a town that a cyclone is tearing to pieces. He stands bemused in the middle of the street; a house behind him crumples and the entire front wall falls over him. But Buster is left untouched in the gap left by the window. Keaton loved the gag's bravado, and enjoyed the technical challenge.

As he later recalled, "We built the window so that I had a clearance of two inches on each shoulder, and the top missed my head by two inches and the bottom my heels by two inches. We mark that ground out and drive big nails where my two heels are going to be. Then you put that house back up in position while they finish building it. It's a one-take scene and we got it that way. You don't do these things twice."

Had the wall warped, Keaton would have been killed. It weighed two tons.

Keaton emerged intact from his knockabout comedies mainly because he had sufficient professionalism to calculate his stunts and carry them out with scientific precision. So did Harold Lloyd. In a series of short comedies, Lloyd developed three comic personalities, the third of which—that of a mild-mannered young man in straw boater with horn-rimmed spectacles who achieved the most terrifying stunts with a nervousness that never quite strayed into terror—made him famous.

But Lloyd's career nearly ended abruptly in 1919, when he was injured while posing for publicity pictures. His thumb and forefinger were blown off, one eye was damaged so severely that it was thought he would be blinded, and his face was painfully lacerated. The studio had a sixteen-foot hole blown in its ceiling, and a production man's false teeth were split from side to side. The photographer fainted.

In *Safety Last*, Lloyd made audiences scream with fright and joy as he hung from the minute hand of a clock, high up on an office building. The clock incident became one of the most famous in film comedy, and when Lloyd visited Chicago to promote *Safety Last*, his key publicity stunt was the dedication of a clock on the fifteenth floor of the Wrigley Building. A human fly had been hired to double Lloyd, but when the professional refused the job because of a high wind, Lloyd was adamant in declining to climb out himself, and made a speech to the crowd instead. The Sennett recklessness was indeed gone for good.

> By the end of Tom Mix's life, his body was a mass of scars, the bones of his arm and shoulder blades were held together with surgical wire, and his joints were crippled with arthritis.

If the slapstick comedy, with its circus capers and simple violence, is peculiar to the cinema's first decade, no form more precisely evokes the years of the First World War and the early Twenties than the action serial. A natural result of the star system, it fulfilled the promise of Keystone, offering a series of stories about a popular character, linked in a rough continuity to lure audiences back week after week. Stunt men were used promiscuously in the serials, always without credit and often in the face of flat statements from the producers that the star took all his or her own risks.

The Perils of Pauline, released in twenty episodes in 1914, had an instant and phenomenal success in both America and Europe. The apparent athleticism of this young blond girl, her disregard for danger, the nonchalance with which she leaped into the gondolas of balloons or fled from boulders rolled down on her by wild Indians enchanted even sophisticates like Jean Cocteau; he dragged Igor Stravinsky to see some episodes, and wrote plays and poems about an American girl "more interested in her health than her beauty, who swims, boxes, dances, leaps onto moving trains —all without knowing she is beautiful."

In her last serial, *Plunder* (1922), Pearl was doubled in a chase sequence by Johnny Stevenson, chauffeur to director George Seitz and an amateur actor anxious to pick up some extra money. The stunt called for Stevenson, in skirt and wig, to leap from the top of a New York bus to the girder of a bridge. The use of an amateur in this difficult stunt was typical of the risks taken by serial directors. When the bus driver failed to keep his speed to the necessary five miles per hour, Stevenson hit the bridge hard, missed his grip on the dusty metal and, watched by his horrified wife and daughter, who were extras among the bus passengers, fell eighteen feet to the road. He died of cerebral concussion shortly after.

Many serial stars were athletic amateurs, but not Eddie Polo. Acrobat, contortionist, tightrope walker, stunt rider, and animal-handler, he was one of the serials' most colorful stars. His early life was a history of privation, danger, and loneliness, which many of these circus graduates must have shared, and which makes their arrogance at least understandable.

A self-appointed expert on every aspect of stunting, Polo appeared at the 1915 San Diego Panama-Californian Exposition and, to challenge the claim of cautious army fliers that high parachute jumps were unsafe, made a 4,280-foot jump himself. (Shortly afterwards, he rode a horse off a fifty-foot cliff into a lake; Polo survived, but the horse was killed.)

Serials survived until television, never regaining the old vitality. In a feature-based industry they were not sufficiently lucrative to justify more than tiny budgets, but became, in addition to dumping grounds for athletes or cowboys who lacked acting ability but not daring, useful training grounds for action filmmakers.

Film producers of the Twenties quickly found that while the thriving vaudeville circuits were an inexhaustible reservoir of comedians, no corresponding source existed for action heroes who could give physical expression to the myths of the cowboy and frontiersman—dull, undramatic men romanticized by popular literature. Films were still made in the East. California and the West, with their rodeo riders, were too remote for most companies, who did their best with Broadway actors.

Dustin Farnum, hired by Cecil B. DeMille to star in *The Squaw Man* (1913), Hollywood's first Western, had come no closer to the West than a supporting role in the original play, but despite this both he and his brothers William and Franklyn became famous as action stars. William S. Hart also belonged to the stage. He had played Mesalla in the famous Broadway *Ben-Hur*, Armand in *Camille*, and a variety of dramatic roles unrelated to the West of which he became the most famous early resident. All these actors resourcefully imitated seasoned frontiersmen, lecturing on the significance of Western dress—Hart, for instance, was very strict, justifying each buckle and flap with a meticulousness that convinced

all his fans—and hiding the fact that real cowboys doubled the few risky scenes required of them.

One of those cowboys eventually became a great star. Between 1911 and 1916 Tom Mix appeared in seventy Westerns in which he broke and rode wild horses, performed countless transfers from horses to trains, wrestled wild animals, and toppled wagons. Each of his legs was broken four times, and he also fractured ribs, ankles, and hands. But his popularity soared.

His own summing-up of his approach to film stunts suggests a phlegmatic acceptance of opposition and a contempt for his physical limits: "I never go back in doing any stunt. I go forward constantly. That is because the human body is so constructed that muscles and bone protect the front of the body. Man was made to advance. No matter what profession he may choose, his success is measured by the rapidity with which he advances. I figured it out when I started to do my stunts before the camera, and it has saved my life many times. Always advance, keep your head and you can do any trick you want to do. You must keep your nerve too, or you will hesitate—and he who hesitates is lost." By the end of his life—he retired in 1935 and died in a 1940 car crash, aged sixty—this philosophy (a nonsensical one physically, since stunt men always prefer to take blows on the well-padded buttocks and back) had left his body a mass of scars, the bones of his arm and shoulder blades held together with surgical wire, his joints crippled with arthritis.

The career and phenomenal popularity of Douglas Fairbanks followed naturally from the fashion for outdoor adventure Mix and the serial stars created. Even on Broadway before the First World War, Fairbanks was famous for his athletic ability, disrupting rehearsals by walking upstairs on his hands, or offering to leap twelve feet from a balcony when a more conventional descent seemed insufficiently dashing.

In *The Habit of Happiness* (Allan Dwan, 1916), he fought five of the toughest extras to be found in the studio's "bull pen"; his hands and face were so battered that shooting stopped until the swellings went down. *The Half Breed* (Dwan,1916) cost him eyelashes and hair when the forest fire from which he rescued actor Sam de Grasse ran out of control, and in *Manhattan Madness* (Dwan,1916) a stage pistol went off in his face blinding him for three weeks. Fairbanks accepted the discomforts and risks without complaint.

On one occasion, during *Robin Hood* on the enormous castle set—taller than the walls of Babylon in *Intolerance*, Dwan insisted that a double should climb the huge drawbridge chain for Robin's entry into the castle. Fairbanks grudgingly agreed. The first shot was discarded because the stunt man looked, to Fairbanks's eyes, "ungraceful," and while a replacement was sought Fairbanks left, allegedly to try out some new routines in the gym. Shortly after, a new figure was seen climbing the chain. It was not

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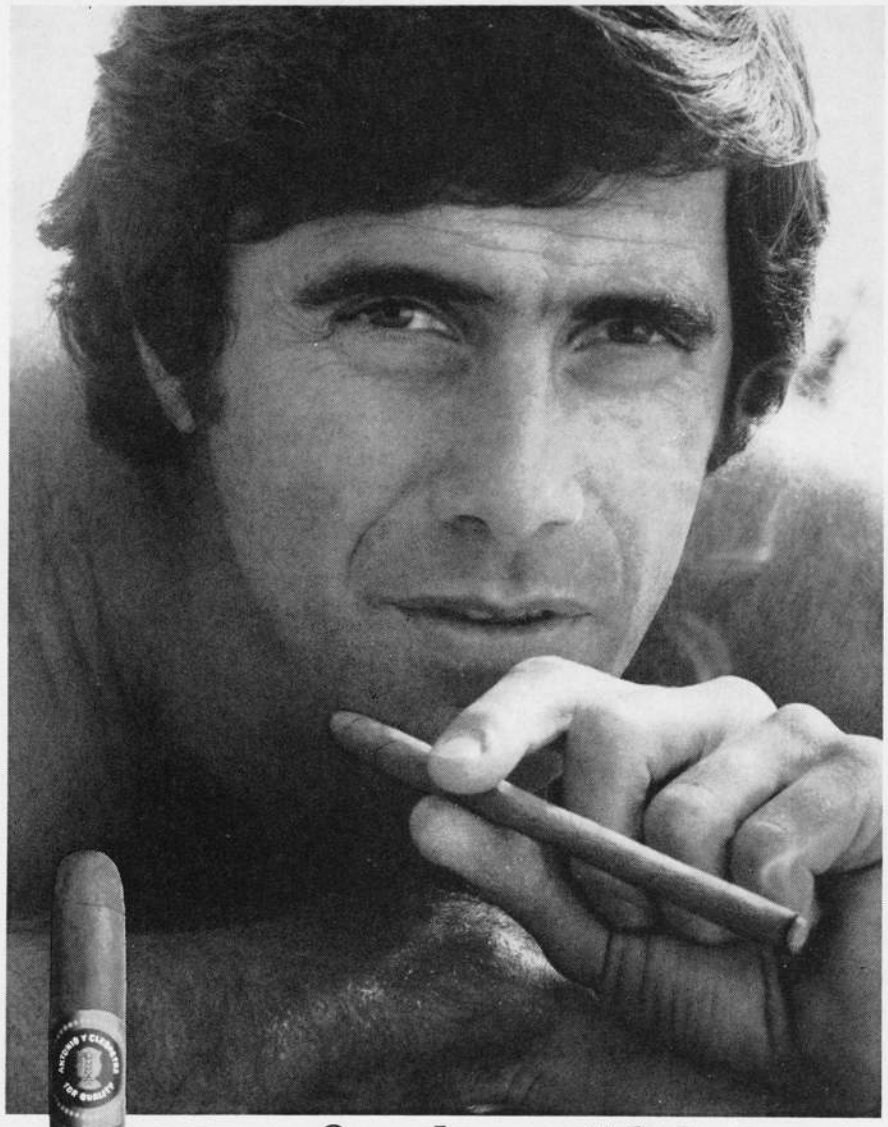

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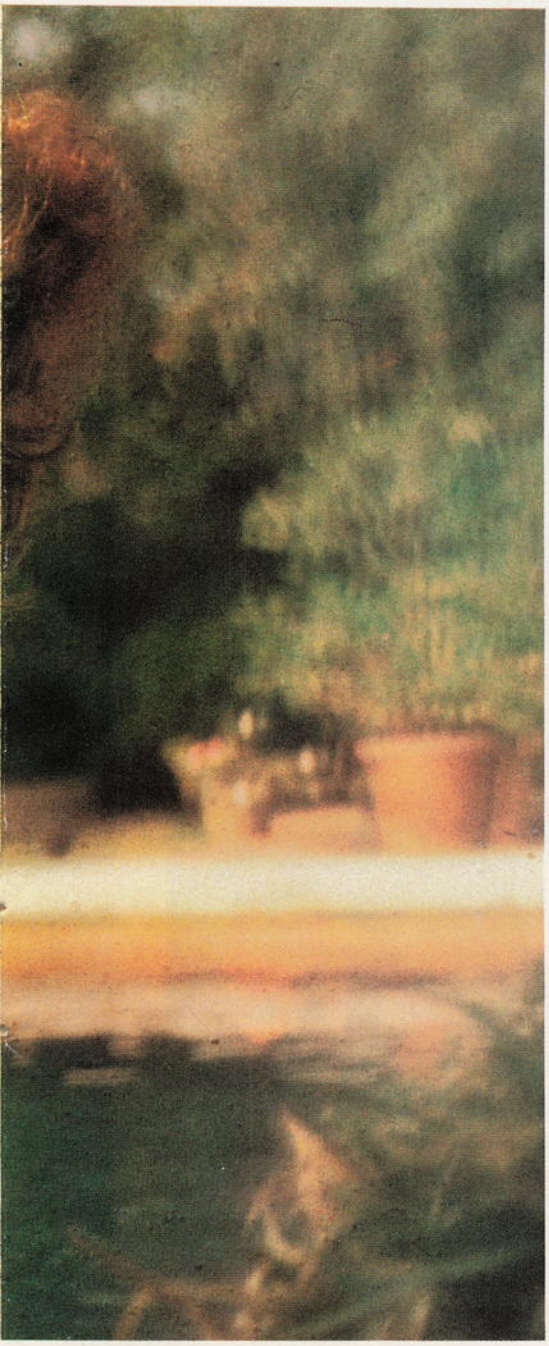
"Kissing can't be only a foreplay type of thing.... I want it all the time."

JESSICA

Jessica Len's business is show business, and show business is organized dreaming. So how does she keep herself free of all of Hollywood's pretense and deception? "Well, I feel that nudity helps keep me young and free. Clothes are a way of hiding and disguising yourself so you forget that you're a human being who has freedom in all ways. Nudity for me brings on a spiritual feeling. It's binding to wear clothes all the time—but nude I have a sense of mental and spiritual freedom that is inspiring to me as an actress. And it's important for me professionally to store up that feeling of freedom so I can carry it with me into my work. Nudity with other people becomes beautiful if the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

others are at the same mental level. There are so many people who just gawk at you, and that takes the real beauty of nudity away."

It's plain as day that no amount of gawking could measurably reduce Jessica's threshhold of beauty —nude, draped or *en déshabillé*—and with these extravagant assets (34-24-34) her path through life has been lined with admirers. Elected "Phoenix Junior Miss" while still in high school in her native Phoenix,

Arizona, she rose in college to exhalted heights in student organizations, debating squads, and honor boards. She even made the prestigious Chi Omega Chi sorority before she said to hell with it and went into modeling. This led to a career in commercials, and by the time she was twenty-one she had earned enough to say the hell with the whole thing once again and indulge in her uncontrollable wanderlust. "I've traveled the way some girls commute. I've been to Paris twice, to London, to Rome, to Greece, to Venice, to Montreal twice, and all over the United States." Now settled in Los Angeles, Jessica has returned to acting, collecting a liberal income from commercial residuals to support her while she learns the thespian niceties demanded of one who aspires to play in serious films. "My ambition in life," declares Jess, "is to become a more intelligent, open, and sensitive woman, to learn as much as I can, and to become a fine actress.

"Women's lib is a real turn-off for me. I agree that there are many inequities in our society, but some of them have a psychological reason for being there because they express real differences between men and women, while the other ones are being thrown away in the course of time just because *nobody* needs or wants them anymore. Anyway, my feeling is that if you consider your body a liberated area, nobody can trespass on your mind."

When the subject is sex, Jessica discourses with a global sort of sophistication. "On the whole, I'd say I prefer European to

Miss Len's clothes by St. Michael Boutique, Aardvark, and Strip Thrills. Furnishings by Carol Brent's Antiques. House design by Ron Wilson.

American men. European men treat a woman more like a woman and are less despairing about their masculinity than American men. Too many Americans—at least among those I've met—seem to have insecurities and frustrations that Europeans don't.... The man who turns me on is usually tall, thin, with sinewy muscle tone, long dark hair and dark eyes. My man also has to be very intelligent, well-educated, witty, sophisticated, and really have a love for head games—and a head for love games! I believe that there is real value in having a one-to-one relationship with a man. There has to be physical, mental, *and* spiritual communication; there has to be faith and trust; and there has to be long-lasting care. The two people have to live together and grow together. Love and sex are two different things: they can exist separately or together—but the second way is the real one for me.

"I love a man who's into kissing. My lovemaking has to be very sensual, with a lot of touching and kissing throughout the entire session. The kissing can't be only a foreplay type of thing.... I want it all the time." That doesn't sound like too much to ask.

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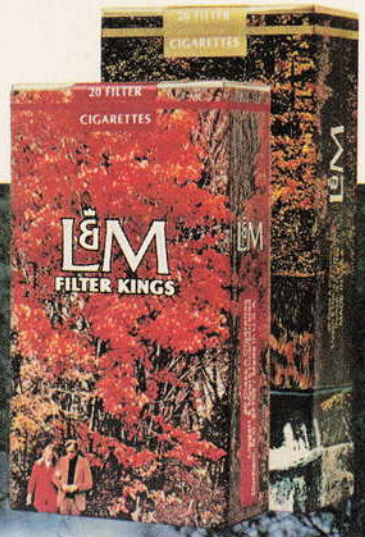

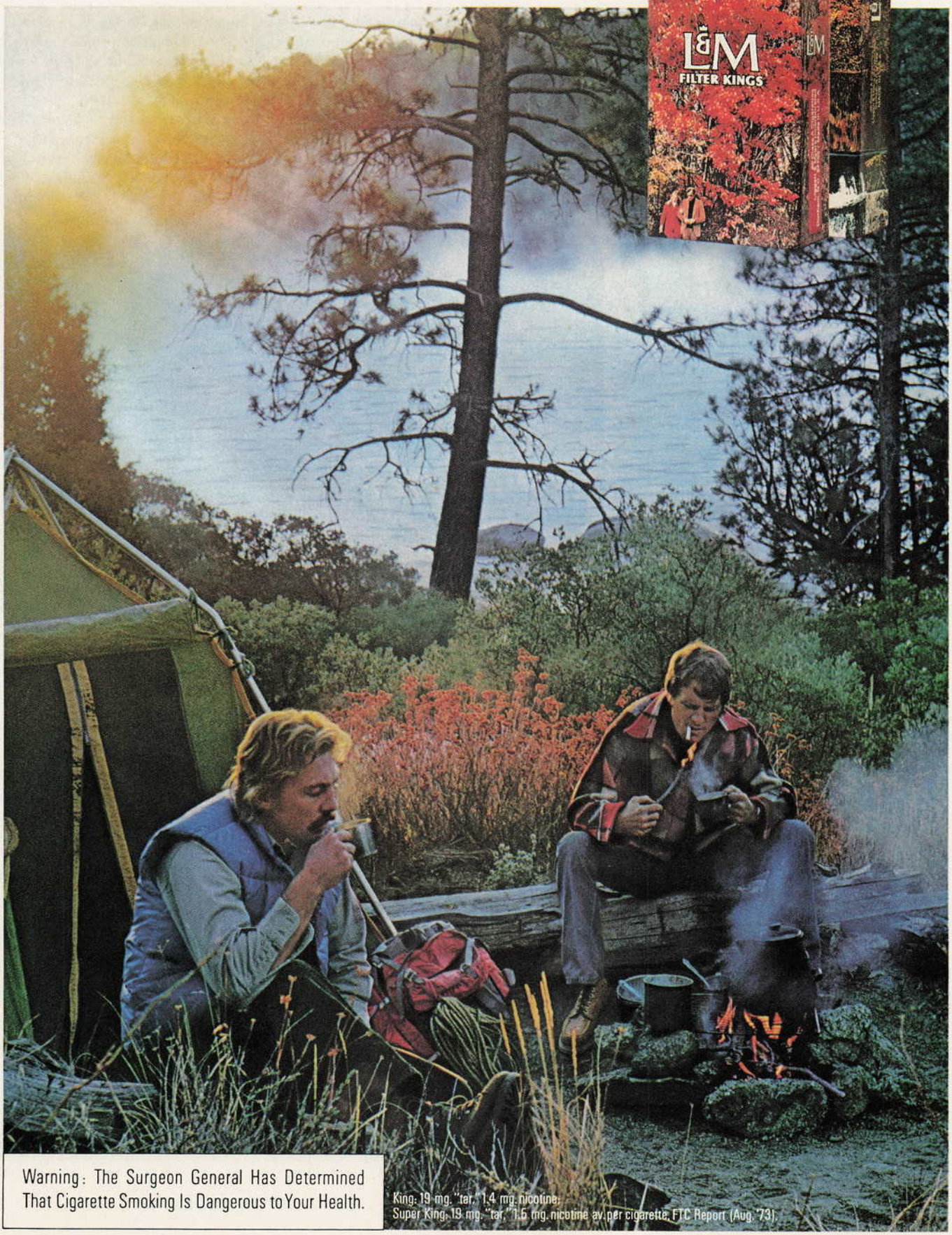

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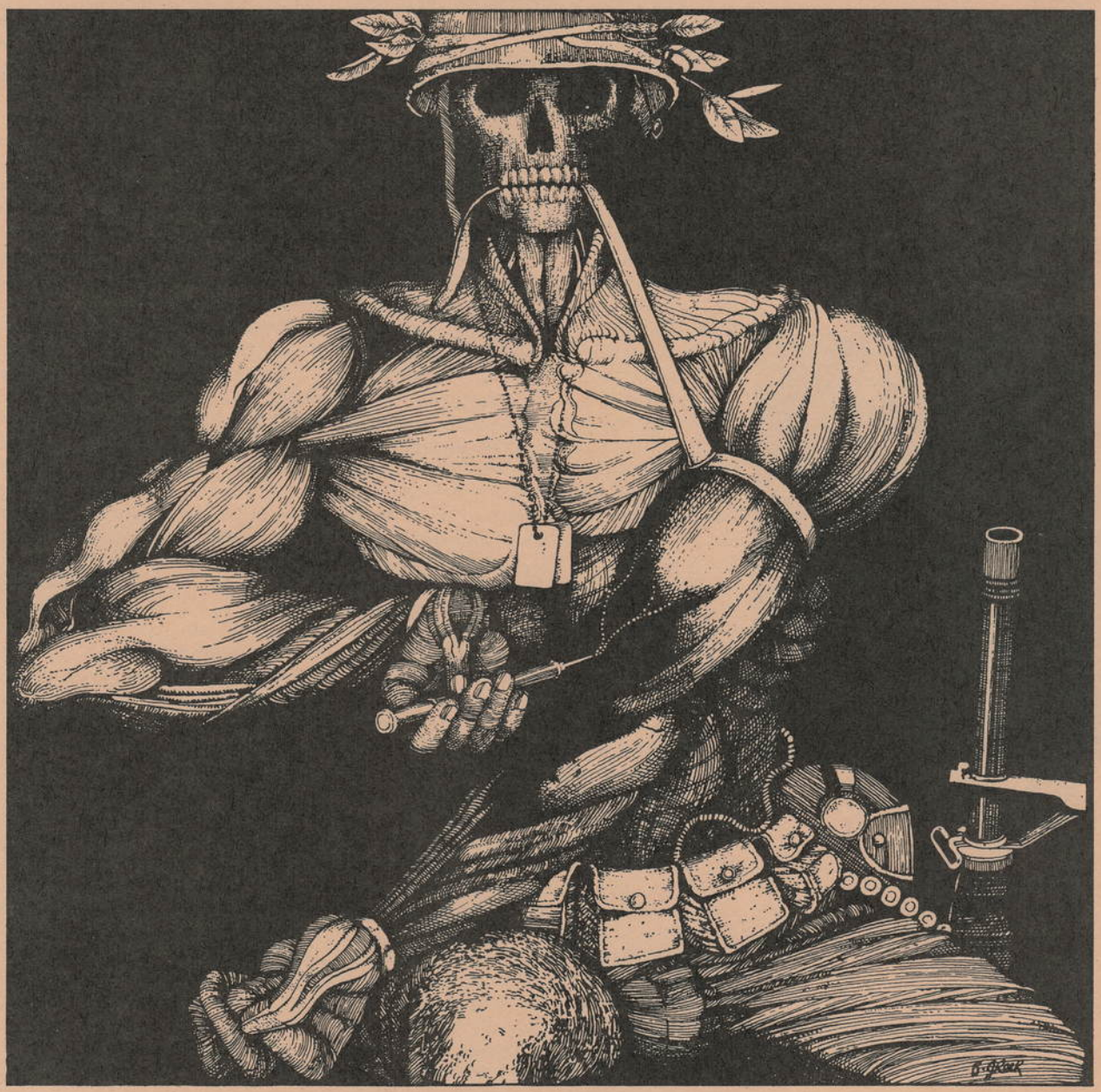
THE VIETNAM VETERAN



175,000 ADDICTS

By FRED FERRETTI

The Vietnam Veteran—
Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden—Commissioner of the New York Mayor's Office for Veteran Action
Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

In 1967 and 1968 Luther Sanford fought in the Vietnam war, earning two Purple Hearts and a heroin habit. He was honorably discharged in 1968 but almost immediately reupped with the Marines, volunteering for another Vietnam tour so he could once more afford the skag he had become addicted to. After all, heroin in any skag alley in Nam cost only a quarter of what it did on the streets in his hometown ghetto. A fifteen-dollar, 96 percent pure daily habit in Saigon, easy to come by with dice—Luther Sanford was good at craps—is junkie heaven compared to a sixty-dollar-a-day habit in New York City, a habit necessarily financed with purse-snatchings and car thefts, but barely satisfied with stuff only 4 percent pure.

And while Luther was getting on the hook, Department of Defense brass in Washington—despite the fact that they had to know about the influx into Vietnam from Thailand of "Red Rock" heroin in 1968—were saying it was "nonsense" that Americans were becoming narcotics addicts in Vietnam, and "ridiculous" to assume that marijuana use was widespread.

But GI's coming home agreed with Luther Sanford. As one returning GI said, "The last few months over there were unbelievable. My first tour there in '67, a few of our guys smoked grass, you know. Now the guys walk right in the hootch with a jar of heroin or cocaine. Almost pure stuff. Getting smack is just like getting a bottle of beer. Everybody sells it. Half my company is on stuff."

In 1971 Richard Penry of Pentaluma, California, and his army unit in Binh Tui Province were bracketed by mortars, rockets, and automatic guns. He held off fifty Vietcong soldiers and personally evacuated eighteen wounded buddies, for which the Congressional Medal of Honor was pinned on him by President Nixon, and for which his hometown gave him a Fourth of July parade. Some time later he was arrested in Pentaluma and charged with selling cocaine.

The same month, when President Nixon was asked what he intended to do about the tens of thousands of American soldiers returning from Vietnam with addictions to drugs, he said, "I think it's well for us first to put the problem of drug addiction in Vietnam in perspective. It is not simply a problem of Vietnam veterans. It's a national problem."

The addicted veterans see it differently:

"I just wanted to get out of Nam, and skag took me out for a while, at least."

"I went into the Army as gung ho as anybody. But right now morale is terrible and just about everybody is stoned."

"After Tet, well shit, man! Everybody knew we had lost the war. It was downhill from then on."

"If I wasn't stoned, I'd've split."

When Nixon was asked about the morality of saturation bombing in Southeast Asia, he said, "Well, my views with regard to war are well known. I grew up in a tradition where we consider all wars immoral. My mother, my grandmother—on my mother's side—were Quakers, as I've often pointed out . . . and very strongly disapproved of my entering World War II. As far as Vietnam is concerned, it involves activities that certainly could be subject to criticism if we were considering it solely in a vacuum. But when we consider the consequences of not acting, I think we can see why we have done what we have."

Some veterans see it differently:

"I went to Vietnam hoping to help people, not kill them."

"When Cambodia happened, the first thing I did was I go out and shoot up."

Last March, twenty-eight-year-old Peter Tesitore, an Army veteran with a heroin habit that had been clinging to his back since his tour in Vietnam, walked into a methadone clinic in New York, mumbled a request to see somebody, then, inexplicably, raised his Chinese-made AK-47 automatic rifle—a war souvenir—and fired twenty-three bullets into ceilings and walls and shattered glass partitions before he was shot in the leg by a policeman.

A month later, Richard Wilbur, an assistant secretary of defense, smiled and told the whirring television cameras that few Vietnam veterans, about four thousand, perhaps as few as two thousand or three thousand, less than one percent who had been in Southeast Asia for the three years 1970 to 1972, were addicted to hard drugs. Moreover, according to Wilbur, the veteran addict had been a user before he went into the service, was usually black, a low-ranked enlisted man with minimal education, and most likely came from a broken home. Generally speaking, the Defense Department was giving us the typical, customary, stereotyped American societal reject who brought his badness to the army with him.

Oddly, the Defense Department ignored, it seems, a Veterans Administration poll by Louis Harris in 1971 that concluded that 26 percent of Viet veterans had continued to use drugs (including marijuana) after discharge—not one percent—that an estimated 325,000 Vietnam-era vets had taken heroin since their discharges, and that of the 2.5 million Americans who waded through the political muck of Indochina, 5 percent had used heroin and 7 percent

Getting smack is like getting a bottle of beer.

Everybody sells it. Half my company is on stuff.

had used either heroin or cocaine—about 175,000 men.

The Defense Department ignored New York City, the addict capital of the United States, that had figures showing that between 30,000 and 45,000 Vietnam veterans were heroin addicts there. It also ignored a California report by the state's Task Force on Veteran Drug Abuse Problems that concluded that there are about 29,000 drug-dependent veterans in California alone.

(The Harris Poll also found that 82 percent of the veterans it queried thought their use of drugs would continue to some degree after service discharges, and that 57 percent denied that they had been users before they joined the armed forces, despite Pentagon claims to the contrary.)

As two addicted veterans put it:

"I wanted to fight for my country and maybe even come home a hero, but I didn't do much fighting and I got so bored doing nothing that I turned on with skag."

"I couldn't hack the Mickey Mouse army without being stoned."

It also appears the Pentagon ignored a few of its own studies by its own generals and its highly regarded consultants. Psychoanalyst Norman Zinberg had concluded after an in-the-field study that the Vietnam hard-drug user was no anti-social loner, but was, rather, hooked into an activity among his peers, who felt themselves to be a kinship of losers. They were, and are, white as well as black. Many of them are not from urban ghettos, but from small towns with middle-American upbringing.

Zinberg wrote, "The typical Vietnam user would fit many people's idea of the healthy, all-American boy: he is often from a small town in the Midwest or South, is in good physical condition, has used virtually no drugs before joining the army, and shows no evidence of character disorder."

And General Michael Davidson, one-time commander of army forces in Vietnam, wrote, "These kids, and they were kids—nineteen, twenty years old as a median age—looked like an exact cross-section of the young men coming into the army. This business about ghetto kids and high school dropouts—that's a myth. It's a bunch of bunk. These kids are a cross-section of what the Selective Service was picking up throughout America. And this is what really shatters you."

If the Defense Department went beyond its stereotypes and its funny numbers, it would have to admit that there was widespread addiction among freshly discharged troops. This would unsettle the belly of the country, which likes to believe that evil and dirt and crime and unrest and all sorts of unthinkables exist only in the big cities. The Pentagon findings implied (implied, hell!) *said*, "city . . . dropouts . . . blacks . . . stupid," everything that was not the broad "us," thereby removing the statistics from mass national reality and making them something for us to "tsk, tsk" over, to feel superior to and remote from. But there is something even more insidious and worse than simple selection of figures—after all, didn't the Pentagon, back in mid-'71 when evidence of military addiction was readily apparent to anyone with eyes to read, say that heroin addiction was quite low, only two percent among Vietnam servicemen, well below "feared levels"?—and that is the political effect of such a report. If something is presented with a burst of optimism, as something less than urgent, something that is not really all as bad as we once feared, then dealing with it can be put off. Which is precisely what the Pentagon seems to be saying. Drug addiction in Vietnam was, after all, put into perspective, as President Nixon said it would be; it was just *one* of many things that we must contend with as a nation, and thank God it's not really as serious an issue as we thought. Without a feeling of urgency, funds can be delayed or allocated to programs nearer the crisis stage. We can wait awhile, the Defense Department is saying in its report. But what it really is saying, of course, is that we can treat our young men in peace the same way we treated them in war—as offal.

We told them they were on an anti-Communist crusade and we forced them to bayonet and shoot children. We told them their cause was democracy and self-determination for Southeast Asia, but what it really was was the propping up of political corruption and moral bankruptcy. Winning hearts and minds became earth-scorching "pacification." We took people who planted and lived off the land and we destroyed their crops and their homes with "defoliation," forcing them into refugee-teeming cities where they learned, of necessity, to leech off the American soldier, to provide him with whores and grass and skag. People who had regarded marijuana as a useless weed found to their profit that American soldiers far from home could find in it temporary sweetness and escape. People who harvested opium poppies found that heroin was far more profitable than the sticky balls that old men smoked. And did we not indeed deliberately get our own men hooked? Did we not politically and materially employ those highly placed Laotians, Thais, and Vietnamese who were running the heroin trade, simply because they *told* us they

Eighty-two percent of veterans questioned in a poll thought

their use of drugs would continue after discharge.

"I wanted to fight for my country and maybe even come home a hero,

but I got so bored doing nothing that I turned on to skag."

would back our interference in Southeast Asia? There are creditable reports, for example, that the profitable opium and heroin trade was a sop to the CIA-trained-and-equipped Meo tribespeople who we counted upon as a forward wall against the Pathet Lao.

The Meo live in what is called the "Fertile Triangle," or more appropriately, the "Golden Triangle," of northwest Burma, northern Thailand, and Laos. They harvest the opium poppies and collect $50 per kilo—2.2 pounds—which is said to be paid in gold, silver, or local currency, by Chinese traders who govern the routes to the refineries in Vientiane, Saigon, and Hong Kong. The CIA created its own chartered airline, Air America, whose pilots reportedly airlifted tons of opium and heroin from Laos to Bangkok and thence to Saigon. One need only read such accounts as Alfred McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, which disturbed the CIA so mightily, to see that it was to our continuing advantage politically to support the Meo and their harvest, and the Thai, Laotian, and Vietnamese entrepreneurs in whatever manner they chose, even at the cost of creating a returning army of American junkies.

Last year, in *Troubled Peace, an Epilogue to Vietnam*, the Nader report on Vietnam veterans and the Veterans Administration, Ralph Nader's associate, Paul Starr, wrote that there existed evidence in such books as McCoy's to suggest that the CIA "provided critical logistical support" for the heroin trade. He notes that American soldiers spoke of drugs in terms of alienation, and that traffic in drugs bespoke corruption among "our allies and mercenaries," but "what they spoke of most eloquently was the degradation to which the United States had fallen in Indochina. In not rooting out the sources of heroin in Laos and Thailand, the government had made a clear calculation that the continued political and military support of those groups profiting from the drug traffic was worth the risk of hooking thousands of U.S. soldiers."

Our policy, of course, failed, but the local drug peddlers became rich and stayed protected.

We have, for example, the spectacle in 1968 of South Vietnam Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky "laughing" when he was charged in Congress with using a secret CIA spy-dropping mission in the early 1960's to smuggle opium from Laos to Saigon. The congressional report alleged that the CIA had dropped him as commander of a Vietnamese air-force operation after he was reportedly found to be a smuggler. Said Ky: "The allegations . . . constitute a tissue of gross fabrications which bespeak only of their authors' own standards of morality." The U.S. Embassy in Saigon backed him up.

Tran Thien Khoi, brother of South Vietnam Premier Tran Thien Kheim, was removed as chief of the National Customs Investigation Division. Another brother, Colonel Tran Thien Phuong, director of the Saigon port, was under attack for presiding over a sieve through which narcotics poured into Saigon. And Director General of Customs, Duong Thieu Sinh, was removed from office—and made a judge. All of this happened early in 1971, at the same time that an American officer went before a general court-martial for possession of marijuana.

And that April, Mrs. Nguyen Ngoc Quy—the daughter of a senior civil servant who worked for the South Vietnam Senate chairman, was the girl friend of an army major, and lived in a house owned by Vo Van Mau, a deputy in the National Assembly—was picked up at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport with 19.8 pounds of heroin. Pham Chi Thien, a pro-Kheim deputy, was caught with 8.8 pounds. And his twenty-year-old traveling partner was found to have an address book containing names of other government officials. Subsequently, an Air Vietnam stewardess arrived from Vientiane with more than twenty pounds of heroin. Of all those named, charged, or otherwise implicated, only the stewardess was jailed.

Then in July, Major General Ngo Dzu, commander of South Vietnam's Military Region II in the Central Highlands, was named by U.S. Representative Robert Steele, a Connecticut Republican, as "one of the chief traffickers in heroin in Southeast Asia." Steele also cited General Ouane Rathikone, Chief of the Laotian General Staff, as "reportedly deeply involved in the heroin traffic." Steele is a former CIA agent. Dzu asked his friend, President Nguyen Van Thieu, to protest. But there was no need. Dzu's senior American advisor, John Paul Vann, said that efforts to substantiate the charges had "fizzled," and Dzu said later it was all a plot by another jealous general—with Communist assistance—to have him removed. Needless to say, General Dzu stayed on the job, and so did President Thieu, even though it was charged that money from illegal heroin sales was helping to finance his reelection campaign. So did Colonel Nguyen Duc Khanh, commander of the South Vietnamese air base at Danang, who left a letter on file authorizing Tun Siu Hung—a Chinese with a

foreign passport and with a record of several narcotics-related arrests—to enter and leave Danang whenever and by whatever means he wished.

In September 1971 President Thieu promoted Major General Dzu to Lieutenant General, and lest he be criticized for having too much balls, Thieu later fired another army officer, a Colonel Nguyen Thanh Yen, for trafficking, he said, in opium. But in Saigon that is not all a disgrace —Yen was ordered into retirement, presumably with a pension, and given three months' leave with pay.

Throughout, the United States government, certainly privy to all of this corruption, kept on with its support of Thieu and his gang, watched man after man in the American army seek solace in white powder, and built up an impressive collection of studies that showed why American soldiers were turning on in Vietnam. We did not react with outrage to Thieu and Ky, but we were horrified to learn that Americans bought heroin in Vietnam as easily as we bought popcorn here, and at a comparable price. Men walked into all of the Skag Alleys of Indochina and came out with $5 plastic vials of temporary white happiness. "It makes time go away. The days go bip, bip, bip. . . ." Filth and death faded with the first few puffs of an O.J.—an "opium joint," actually heroin tamped into one end of a regular cigarette. This scared us. And so did the fact that reliable people were reporting that in Vietnam heroin was friendly medicine, that nobody robbed anybody else to buy H, because it was so cheap. It pained us to read that young draftees and enlistees sat in their hootches and passed around skag the way career NCO's, "lifers," passed around pints of cheap booze. We had a right to be scared, because for all of the years of Vietnam we had been told virtually nothing about drugs and our soldiers, as we had been told virtually nothing about our conduct in Vietnam itself.

In 1967 Americans heard that marijuana was being smoked, but when John Steinbeck IV, the son of the novelist, said that three-quarters of Americans in Vietnam smoked grass, his claim was dismissed as "ridiculous." When reports of increased smoking were heard, the rise was attributed to "increases in troop strength." Nobody paid attention to the Luther Sanfords.

In 1968 we were told that medical authorities in Vietnam distributed an estimated seven thousand amphetamine tablets every month. The allegation was also made by Steinbeck, who said amphetamines were popular among combat troops. Again, the Pentagon said nonsense, that the pills went only to Special Forces, "to aid the individual in his attempt to escape and evade the enemy." Nobody could quite understand what the hell *that* meant, but we weren't questioning very much of anything in those days. What little we read had to do with warnings from the army that Australia would be dropped from the rest and relaxation circuit unless soldiers stopped bringing grass to Sydney, and that the Pentagon was stepping up its anti-drug campaign, even though it believed that drug usage was not a problem of "serious magnitude."

In 1969 marijuana was deemed a "major worry" for field commanders, despite which the President, in his drug-abuse prevention message to Congress, failed to mention the military. In October the pedal was still publicly soft as the army established the Pentagon's first amnesty program. This promised rehabilitation and "limited protection" from prosecution for drug offenses. Two deadly ironies resulted from this stick-and-carrot approach. The crackdown on marijuana made servicemen turn to the easily attainable and less-detectable heroin; and GI's found to their dismay that rehabilitation often meant heavy injections of thorazine, a tranquilizer, night flights to the States while bound in straitjackets and tied to litters, a few days in the Oakland Army Terminal and release, certified "cured." They found that amnesty was often a joke, that less-than-honorable discharges were often based on evidence given in a supposedly confidential relationship with a doctor. The number of "bad" discharges mounted steadily. In 1968, for example, there had been 336 general discharges and 586 undesirable discharges directly attributable to drug abuse. By 1972, there were 7,103 general discharges, 712 undesirable, 122 for bad conduct, and fifteen dishonorable—all drug-related.

Often the military disposed of its unwanted addicts by offering less-than-honorable discharges in lieu of courts-martial. Many men, frightened, accepted the offers and found themselves stuck with discharges for addiction, which effectively prevented them from getting jobs. Only lately has the Defense Department attempted to right so many wrongs by offering to allow veterans to petition for changes in their discharges.

In 1970 we were told again that the military was worried about marijuana and was burning it in huge public bonfires—with aviation fuel so the countryside wouldn't get high—but not a word was heard about heroin or opium until October, when the U.S. Command in Saigon said it had re-

People who had regarded marijuana as a useless weed

found to their profit that GI's could find in it temporary escape.

ports of deaths among soldiers who had used "high-potency heroin." It was a shock to most Americans, but not to the GI's, who had started months before to snort and smoke "Double U-O Globe" heroin from Laos—pure and cheap—and to mix it with their liquor. Suddenly we were told that smack was for sale everywhere in Vietnam—on streets, souvenir shops, black markets, street food stalls; from prostitutes, children, and domestics; from ARVN soldiers who didn't dare use it themselves—and just as suddenly we learned that more Americans were being evacuated from Vietnam because of drug addiction then because of wounds of war. And even as this became known, Congress passed, in October, a comprehensive drug-abuse prevention bill that failed to even *mention* the Department of Defense, the Veterans Administration, and the American soldier.

1971 was our year of realization, the year we took off the blinders, the year we heard a lot of pious speeches, held a lot of hearings, and the year the Vietnam veterans, discharged as addicts, became a national problem that wouldn't go away, despite Pentagon efforts to make that happen and presidential efforts to keep it "in perspective." The navy and the air force offered their own "amnesty" programs, and the Department of Defense admitted in January that drugs had indeed become a "military problem," although they remained "merely a reflection of the youth in our society." Marijuana was, however, responsible for 90 percent of narcotics use, it said, implying that hard drugs were an apparently minor irritant. But the curtain had been lifted. Before two Senate committees—on Veterans Affairs and Alcohol and Drug Abuse—veterans were heard nationally for the first time speaking of the realities of drugs and war.

Veteran John West told the senators that heroin addiction, contrary to what the Pentagon was saying, was not totally a Vietnam phenomenon. "I can honestly say that during my stay in Japan about 20 percent of my company, which includes NCO's and officers, were addicted to heroin."

Veteran Tom Hanzo: "I had my reasons for using drugs in Vietnam in the service, and those reasons are ones of reality of where I was, of who I was, reasons of boredom, thirty days in the middle of the ocean, firing shells into Vietnam, not knowing what I was doing, or why I was doing this."

Roy Newton: "The pressure was unendurable. I needed something to relieve my mind, so I went to drugs. But the thing is, after leaving Vietnam there is no way I can get treatment."

Gary Estrada: "I worked every day, bombed out of my head, with a colonel, star generals every day, and they never knew that I was strung out, loaded every day, and I still functioned as a soldier."

Mike McCaffery: "I never did buy any drugs while I was in Vietnam. I did not have to. . . . I traded a lot of drugs I had with the Vietnamese. I traded penicillin for ounces of heroin, I traded cases of C rations."

The hearings were followed by successive reports from two House committees—first, that heroin was being used by 10 percent of the men stationed in Vietnam, and second, that the number might be as high as 25 percent in some units. General Creighton Abrams, then commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam, took note of these findings. He ordered the "eradication" of marijuana, but said it had to be done by the South Vietnamese, the same people who, he undoubtedly supposed, were getting rid of the heroin.

In May we were told that the Pentagon had been "concerned" about drug use for several years, but had no information to indicate how widespread it was in Vietnam—just another of the incredible utterances that slithered down from the top during this period. The army barred GI's from Vietnamese drugstores, and the heads broke up with laughter. And on June 1, the president asked us to "put it in perspective." Then, within two weeks he requested $14 million for drug rehabilitation, and the Veterans Administration announced it would open more than two dozen drug-treatment centers. The Pentagon submitted a supplemental budget to Congress, asking for $34 million for drug-abuse programs—an abuse it had just recently said it did not know the dimensions of. Urinalysis became the order of the day at separation centers, and Saigon, bowing to pressure from Congress, said it was going after the narcotics peddlers. This must have produced a greater guffaw among the GI's in the hootches, as the charges against Saigon officialdom mounted. Heroin tests were broadened and supposedly greater alertness was being exercised at the borders.

But the flow of heroin was not only not stopped, it wasn't even impeded. Special drug-combat units within fighting units were formed. Then, amid the burgeoning concern, the Pentagon, as it was to do over and over again, dropped another of its little notes—the drug business wasn't too serious after all.

By January 1972, Richard Wilbur, the assistant defense secretary, was saying that the military had "reversed a heroin epidemic in Vietnam," an epidemic which

"It was to our political advantage to support local entrepreneurs

even at the cost of creating an army of American junkies."

they had not acknowledged, and General Abrams was weighing in with the conclusion that his troops were in "excellent shape"—addiction was down, morale up.

How did they know?

Urinalysis, Free Radical Assay Technique (FRAT), "Operation Goldenflow," was telling them so.

But did FRAT tell them that anti-malarial chloroquine tablets, taken once each week, gave urine readings that duplicated those of heroin? Were they aware of the false urine specimens handed in, of the bribes to corpsmen? That water added to urine negated the tests, that daily fruit juices caused inaccurate readings, that vinegar made a morphine signal disappear? The system, as are all new systems, was full of holes, but we weren't told that by Wilbur and Abrams. Other things weren't going too well either. President Nixon's plan to extend servicemen for thirty days of compulsory drug-abuse treatments were being ignored by servicemen who clearly wanted civilian help rather than the public relations-oriented "care" they had been receiving.

The Veterans Administration, which had no drug prevention and rehabilitation experience before 1968, was still feeling its way. Its goals—elimination of drug dependence in veterans, development of work skills and attitudes, psychological care, improvement of the addict's physical and social condition, and responsibility for out-hospital treatment—were, and are, being hampered. Drug-related disabilities are still considered to be non-service-connected and not covered by VA provisions; and those who have been less than honorably discharged are not entitled to care. Some centers have circumvented the law by accepting drug-dependent veterans as "emergency" patients, by admitting them as "hospitalized" patients with non-service-connected disabilities (which they are permitted to), and by creating the category of "pre-bed" care. Strict adherence to the law would bar the VA from operating any out-patient drug programs as it does now.

In the year ending June 1973 VA hospitals admitted 17,752 drug-dependent patients, 12,680, or 75 percent, of whom were heroin addicts. Of the total, 11,866, or 66 percent, were Vietnam veterans. But despite these numbers, there is ample evidence that many VA beds are empty because the vets do not trust themselves, or their freedom, to anything that even remotely is connected with the military. Senator Alan Cranston of California says the lack of demand for VA drug programs is evidence "that tens of thousands of veteran addicts on the streets today simply have no faith in the VA drug treatment programs." More vets, trying to kick, go to private methadone clinics that cost upwards of $20 a week, simply because of this lack of faith.

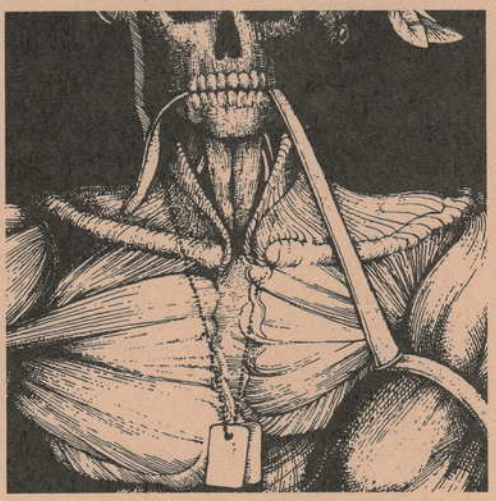
Senate Bill S.284, which Cranston has proposed, would provide for a fully funded comprehensive drug and alcohol treatment and rehabilitation program for addicted veterans regardless of the nature of their discharges or whether their afflictions are service-connected. It reads: "Recognizing that the return of the veteran addict to a productive and personally fulfilling social role requires far more than merely identification and detoxification, the reported bill places particular stress on providing highly individualized, community-based, multimodality, in-house and contract services, including a wide range of vocational and educational counseling and rehabilitative services and job placement assistance for all addicted veterans." It will come up for a vote in this session of Congress. (A summary of some other major bills before Congress is on page 64.)

But will a vote come up to cut off funding that finds its way to Air America? Will votes be cast, or even be proposed, that will not only terminate the flow of Indochinese heroin that creeps toward those Americans still in Southeast Asia, but the bulk of which reaches the continental United States? Why, considering Nader's and Alfred McCoy's indictments, as well as other documented reports showing we have truly subsidized the addiction of our young men, has there been no congressional outrage? It is something to think about, even as one considers with a modicum of hope the mere fact that Bill S.284 is a *bill*, and not mere congressional rhetoric.

The recent report to the Congress from the comptroller general of the United States is also cause for optimism. One of its findings is that "Former service members with discharges under other than honorable conditions because of their drug involvement are experiencing problems in obtaining employment and vocational training or education and in discontinuing their drug dependence." The finding comes, the report tells us, from the Department of Defense.

It is heartwarming indeed that the Pentagon has looked through its heroin-spotted personnel records and officially recognized that it has a problem. Now, if it would only recognize its responsibility as well. . . . But that would be too late for Luther Sanford, Richard Penry and Peter Tesitore, wouldn't it?

"The official crackdown on marijuana made servicemen



turn to the easily attainable and less-detectable heroin."

VETERANS LEGISLATION IN CONGRESS

Following is a summary of some major bills of interest to Vietnam veterans that have been introduced in the 93rd Congress. Copies of the bills may be obtained from Senators or Representatives.

SENATE

S.2784. December 6, 1973.
To increase the vocational rehabilitation subsistence allowance, educational assistance allowance, and the special training allowances paid to eligible veterans; to improve and expand the special programs for educationally disadvantaged veterans and servicemen; to improve and expand the veteran-student services program; to establish a veterans' educational loan program; to promote employment of veterans and the wives and widows of certain veterans; to make improvements in the educational assistance programs; and to recodify and expand veterans' reemployment rights.
Introduced by Senator Vance Hartke (Dem.–Ind.) and eight others.
Status: Reports requested from Veterans Administration, Office of Management and Budget, Department of Defense, and Department of Labor.

S.2789. December 7, 1973.
To increase the rates of educational assistance allowances; to provide for the payment of tuition, the extension of educational assistance entitlement, acceleration of payment of educational assistance allowances, and expansion of the work-study program; to establish a Vietnam-era veterans communications center and a Vietnam-era advisory committee; and to otherwise improve the educational and training assistance program for veterans.
Introduced by Senator George McGovern (Dem.–S.D.) and thirty-two others.
Status: Reports requested from Veterans Administration and Office of Management and Budget.

(Senate Bill S.284 is described on page 63.)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

H.R.4259. February 8, 1973.
To provide employers with a tax credit for hiring previously unemployed veterans. Amount of such credit to vary according to the veterans' status, i.e. former POW, physically handicapped, etc., and prevailing wages in the locality.
Introduced by Rep. Joseph Maraziti (Rep.–N.J.) and twenty-four others.
Status: Referred to Committee on Ways and Means.

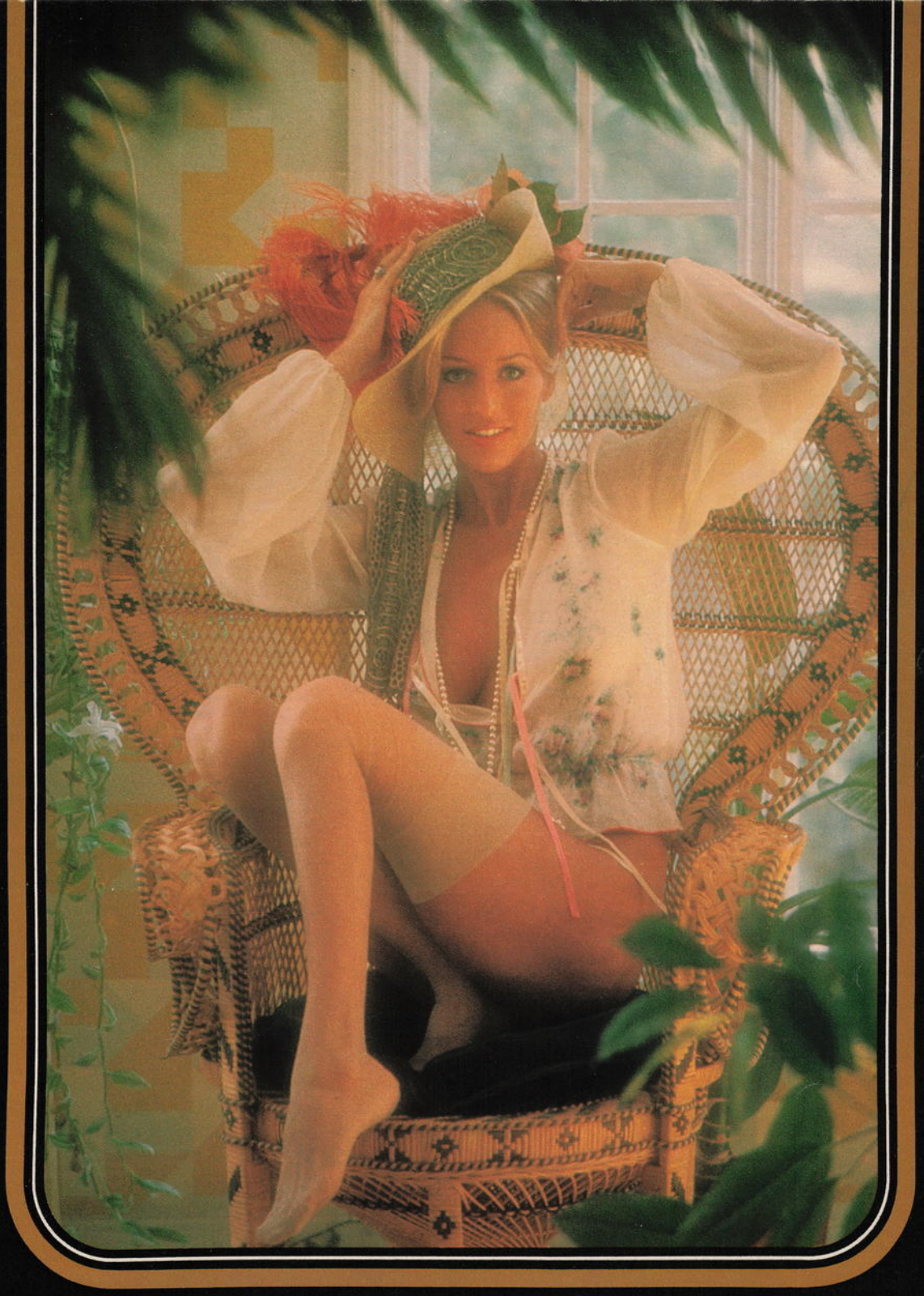
H.R.8490. June 7, 1973.
To prohibit the armed forces from placing any indicator on a discharge that shows why the serviceman was discharged or separated from service, or making such information available to any private person or entity. Also upon application, enables serviceman to be given new discharge certificate without such information appearing thereon.
Introduced by Rep. Edward Koch (Dem.–N.Y.) and twenty-three others.
Status: Referred to Committee on Armed Services, referred to Defense Department for report.
(Identical to H.R.7557.)

H.R.8491. June 7, 1973.
To establish independent review boards to review the discharges and dismissals of servicemen who served during the Vietnam era.
Introduced by Rep. Edward Koch (Dem.–N.Y.) and twenty-two others.
Status: Referred to Committee on Armed Services, who received an unfavorable report from Department of Defense on this bill. Is still pending, no schedule yet.
(Identical to H.R.7556, introduced on May 7, 1973, by Koch, Aspin and others.)

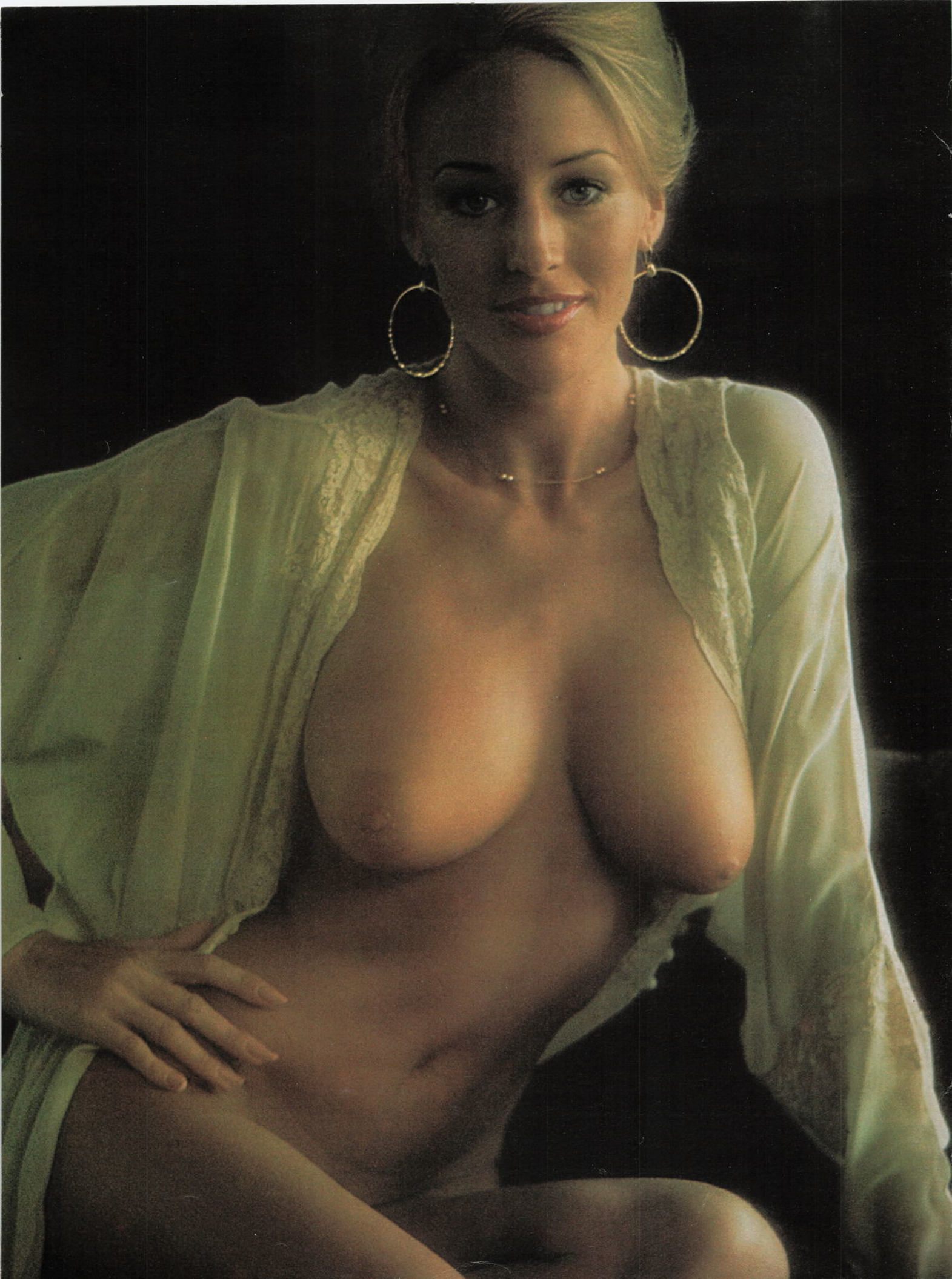
H.R.11681. November 29, 1973.
To authorize additional payments to eligible veterans to partially defray the cost of tuition.
Introduced by Rep. William Walsh (Rep.–N.Y.) and nine others.
Status: December 18, 1973, report requested from the Veterans Administration.

H.R. 12584. February 6, 1974.
Complements the Veterans Education and Rehabilitation Amendments of 1974. Removes obstacles to millions of veterans not now taking advantage of the GI Bill by providing a direct variable tuition payment to the veteran for tuition costs above $400 per school year with a ceiling of $1,000.
Introduced by Congressman Lester Wolff (Dem.–N.Y.).

H.R. (Unnumbered). February 5, 1974.
Marks a significant breakthrough in Congressional treatment of Vietnam-era veterans. Includes a 13.6 percent increase in the education subsistence allowance, an extension in the eligibility time period from eight to ten years, a directive to the Administrator of Veterans Affairs to make annual adjustments in educational assistance rates in accordance with the cost-of-living. Establishes a communication center to be staffed by Vietnam veterans to evaluate effectiveness of VA outreach services.
Introduced by House Sub-Committee on Education and Training.
Status: Adopted by the House Veterans Affairs Committee. Pending introduction to Congress.



BRANDE

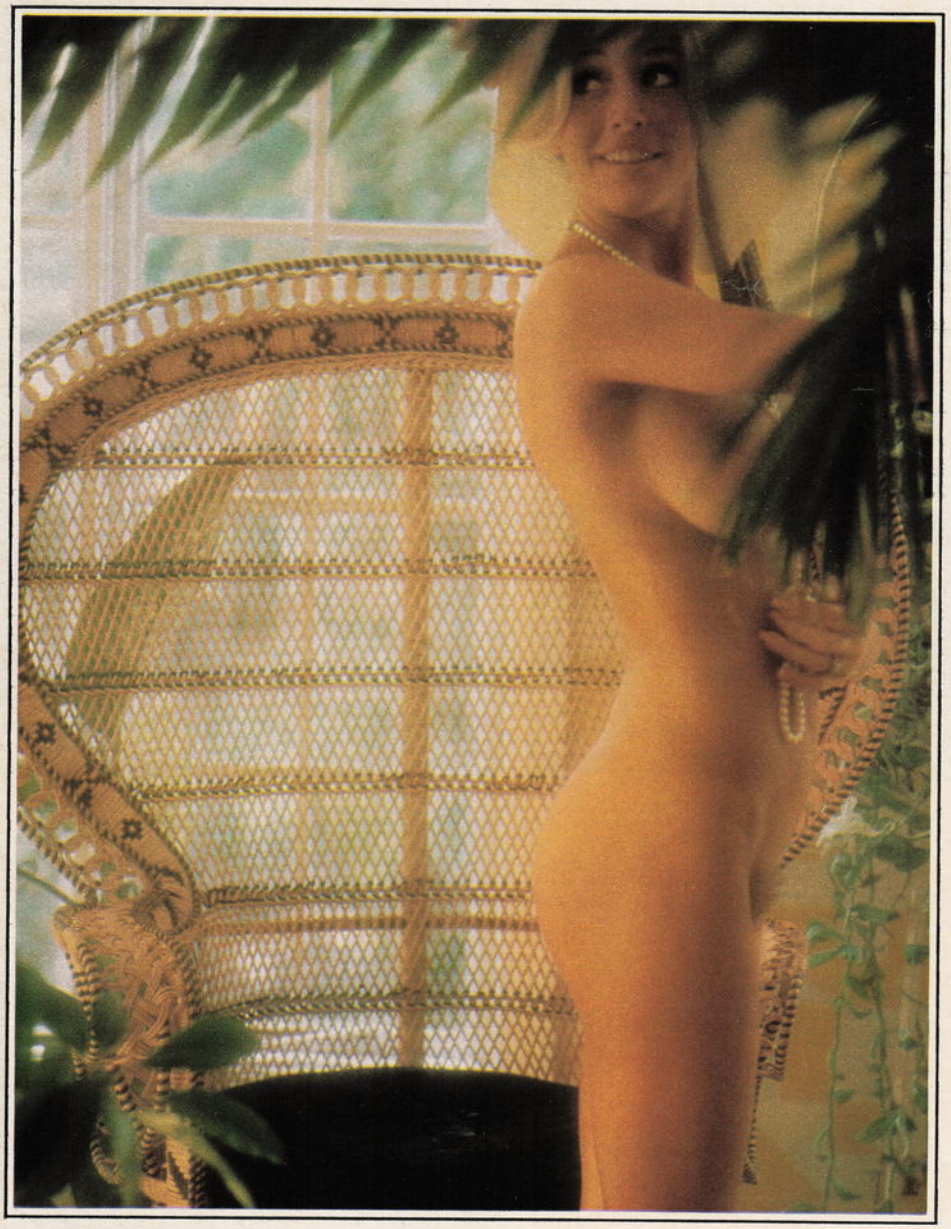


22-YEAR-OLD BRANDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

Twenty-two springs of seaboard sunshine and self-sufficiency have made an irresistible ingenue of Brande Howard, a former shepherdess from Mendocino, California. In that pastoral Pacific setting, Brande grew up with domestic animals and learned early in life a respect and affection for all living things. But this part of northern California is swept by seasons of rains that drive residents into shelter for weeks on end. Forced indoors, they turn to themselves, elaborating complex, personal, almost mystic philosophies of life. Brande early became addicted to television, movies, and anything else that fused routine into romance and life into art.

"I was raised on a sheep ranch in Mendocino, in this small valley, Anderson Valley. My father was a sheep rancher, and I was an only child till I was ten, and there weren't any other



kids there for me to play with. So I raised my own horses, broke them and trained them and showed them in county fairs. I also worked with sheep and became an expert showwoman with sheep on the fair circuit." Mendocino's best-favored 4-H girl had ample opportunity to exploit her entrepreneurial abilities in high school. "When I was back in Anderson Valley High, which

was just like the school in *American Graffiti,* I was cheerleader for *all* sports activities—I think we had every varsity sport. And I did get to be the queen of the prom, which was about the most exciting thing that could happen to me. But my acting career didn't just happen. My mother had always insisted on my taking dance and modeling classes whenever they were available, and when I wasn't busting broncs all I wanted to do was sit around reading movie mags. Acting was really the whole direction of my childhood."

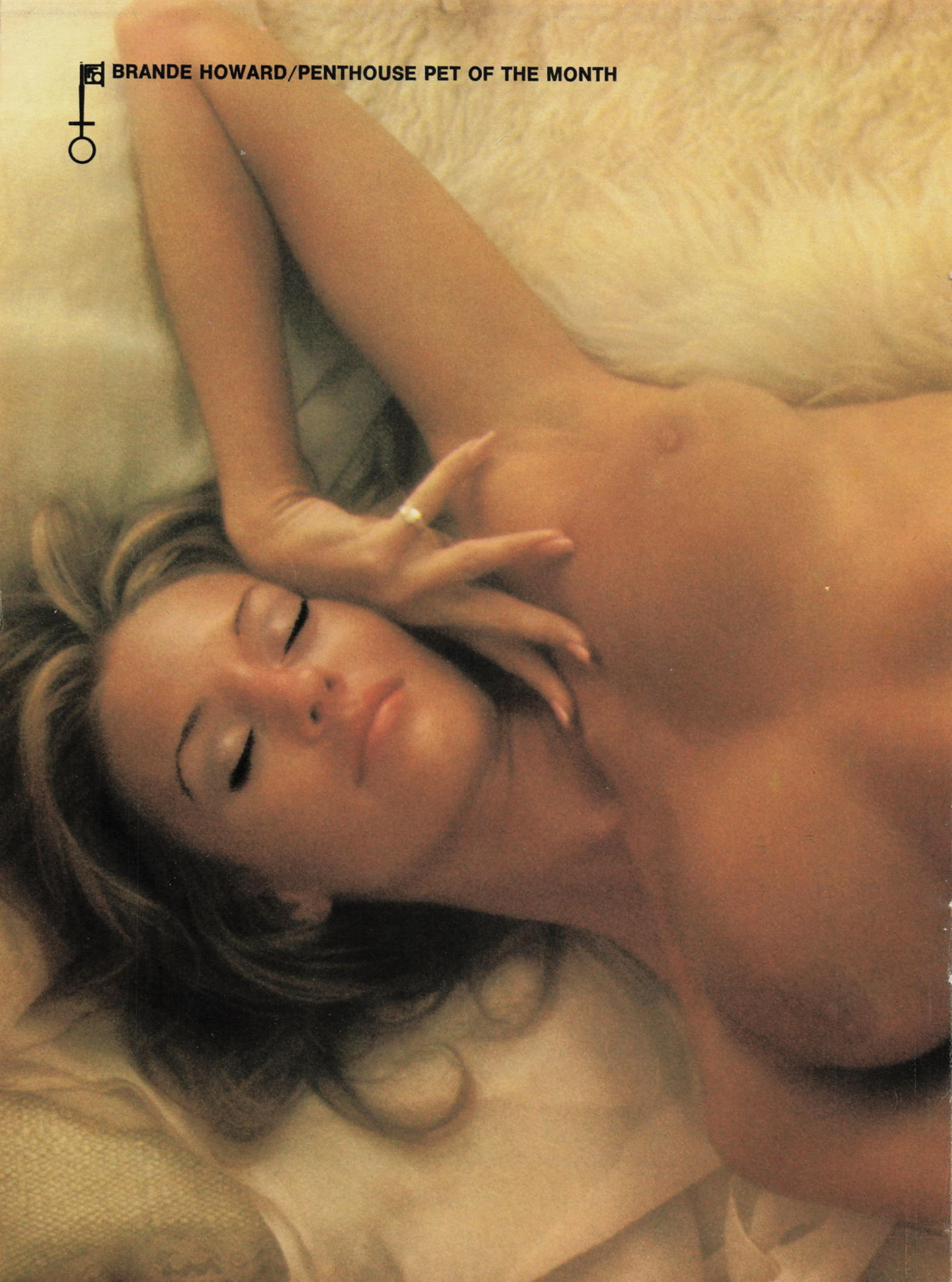
But only an indication of things to come. For heaven-favored Miss Howard (36-23-35) has been chosen for a lead role in the forthcoming Chocolate Chip Productions' *Stagolee,* an epic of the post Civil War South in which Brande will play Abigail, a ruined belle who becomes mixed up in what might be described as an illegal blackbirding operation. And in a real sense, Brande has intimate knowledge of bird life, since her favorite hobby is gliding. "It's better known as 'soaring' to the people who are into it. You get hauled up by an airplane in front of you, but once you're up there,

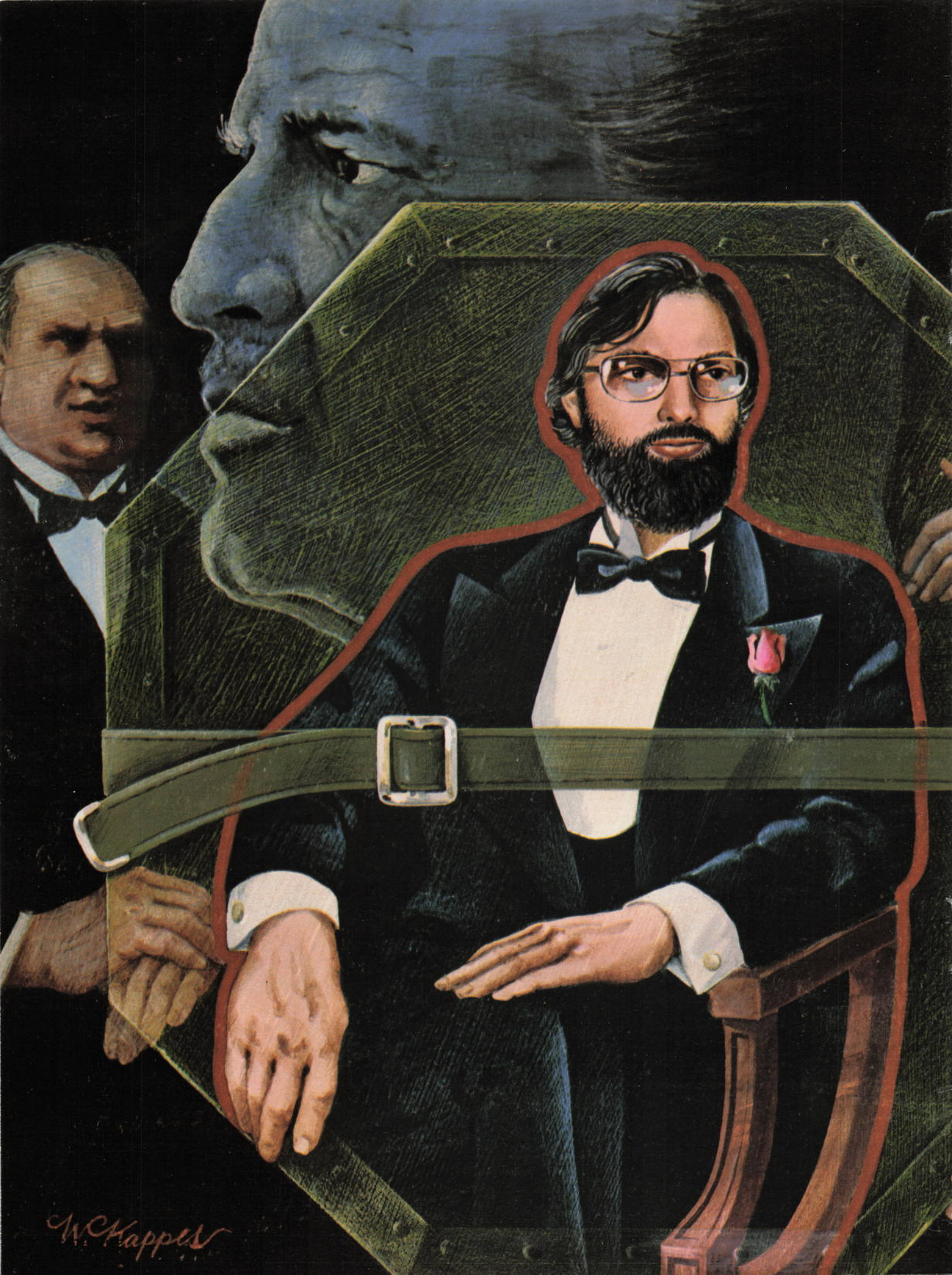
you're flying. It's like being a bird, very easy, very free, and it's amazing how long you can stay up and you can go in and out of the mountains.... I heard a shrink once say that if you dream about flying, it means sex. Well, I don't dream about it. I do it.

"I became a girl very fast when I found out that boys like the female touch. I love men. What can a woman do without a man? Every woman needs a man... but they have to let me keep my freedom—and I expect them to keep theirs.

"Sex is the best thing that was ever invented. When I have sex, I always have it with someone I love because I love myself: therefore, there's always at least 50 percent love in the lovemaking, which is much better than none at all. But anything is possible when the chemistry is right. Lesbianism, plural sex—I think all those things are okay, and probably very beautiful, if everybody is willing and nobody gets hurt. But I can't imagine why anyone would want to, when the most beautiful thing that can occur is a perfectly symmetrical union of one man and one woman. I guess detached sex is possible, but it's not for me. Not yet, anyway. Six more months in Hollywood, and, well, who knows?"

But now, the hush dies on the set as the director wields his megaphone, sending actors and cameramen scurrying into position, and soft beams of yellow light stream into "Abigail's" face and hair. Our picturesque Pet is going out as an unknown, but she's coming back famous. Brande Howard: A star is born.


BRANDE HOWARD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH


W. Kappes

Celluloid Dreams...

All the kids who spent the summer out there on Long Island were rich and beautiful—the sons and daughters of wealthy New Yorkers—all except for a dark, scrawny boy of fifteen, whose parents were Italian immigrants. He was an outsider, very shy and withdrawn, the son of a classical musician who was always away traveling on the road. The rich kids snobbishly treated him as though he were somehow different from them. Secretly, he craved their acceptance, and one day near the end of that summer he almost became a part of that beautiful crowd.

But one by one the kids began to leave, and the scrawny kid stayed on. Then suddenly, out of the woodwork, there came another breed of teenager. They sported ducktails, pointed black shoes, and white T-shirts, and they were the sons of the families who serviced the rich. They despised the scrawny kid. To win acceptance this time, he began hanging out at gas stations and getting into fights. The once sloppy, funny kid now became tough, beating up everybody. "Most of the kids who act tough are just bluffs anyway," he recalled later, "and I'd get them into headlocks until they cried." By the end of the winter, when his family finally left the Island, he belonged to a street gang called the Bay Rats.

"Oh God! What a beautiful, unbelievable, miserable summer that was!" said Francis Ford Coppola, now thirty-three, remembering the past vividly. "It was like something out of an F. Scott Fitzgerald

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Childhood's End

By THOMAS MAREMAA

"Oh God! What a beautiful, unbelievable, miserable summer that was!" said Francis Ford Coppola....

ANDERSON

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

Armed only with the most famous set of bad teeth in Arkansas, Dap'paw had unknowingly embarked on a life of crime. . . .

By John Fergus Ryan

Sonny was loading up the car for a three-day run. He was in sales, Cheap cookies out of Tulsa.

Order blanks, samples, banners.

Cookie-selling was not much but somebody had to do it.

He had been in candy but he got diabetes from eating sacks of samples on the lonely highway and had to quit.

Sales was all right but he still had hopes of going back to school and making a preacher. Until that day, he did good works: Boys' Club, American Legion, and Little League Ball were the most important.

He finished loading the stand-up cardboard displays and five cases of balloons printed with "I Eat Sweet Momma's Cookies" and a picture of the wrestler Jackie Bad Ass in his sequined sweat suit.

There was no danger of Sonny's eating too many of Sweet Momma's Cookies and aggravating his diabetes. It gave him sore teeth, eating them, and his teeth were good.

A window in the upstairs front was opened and Cobra Lee shouted down:

"Sonny! Before you leave, bring up my eyelashes! And then you'd better run down to Gup 'n' Gobble and pick up two dozen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

"Men's bodies are so exciting for me that I'm not even curious about other trips."

SHAWN

"My body tells me who to love," whispers Shawn Day. "I like to have two or three men around me all the time. And they have to be open-minded about my having other men in my life. You see, I like to do a variety of things, and I find that each man has a special thing that he does best—but it's nice to be around somebody different once in a while. My sex life with each of my men is no big secret, but I guess I don't have to explain it to them... they just know, and they accept it."

They'd better. Such nubile numbers as Miss Day's (37½-23-36) are not found everywhere, and if the Good Lord chose to put her on Earth to be many things to many men, why, that's only His business—and hers. Shawn knows she has to stay fiercely independent in order to become genuinely committed, and she keeps a wary

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DEMETRIUS

eye on the varieties of polymorphous-perverse overkill. "Life to me is like a disc jockey playing a record," she figures, "you can't let it slip into the next groove. My men have to know how to laugh. And they have to treat me like a lady, and be polite, and let me have my freedom. Which is the best way to have a relationship, because then a man knows that when I'm with him it's because I really *want* to be.... I'm not really interested in group sex or the lesbian scene. If other women go for that kind of thing, it's okay with me, but men's bodies are so exciting for me that I'm not even curious about other trips." But what we really wanted to know about this soft,

gentle Lady Day is what she'd do if she had the money and the time to do whatever she wanted: "If I had all the money in the world," she says without a second's hesitation, "I'd buy a bus and go across country picking up hitchhikers. I feel sorry for people who have to hitchhike and don't get rides. I'd just like to take them where they want to go." And, obviously, getting there with this Day-tripper would be twice the fun.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

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a'them peanut-creme doughnuts. Tonight's PTA and I need them for the tasting table."

She closed the window.

Sonny looked up, curled a lip and drove off.

Cobra Lee stomped downstairs to the living room where her great uncle, called Dap'paw, and all of her four children were gathered.

The children were watching the new color television set and Dap'paw was reading his horoscope in the morning newspaper.

"Dap'paw, I do believe Sonny left without bringing up my eyelashes! And no doughnuts, either. I can't go to the PTA tonight without my eyelashes. Tonight's the night I'm making seventh vice-president. And I sure can't go without something for the tasting table. I might have to send you down for a cake. But those old Kroger cakes are so dry! Sonny said his company might be going into cakes, come summer. Benfield Junior! Stay back from that TV! Don't you know it gives off *rays*! They could eat you up, boy! Dap'paw, you know what Sonny said to me last night? He said I was pushing Sherry Lynn too fast, talking about her getting married. But you agree with me, don't you? If she was to get married, she could get pregnant and have a little ole baby and that would make five generations of us all alive at the same time: Granny Ranny, Big Momma, me, Sherry Lynn and the baby, and I'd want her to name it Tammy. Tammy Renee. A picture of five generations would get in the *Gazette*, for sure!

"Sonny said I was silly, Sherry Lynn being only eight years old, but I told him I didn't mean right now. But we can't wait too long or there won't be five generations left alive. You know as well as I do that Granny Ranny hasn't been strong since Poppa Loppa passed away.

"But I'm still having Sherry Lynn's ears pierced, even though Sonny said over his dead body, and I told him so! I'm having Sherry Lynn's ears pierced this afternoon, Dap'paw. Miss Ada Mae Spaceout, from the College of Beauty, is going to come by. She's pierced hundreds and never had a one to swell up.

"Have you ever seen so much white fur on a carpet? I've just got to take Honey back to the Dog and Cat. She's shedding something awful! I started giving her Quick Dog Gravy 'cause they said it was good for shedding, but it hasn't done a thing and she's still got that bladder infection. Poor little ole thing is just in misery. I had to stop giving her those pills, they colored her pee. When she gets well I'm going to get her trimmed again. They got a new man at the Dog and Cat, used to be the top professional dog groomer at the largest animal hospital in Tulsa. That Sonny! He makes me so mad! He *hates* Honey, and I wanted to take his Dale Carnegie diploma and have it Perma-Plaqued but he took it over to the cookie place and hung it up in a plain ole glass frame."

Dap'paw continued to read his horoscope: "Be sure to act before notifying those who depend on you. Stay away from friends for a while. Avoid auspicious beginnings and do not invest yourself needlessly. . . ."

Cobra Lee took a bottle out of the cabinet and poured some of its contents in her palm.

"Dap'paw, you want some Baby Oil on your nose?"

Sherry Lynn, the eight-year-old, was watching television from a safe distance. She picked up a funny paper and brought it to Dap'paw.

"Just look at her, Dap'paw," said Cobra Lee. "Isn't that the cutest little ole tee-heine? And she has the prettiest little ole legs!"

Sherry Lynn, her hair done in a beehive, had her eyes heightened, darkened lashes and Silver Ice paste on the lids. She wore white plastic boots that curved with her calf and a Teeny-Miss*petite* inflatable bra.

She handed the old man the funnies.

"Dap'paw, fold me a paper puppy."

"Don't bother Dap'paw, Sherry Lynn. Run along and practice your baton. Sonny's mother *hates* that I'm giving her baton instead of ballroom and tap. Do you know all she gave Sonny for his birthday? A cheap little ole Hong Kong fondue set! That's Maxine Mayball for you!

"Benfield Junior, I've told you for the last time, stay away from so close to that TV!"

She picked him up by the arm, dragged him away and paddled him, and sent him out of the room.

"Do you suppose it's his eyes, that he can't see, that makes him sit close? That'd just be awful if he had to wear glasses and grow up a sissy!"

The three children left were watching Jackie Bad Ass on television, all except Leo B, age five, who was coloring and singing to himself: "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bobble tells me so. . . ."

He stopped what he was doing and looked at Cobra Lee.

"Dap'paw looks funny," he said.

"Leo B! I ought to smack you! You know I've told you a hundred times not to *notice* that! You march straight up to your room," said Cobra Lee.

She gave him a smack as he passed.

"Dap'paw, you can't pay any attention to what a little ole kid'll say."

Dap'paw said nothing.

He really *was* funny-looking. He had no chin. Indeed, he had almost no jaw.

Before he retired, Dap'paw owned a Shetland-pony ride with a Sno-Cone business in connection. He had five of the sleekest ponies in northwest Arkansas and a machine that would bite ice into dust in a twink. Those were his halcyon days, before he sprung a double hernia and had come to live with Sonny and Cobra Lee.

But now, he had another chance.

The Greek over at Mountain Home, the man with the wooden leg who traveled with the Donkey Baseball Team, was giving it up and had agreed to sell Dap'paw three ponies, a popcorn machine, a new ice-crusher and sixteen gallons of assorted fruit-flavored syrups for $100 down.

Dap'paw was sure he could handle it. He had a new truss that held, and he could take on a helper to lift the ice.

To raise the money, Dap'paw was going down to Little Rock that afternoon and try to hire out to the Dental College again.

When he was a lot younger and the Dental College was located in the basement of the YMCA, Dap'paw had been hired once a quarter to let dental students practice on him. When one of them was able to make Dap'paw a set of teeth that would let him eat cottage cheese, he was considered adept and set to treating the poor people in the clinic. The Dental College paid him $100 for a month's work in those days. Now they probably paid three times that.

Dap'paw was riding down with a neighbor, Pancho Fink, who had retired from the State Welfare Department in Little Rock six years ago and was returning to the State Headquarters for a ceremony honoring some of his old friends. Before retirement, Fink had been known throughout the State Welfare Department as "Mr. 56S Card," because during his service as Technical Specialist in Charge of Methods he had designed a sort of universal blank form, which was named the 56S Card.

Driving a four-door automobile with air conditioning and wearing a formal brown suit, black homburg hat, white socks, and brushed apricot-suede lounging shoes, Fink met Dap'paw, who was carrying a little metal suitcase and wearing three coat sweaters and an odd jacket of black serge, and they started for the state capital.

One of Fink's grandchildren had been denied a time-pay account at Sears in Pine Bluff and Fink was unhappy about it.

"The young people of today are the customers of tomorrow, and any credit manager who doesn't realize that is selling himself short."

"That's the God's truth, Mr. Fink," said Dap'paw.

"Call me Pancha!"

They stopped at Russellville and Fink bought them each a mackerel dinner with three vegetables and coconut custard.

The waitress was ugly.

"That's a face that would wind a clock!" said Pancho Fink and Dap'paw agreed.

They got to Little Rock and Fink dropped Dap'paw at the Merchants' Hotel, a place he used to stop when he was in Little Rock with his ponies for church conventions. The lady behind the desk, Miss Imelda Smedlin, still remembered him.

"Every time it's hot, I think about those delicious Sno-Cones you used to make. Do you remember? How you had bottles with little spouts and you'd pour different colors?"

"I'm planning to go back into that," said Dap'paw. "Was it hot here last summer?"

"Hot here? And I used to think it was hot in Hot Springs! I'm glad to hear you're going to reopen, but I can't have Sno-Cones any

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EVEL KNIEVEL

Mark Hauser

The greatest motorcycle stunt rider of all time.

EVEL KNIEVEL

Evel Knievel is thirty-five years old, lean, curly-haired, and handsome but with a flat hardness about his face. This summer he says he is going to drive (or fly, or rocket) a motorcycle across the Snake River Canyon in Idaho. If he makes it, he will have traveled almost a mile through the air. If he doesn't make it, he will still have traveled a mile through the air. That's about how deep the Snake River Canyon is.

Beyond a doubt this hot-tempered, charming, humorous man is the greatest motorcycle stunt rider of all times. He has jumped farther, higher, and over more varied objects (automobiles, snakes, mountain lions, people, etc.) than anyone else.

Born in Butte, Montana, and reared partly by his grandparents after his parents separated, Evel seems to have gotten his share of love from a large family including five half-sisters and one brother.

He is married to a pretty patient lady named Linda. They have two sons, aged thirteen and twelve, and one daughter, ten. Evel is in the process of building a huge house fronting on the Butte Country Club's golf course, where he intends to spend many happy hours if he survives the Snake River leap.

He has broken so many bones that he can give no accurate count. He can't even remember how many times he has been in the hospital. One leg has a steel support, surgically implanted, which measures three inches by two feet. Other bits of metal connect other parts of his interior at various points. He claims to have made a million dollars last year and says he'll break all records with the Snake River exploit. He expects a paying crowd of one-hundred thousand, television rights, movie rights, book rights, and a fantastic spin-off of souvenirs and mementos.

Evel not only loves to ride motorcycles—he loves to talk. He is the Muhammad Ali of wheels. He also likes to brag about his way with the ladies. If all his love stories are true, he broke Casanova's record long ago. The fact that his wife accepts it all without protest may indicate that Evel is, perhaps, less an alley cat than he would have you believe.

Russ Ewing, who conducted this *Penthouse* interview, concludes that Evel is frantically fearful of what he's doing but that his pride propels him to continue to top each of his motorcycle exploits with something even more sensational. Talking, bragging, and bullshitting helps get rid of the adrenaline that courses through him, nonstop.

Ewing, who is an NBC News reporter in Chicago, followed Evel around that city for six hours trying to get his quarry to sit down and talk. Talk he did, but he did it on the move. The interview began at a lakefront inn at eight o'clock in the evening. It ended six miles away at the Bakery, one of Chicago's top restaurants. In between, Evel drove his specially built Cadillac station wagon in a manner designed to break every traffic law in existence.

Despite this, his passenger felt comfortable, possibly because Knievel is never more confident than when he is in control of a vehicle. And the confidence communicates.

God created all men and Winchester made them equal—and that's just the way I think. So you'd better watch out!

Penthouse: How did you get the name "Evel"?
Knievel: There was a guy named Knofol who was notorious in my hometown. They couldn't stop this guy from breaking out of jail. They put him in the county jail, he'd break out. They put him in the city jail, he'd break out. So when they caught me stealing some hubcaps, they put me in with him and they said, "We got Awful Knofol and Evil Knievel in jail." So that name stuck. But I was called "Evil" a long time before that. The guy that actually named me "Evil" was Nick McGrath, a baseball umpire. Every time I'd come up, even in Little League, he'd call me "Evil Knievel."
Penthouse: Why?
Knievel: It was just the way I looked at people. They figured I was evil, I guess.
Penthouse: Why did you change the spelling to E-v-e-l?
Knievel: I didn't like it the other way. It was an unnecessary evil.
Penthouse: What was it like growing up in Butte, Montana?
Knievel: Butte was a helluva town. Used to have more whores working in one square block than they had in the whole state of Nevada. You couldn't believe it. We had a helluva time. We used to throw rocks at them whores in the window and then run. Oh, man, we'd have a helluva time. Had a bigger Chinatown than Boston and San Francisco put together.
Penthouse: In Butte, Montana?
Knievel: You bet. Greatest town in the world. There's still a few good people left there, too. Used to be 100,000. It's down to about 25,000 now. See, they quit underground mining and all the transients left. Now they're doing open-pit mining. Trucks and big machinery just cut the town in half. I worked in the copper mines for three years when I was a youngster. I drove a truck for a while after the underground quit—just to get out of it. But the thing to be in Butte was either a pimp or a thief. Then you had some prestige. The guys I hung out with all did, you know.
Penthouse: You were a good hockey player. Why didn't you stick with that?
Knievel: I played semi-pro hockey in Seattle and the Eastern Hockey League; I played in Ontario and Chatham. I think I've participated in three of the lowest paying sports in the whole world—rodeo riding, hockey playing, and motorcycle racing. But I never made no money to speak of.
Penthouse: Since you stopped racing and started stunting you've made a pretty fair living. How much did you make last year?
Knievel: About a million. I don't know exactly.
Penthouse: What ambitions did you have as a kid?
Knievel: There's only three things I wanted to do in life: I wanted to jump out of an airplane, I wanted to drive at Indianapolis, and I wanted

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to make love to Liz Taylor. I've jumped out of the airplane. I've replaced driving at Indy with jumping the Snake River Canyon. And Liz is getting old and I'm replacing her!
Penthouse: You want us to print that?
Knievel: You can print any goddamn thing I say.
Penthouse: Tell us about your family.
Knievel: I had a small family. One brother, that's all. Oh, I've got some half-sisters. My dad was married again and has three daughters and my mother was married again and has two daughters.
Penthouse: What about your father?
Knievel: Well, my father and mother were divorced when I was very young and my dad used to love to race motorcycles. Before he got into the automobile business, which he's in now, he was a bus driver in the San Francisco–Oakland Bay area and he had motorcycles and drove race cars. Jeez, I thought my dad was a helluva guy. I used to go down there when he raced midgets and sports cars. A helluva good driver. My brother's also always been a good sports-car driver and race-car driver.
Penthouse: What about school?
Knievel: My grandmother and grandfather put me through grade school and high school in Montana. My grandmother sent me to hockey school, University of North Dakota. I didn't like school very much. I never did. The only time I liked it was when I had a girl friend and I wanted to go to school and see her.
Penthouse: Did you have a girl friend?
Knievel: No. I was too busy to bother with them, I guess. I had one who made me go to church too much. I never really had any girl friend except her—besides my wife—that I really fell in love with.
Penthouse: You loved the one that made you go to church too much?
Knievel: Yeah. She turned me from a thief and a pimp into a churchgoer, just for a while. But I went back to my thieving and pimping after I broke up with her. And I quit school and went to work in the mines, stealing on the side.
Penthouse: Stealing hubcaps?
Knievel: I stole everything. One time the police caught me and another boy with about three hundred hubcaps. His dad came up to help get us out of the thing, out of the police station. His dad was a helluva guy. I told them I bought them from a hobo. They said, "You got a receipt?" and I had an old receipt that said, "Sold to Bob Knievel, three hundred hubcaps. Signed, Hobo Joe." Vern Maddox, who was our chief of police, he about fell off his damn chair laughing! He was a helluva guy. Anyway, they said this Hobo Joe receipt wasn't going to go. They got about five or six of us and we were supposed to go up for a trial. So we're all in school that morning and all of a sudden the power goes off and my friend is called to the office after the power goes on. His dad worked for the Montana power company and was out on a line job and he stood up and hit a cable with his head and it killed him and shut off all the power in the county. His dad was trying to help us. So they let us all off. That saved us, his dad's death, it really did.
Penthouse: What were you going to do with three hundred hubcaps?
Knievel: I sold them for a buck apiece. Christ, I needed a few bucks to go out. I could steal a guy's hubcaps when he was sitting in the car. You know, these ore trains go by, make a lot of noise. A guy's sitting in his car, I didn't care whether he had the radio on or not, I'd just steal the hubcaps right off his car. Every kid in town knew I could do it. But I moved on to bigger and better things. I could crack a safe with one hand tied behind my back, too.
Penthouse: Have you spent time in jail?
Knievel: Not very long. Maybe five days.
Penthouse: For what?
Knievel: I don't know. Wrote some guy a check and it didn't clear or something.
Penthouse: Let's talk about what's happening now. You once promised to jump the Grand Canyon. You never did. You've been promising for a long time to jump the Snake River Canyon, in Idaho. What about it?
Knievel: Well, on the Grand Canyon deal, the Department of Interior, when it was under Stewart Udall, gave me written permission to jump. I had their best wishes for success in my undertaking. *Undertaking*, that was a real nice choice of words. That's what they said—no kidding. Then I went around this country

EVEL KNIEVEL

shooting my trap off saying I was going to jump it. Made a deal with the Page, Arizona, chamber of commerce. But the Navahos, I couldn't deal with them. The poor, broke Navaho Indians. I could have made that Navaho Indian reservation a fortune if they'd let me jump that canyon. Some of the members wanted to go along, some of them didn't. There was only one Indian in that whole reservation that was on my side. He kept coming to the office when I'd go negotiate and he kept looking at me and grinnin' and smilin' and I thought, boy, I really had it made and that Indian was going to go along with the deal. But it turned out he was the only son of a bitch up there that couldn't understand English!

Penthouse: So then you picked the Snake River Canyon in Idaho. Why?

Knievel: Well, when I was young I went with my grandparents on several trips. And I went right past Twin Falls, Idaho, which is located on the Snake River and that's where that big canyon is. And I always remembered that canyon and I figured, what the hell, if I can't jump the Grand Canyon I'll go jump that one. And I'll tell you—it's just about as wide there as it was where I was going to jump the Grand Canyon, and that area of Idaho is so much more beautiful than Arizona anyway, and the people are twice as friendly, so I'm better off. I'm gonna try and jump a mile. It's from between half and three-quarters of a mile from edge to edge. And in the bottom of that canyon is Shoshone Falls; it's higher than Niagara Falls, and you can barely see it in the bottom of that canyon. So that tells you how deep that baby is.

Penthouse: And you're going to jump a mile?

Knievel: That's right. That's right.

Penthouse: How much lower is the side you're going to land on than the side you're going to leave?

Knievel: It ain't any lower.

Penthouse: I've seen pictures of your machine. It's not an airplane. How in the hell are you going to do it?

Knievel: A rocket that went to the moon had no wings and no tail, but it had enough power to get there, and that's how I'm gonna do it. I've got enough power to get there. I hope. As long as the right amount of thrust is being applied and as long as the center of lift and the center of gravity coincide with that thrust point, the vehicle will go straight. When the thrust drops off then gravity will overtake it and it will tumble like a box being shoved out of an airplane. It will not fly.

Penthouse: Are you using any backup system?

Knievel: I'm gonna have a parachute, yeah, you bet your ass. A good one. And I know how to use it. We're going to be ready to go on the 4th or 7th of July, come hell or high water.

Penthouse: How many people do you expect?

Knievel: It will outdraw the Pro Bowl and the Super Bowl both put together. Live gate. And I'll make more money than all those football players made on both teams and more than Cassius Clay and Joe Frazier and all their promoters put together. Maybe $8- or 9- million, conservatively. The canyon jump will be held during a week when there's a big race out there for motorcycles; paying $100,000 prize money, biggest motorcycle race on the face of the earth. I'm going to try to help to do something for motorcycle racers because I don't think they're getting paid enough prize money. It's a supersport, in my opinion. The greatest sport on wheels I think. I would like to get the canyon jump over with, though, and still be alive—there's no fooling about that.

Penthouse: There's no question about your doing it?

Knievel: There ain't any ifs, ands, or buts about it. Gotta go.

Penthouse: How do you feel, in the pit of your stomach, as the time draws near?

Knievel: I can hardly wait for it. You see, I'm going to do it to get rich, you understand? Now when I go to the edge of the canyon all the jerks that never believed me in the first place are going to say, "Now he's really going to back out." And I'm going to look at all I got and I'm going to look at them and I'm going to go back and get in that cycle and just before I go I'm going to turn around and spit at them, right in their faces. And If I make it, man, I'm really gonna have it made and I never need to talk to them again. All I need to do is get along with those who knew I could do it, and who prayed for me and wished me the best, and knew someday that I would.

Penthouse: Are you reaching for anything beyond this canyon jump?

Knievel: I don't think I have any other goal than just to jump the canyon. A lot of guys asked me if I got a death wish. I do, I do. And my death wish is to die in bed when I'm one hundred years old, with a good-looking broad.

Penthouse: Why did you ever start motorcycle riding?

Knievel: I don't know why but I just took to motorcycles. I didn't like cars. I think it takes a helluva lot more ability to race a motorcycle than a car. The driver has to do 60 percent of the work when you're on the motorcycle, and the motorcycle only about 40 percent. In automobile racing its just about exactly the opposite. The automobile has to be about 60 percent. And a race-car driver—hell, anybody can drive a race car. I know women that can probably qualify for the Indy 500. I tell you what—you take one motorcycle and you give me another one that's half as fast as yours and I'll race you for ten laps on any track in this country and beat you. But if you take a *car* that's twice as fast as what I got, I'm in deep trouble. You take A. J. Foyt, one of the smartest race-car drivers in the world. He won a race up at Pocono for the simple reason that he not only was figuring his own gas mileage but he knew when the guy ahead of him was going to run out. The guy didn't make a pit stop, so Foyt made one and he beat him—the guy ran out of gas on the backstretch. He's won a lot of races like that. Andretti is the same way—super-smart. The Unser brothers, too. It takes a smart man to win races, to be a race-car driver, to be a champion. You gotta know everything. And I'm not saying that those guys couldn't ride motorcycles, because they could. But I'm saying that it takes a lot more thinking, a lot more luck, and a lot more mechanical endurance in a race car than it does in a motorcycle, where it just takes a lot of guts. A guy can just let it all hang out and let go, that's all.

Penthouse: Can you remember your first motorcycle ride?

Knievel: Yeah, I had a little motorcycle in California. My dad had taken it in on a trade on a car there, and my brother had already learned how to ride it. And I got on it, went down the street, and hit a mailbox with it. Couldn't control it. I really got in trouble on that motorcycle that day. I almost got killed.

Penthouse: What about your first jump?

Knievel: The first jump I ever made was over a bunch of rattlesnakes and a couple of mountain lions. This was in Moses Lake, Washington. It was at a racetrack. A big halftime show. They said, "Knievel's going to jump these mountain lions and these rattlesnakes." The guy that owned the mountain lions was afraid I was going to kill them so he put both of them close to the takeoff ramp. They had fifty or a hundred rattlesnakes in boxes. So I jumped over them and when I landed I knocked the last box apart and the damn snakes got out. This guy started running around trying to catch them! And I rode back by those mountain lions because I was so excited I didn't know what I was doing. There wasn't any grandstands and these snakes started crawling up there in the crowd! It was funnier than hell. I just buzzed on out and watched it from up on a hill somewhere. People were runnin' every which way. It was a real crowd-pleaser, you might say!

Penthouse: Tell us about the first jump. Why did you decide to do it?

Knievel: I'd always been interested in the stunt business, as well as the racing business, and I thought that if the auto industry could support an auto daredevil like Joey Chitwood or Daredevil Lynch maybe the time had come that the motorcycle industry could also support a stunt thing. So I got a whole show together and a lot of people in Los Angeles and all over the country wanted to help me. They got together and paid me a few bucks, and Norton gave me the motorcycles and I went down the road. But when I'd get hurt, bang! The whole show would be hurt because the other guys didn't have any business capabilities or any business judgment. They'd have to wait until I got better. So

they would quit me all the time.

Penthouse: How many times have you been hurt? Do you remember?

Knievel: Oh, Christ, I get hurt about once a month. In this business you jump a motorcycle through the air and you can't control it. It's not an airplane. Like the Snake River Canyon. I'm going to put the thing off the ramp, 4,000 pounds of thrust, go 300 miles an hour through the air and it's going to go where it wants to. Once, in Oklahoma City, I jumped three cars with a broken back and a cast and everything on. It's the only time I've had bad rapport with some of the press. This one guy says, "Well, I wouldn't expect Jack Nicklaus to play golf with a broken hand and I didn't expect Evel to jump only three cars . . . he should have come back when he could jump about thirteen." But the promoter had obligated himself for about 10,000 bucks—what was I supposed to do? I was trying to be right with him. Jeez, it was a tough deal. Christ, I'm getting . . . I'm thirty-five years old. I fell off in Wisconsin last fall and broke my back, my upper back. And I broke my hand. I've busted my back three times as bad as you can break your back. You know what I haven't done? I've never caught the spinal cord. That's the only thing that paralyzes you—when you get that spinal cord pinched.

Penthouse: You've got plenty of money. Why do you keep doing this?

Knievel: It's an impossible question to answer. There's only three mysteries to life, as far as I'm concerned—where you came from, why you do what you do, and where the hell you're gonna go. You don't know and I don't know. Nobody knows that. I just do it because I'm me.

Penthouse: A lot of people think you're some kind of nut.

Knievel: Well, they're right, too. I'm glad there's people like that, I'll tell you why. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't have made three or four million bucks and them idiots wouldn't have nothing to do or spend their money on, so it all works out just fine.

Penthouse: In other words, they're part of the plan?

Knievel: Part of the plan, yeah. There's some that are pulling for me and are fans of mine. They aren't the people I'm talking about. That guy who comes to see me get killed and who thinks I'm an idiot, I love to just spit in his face and walk away, and take his money that he paid to get in and go and spend it somewhere, have a drink on him and don't even invite him along.

Penthouse: Do you think there are many people who do come to see you get hurt or die?

Knievel: No. Well, there's always a percentage. There's always a percentage that go to Indianapolis to see those guys risk their lives. They go to see somethin' happen. Wanna be there *if* it happens. But 60 or 70 percent of your fans are there to pull for a guy. They don't want to see anybody get killed or hurt. I know I don't. Nothing sickens me worse than to see an accident at a racetrack. I was there at Indianapolis last year with Swede Savage, and Swede was one of my closest friends. Swede and I raced motorcycles together in California. He was with me the first day I ever had this idea for the stunt show, and he lost his life at Indy. It sickens me. You go to a racetrack and there's a bad accident just at the start of the race and it just kinda kills the whole race day. It kills the excitement. And that's because the majority of people came there to enjoy the race, to see a loved one win it, or a friend win it, and, boy, when there's a bad accident and that quietness falls over the racetrack, that should answer the question for you.

> **When a woman can't be a real good woman, she wants to be something else—that's where women's lib started at.**

John R. Hamilton-Globe

Penthouse: Do you have many imitators?

Knievel: There's a lot of 'em around jumping and I think the greatest compliment that they could pay me is to want to do what I do. There's even a girl jumping now. I think she can outjump all the rest of those guys, to tell you the truth.

Penthouse: Are you read to die in the Snake River Canyon?

Knievel: The worse thing that would happen is dying, that's the worst thing that could happen. If I did, then I'd just get somewhere quicker than you're going to and I'll wait for you—that's all. I'll sit there and have a beer and wait for ya.

Penthouse: And where would that be?

Knievel: Well, I tell you what, I'd like to go to the Evel Knievel heaven. The Evel Knievel heaven is a heaven that is kinda like the one I'm living in here on earth. First of all, at the pearly gates would be a forgiving God—so I could get in, see? Secondly, my wife and children would be there. Thirdly, there'd be a big draft-beer system constantly bubbling out of the ground there, on a golf course. And the golf course would be one I could shoot scratch on. It would be beautiful, too. And there'd be some night life, good-looking broads—easy, good-looking broads. Then there'd be a motorcycle jump there that I could jump and never miss. That would be my heaven. There's some people think we're going to go up there and sit around and play harps and wear robes and sandals or something, but I don't think that's what I want to do. If I went to that kind of a heaven I'd be doing nothing but sittin' there talking to JFK and the Pope, and I don't really think I could carry on a conversation with them because I don't think they'd be interested in what I have to say, and I sure in hell wouldn't be interested in what they have to say.

Penthouse: You're married.

Knievel: Fourteen years.

Penthouse: And you've got three children. Don't they worry about your getting killed?

Knievel: Oh, yeah. They don't like to see me

EVEL KNIEVEL

jump far. When I'm going to jump long distance they say, "What are you going to do that for?" My two little boys can ride motorcycles like you can't believe. They're chargers. And my little girl rides a mini-bike around but she don't do too much of that. She's like her mother. My little kids have been jumpin' for about five years, but I stopped 'em from it. I want them to continue if they want to, but they got a lot of baseball, a lot of football, a lot of hockey, everything to do while they're young, and they've got all their lives to do this. This is a business, a big business and a tough business. I hope to make enough money in the next five years where I could shut them off from maybe wanting to jump the motorcycle like I do because they're going to have to pay the price for success in this business and the price is getting half-killed. And I don't want my kids to have to do that. I'd rather have them go into some other business with the money that I make.

Penthouse: Are you raising your children in a religious atmosphere?

Knievel: My children are God-fearing, I'll tell you that, just like I am. People are stupid. They'll say, "What do you think about before you jump; just before you go?" Well, the dumb bastards, I think the same thing they'd think if they had to jump. I pray. That's the only thing I got left.

Penthouse: Doesn't your wife get mad at you for risking your life?

Knievel: Listen, my wife flies to see me once every two weeks. She's like a little girl friend to me, see. She was first my girl friend and then she was my lover and then she became my wife and she's the mother of my children; four things to me. When I got put in the hospital in Detroit they gave us a double bed in the hospital. When I was in Vegas she never left my bedside from the day I got hurt until the day I got out of the hospital, thirty days later.

Penthouse: But don't you feel you put your wife under too much pressure?

Knievel: Oh, sure. One time I'd been home for about six months and I was really busted up. I'd been hurt in Reno and I was on crutches and could barely get out of the house, and my buddy, Ray Gunn, he came to get me in one of my cars, and I could hardly get down the steps with the crutches in the snow, but I did it. I kissed her good-bye and I left the house and then I remembered I'd forgotten my briefcase. And I went back and knocked on the door and there was no answer and Ray came and helped me get in and I found her on the bed crying. She was all broke up. She put on that false front in front of me all the time to help me have strength so I could keep going, you understand? But boy, she had just gone to pieces. She was just crying because she was afraid I was going to get hurt. That was the first time I saw her like that, and I really realized what I put her through. She saw me get it the first time I ever got it. She's seen me bust my hips, my pelvis, my back, everything. But the thing I was trying to say was I remember a photographer said, "I've got to film you. I've got to show that you're human. I've got to film your hands and feet and the expression on your face and your lips and eyes so that people will know and so they can actually see ya." And my wife says to him, "He ain't human. He's superman. There ain't nothing going to happen to him. He is not a human being. He's different." She's got herself thinking that because it's working for her.

> **What I do, according to the laws of society, may not be exactly right. But the laws of society don't constitute my morals. I constitute 'em.**

World Wide Photos

Penthouse: You've been signing autographs all day. How are you going to spend your night?

Knievel: Well, I'm gonna go downtown and get in about four or five in the morning, just like I did last night.

Penthouse: But you can't keep that up day after day.

Knievel: I've done it all my life. And I ain't planning on quitting now.

Penthouse: When you get ready for a big jump, don't you go into training, like a fighter and cut out all this stuff?

Knievel: No. I drink more booze, spend more money, live better. I mean, I'm gonna do the same thing Jesus Christ did when he had his last supper. I'm gonna invite a bunch of friends in and have a real feast, have a good time. I'm not going to go to some McDonald's hamburger joint and go home and go to sleep. I want to live a little bit.

Penthouse: But you can't be at your best like that, can you?

Knievel: I've been riding a motorcycle for twenty-five years and I know what I'm doing. I do a lot of push-ups, a lot of sit-ups. Keep myself in good shape. I mean I'm not doing something that's so athletic that I gotta have great physical stamina. But I gotta be in shape or I couldn't even look like I do. But hell, I just don't want to get so drunk or so fouled up that I go out there the next day and have a real bad hangover. I don't do that. But Jesus Christ, you know what? I'm gonna try and spend a million dollars in Butte, Montana, and Twin Falls, Idaho, the week before I jump the canyon. A million-dollar drunk.

Penthouse: How can you spend a million dollars in Butte, Montana?

Knievel: Well, that's why I also said Twin Falls, Idaho. Between the two of them. Well, I'll come close to it. If you don't believe me, just bring your suitcase and a shot glass and head in that direction. Because I'll guarantee you, you ain't going to see nothing like that for the rest of your life. The governor of Montana is already planning on calling in the California National Guard just to help him. The big party's going to start at a tavern in Butte, Montana, called the Freeway and that's where it's gonna go

—right down the freeway. I spent twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in Butte when my motion picture was made there. Partying and fighting. I left town because I broke both hands. Got in lots of fights, lots of 'em. You know, come back, do a picture, some guy's jealous, says something to you. Anybody say something to me, I'll knock their goddamn head off. I knocked the heads off the Hell's Angels. I'll knock the head off any son of a bitch who opens his mouth to me.

Penthouse: But you're not really mad when you do it?

Knievel: Oh, yeah, I am. I gotta get mad. I mean, I don't fight unless I'm mad. I get fighting mad. I fight a little bit more when I'm drunk.

Penthouse: Why don't you like the Hell's Angels? What happened with them?

Knievel: In the Cow Palace in San Francisco the announcer made some comment that I would set the Hell's Angels back twenty years if I jumped the canyon and lived. And they took offense to it and one of them threw a tire iron at me when I was going to make my jump. When I came back into the Cow Palace he was standing in the middle of the floor giving me the finger, and there was 15,000 people there. The joint was loaded. They came to see me and not him. I always wanted to punch one of them and he was a little bastard so I punched him, just as hard as I could. Knocked him flat on his ass, right in front of everybody. Then a bunch of them jumped out of the grandstand, but that was a mistake because then a bunch of San Francisco people jumped out of that grandstand, and they took fifteen Hell's Angels to the hospital. Put those bastards right where they belonged. They all got their ass behind bars right now for being a bunch of hopheads and a bunch of murderers and that's right where they belong. I don't like 'em. And if I ever see one of them around again that bothers me I'm liable to shoot him. God created all men, and Winchester made 'em equal, and that's just the way I think. I'm getting mad—you better watch out, I'm liable to punch you!

Penthouse: Let's change the subject! Are you opposed to other motorcycle gangs?

Knievel: I feel that any club that wants to wear their colors, ride motorcycles in any way, shape, or form, should be treated with the same respect that any citizen is treated with as long as they do not step on other people's toes. There's a lot of clubs that are considered outlaws, who like to go out and do their own thing; wear their bluejeans and their jackets and I think they should be left alone. I've gotten help from these clubs, and had all of them come and apologize to me for what happened in San Francisco—more than you would ever think. The guys come and said, "We're sorry it happened and we hope that the public doesn't hold it against us," because they knew what a bunch of murdering hophead bastards those Hell's Angels were.

Penthouse: You own several airplanes. And you fly them. But you don't have a license.

Knievel: I don't need a license to fly an airplane. I fly one any damn place I feel like it. Hell, I fly from Seattle to Butte and Butte to Billings, Butte to Salt Lake City.

Penthouse: What would happen if an FAA guy walked over to you and said, "Let me see your license"?

Knievel: I don't have one! I got nobody in the airplane—the FAA can't stop me from flying an airplane. I'm not going to violate nothing. What's a license mean? How are they going to stop me from flying around in the air up there? I mean, that's silly. I can fly a 747—there isn't anything I can't fly. I've had pilots—airline guys—who will fly with me once in a while. If I need to go into bad weather I always take a man with me, a back-up man. In bad weather you need a professional. Evel Knievel is capable of herding an airplane around the sky. I'm not *really* capable of *flying* one, don't let me mislead you. But I fly anything.

Penthouse: Ever cracked up?

Knievel: No, no. Well, I knocked a wingtip tank off of one going into Denver, to the racetrack there. My men forgot to take the flagpole down. I had a big twin Cessna. Knocked the wingtip tank right off. But I landed it, got out, did my wheelies, rode my jet, made the jump, jumped back in and took off again. Flew it right out of the racetrack and had 30,000 people standing right on the hill. They were afraid to come down on the track! The son of a bitch gets a little wobbly! I've had several of my pilots get their licenses jerked. I've fired fourteen of them. I've thrown them off runways and their clothes behind them. The only one who stayed with me is the first one I ever had—a guy named Denny Davis. I've fired him three or four times, but he's managed to stick it out. He's a good kid. Last time I fired him was because he didn't want to catch my motorcycle in L.A., at the top of the ramp. He was afraid he might get hurt. I said, "*You* get hurt? How about *me*?"

Penthouse: Catch your motorcycle? What do you mean?

Knievel: Well, I had a big ski-jump ramp built up on the top of the Coliseum and I was buzzing that motorcycle up and down the ski-jump ramp and then going off the jump. Down below I was jumping fifty-one cars. Piled some of them up as a pyramid and I jumped over them. That's the world record, fifty-one. Davis saw me trying to ride up it once and I fell on my ass and bounced in the grandstands and the motorcycle went over the top of me and all it did was break my finger—lucky! But he said, "Boy, I'm not even going to *stand* up here. This guy's going to kill me." That's a funny thing for a guy to say when I'm the one that's risking my neck. Anyway, I got him back working for me.

Penthouse: Do you gamble very much?

Knievel: I gamble on the golf course. Or, I like to bet on things like the jump. I like to bet on my ability to do things. This guy, Amarillo Slim, is supposed to be such a big shot gambler. He's just a chicken-shit nit, that's all Amarillo Slim is.

Penthouse: You want that in print, too?

Knievel: You bet your ass, you can print it. He's the kind of a guy that will ride along in a golf cart alongside of you and want to bet that you can't shoot at a certain score, but he ain't got enough ability to get out of the golf cart and play, because he's the biggest choker in the world.

Penthouse: Have you ever been involved with drugs?

Knievel: Never. And I think that's one reason that I've healed up so quickly. That's one reason I didn't die when they said I'd die. That's one reason I kept walking when they said I'd be crippled—because I've always tried to live right. I don't drink a helluva lot. I've never taken any narcotics and don't smoke cigarettes. I try and keep myself in pretty good physical shape. You know, I was in a lot of trouble when I was a young kid. You don't need to tell a kid what's right and what's wrong, he knows it. You have to help a kid. When you find something he's interested in, if you'll help him to do a thing and get him excited about it, I don't care what it is, he'll want to do it and he won't want to get into trouble. He ain't got time. I think narcotics is a crutch for people who are not of sound mind and sound body. I guess you'd say I love a natural high. I mean, I don't need it. I don't drink, for Christ's sakes, unless it's social. If it's not there, I don't give a damn. I think the narcotics thing is coming to an end. I think we're getting through it—I sure in the hell hope we are. Being an entertainer, I know entertainers whose drug habits cost two, three thousand dollars a day. The police know it. Why don't they bust the entertainer, instead of busting some poor kid for smoking pot? There's some corrupt goddamn cops that are taking payoffs. The only way anybody can support a drug habit like that is to have somebody out there stealing for him.

Penthouse: You've said Joe Louis was your idol. Why?

Knievel: I used to love to box. Didn't even have a punching bag. Had some gloves. My dad was in the Second World War and he sent me his canteen from Japan, so I hung it up in my grandmother's upstairs and I used to use it for a punching bag. I heard every fight Louis had. I heard the recordings. I heard him fight Schmeling, I heard him fight Billy Conn, I heard him fight Jersey Joe Wollcott, heard him fight Max Baer, heard him fight everybody. My

EVEL KNIEVEL

Dad got his autograph for me one time and I carried it in my wallet for about twelve years. I met him in Caesar's Palace. And now nothing makes me feel better than when a little colored boy comes up and asks me for an autograph, or his dad or mother will bring him. I just love that. That little guy looks up to me like I looked up to Joe Louis. You asked me before why I keep doing it. That might be one reason.

Penthouse: Let's get back to women. Do the ladies find you attractive?

Knievel: Listen, I went to a place called Filthy McNasty's in Hollywood. And pretty soon these two gals—a blond and a brunette—started to fight about which one is going to sit by me. Damn, they had a hair-pulling contest and everything! And I just ordered up a beer there and watched them; it was funnier than hell. The blond won the fight, so I took her from Filthy McNasty's with me to my hotel. Now I get her up there in the room and she gets excited. She scratched my back so damn hard that it upset me. I didn't want to go home and have my wife see something like that, so I threw her outside the hotel room! Yeah, I did! Threw her right out!

Penthouse: You want us to use this?

Knievel: I don't give a goddamn if you use it, it's the truth!

Penthouse: So you're not opposed to extra-marital sex?

Knievel: I think if a guy's married and he has a little sex with another woman he can kinda compare her to his wife, and I've done that—for fourteen years. And I still got the same wife. That means she's pretty goddamn good.

Penthouse: Well, that sometimes causes great problems.

Knievel: Not if you got a good wife.

Penthouse: How would you react if your wife told you she wanted a little extra-marital sex?

Knievel: About like any other man.

Penthouse: And how's that?

Knievel: I wouldn't like it. I think if a man is a good enough man, his wife wouldn't want to do that.

Penthouse: But it's okay for the man?

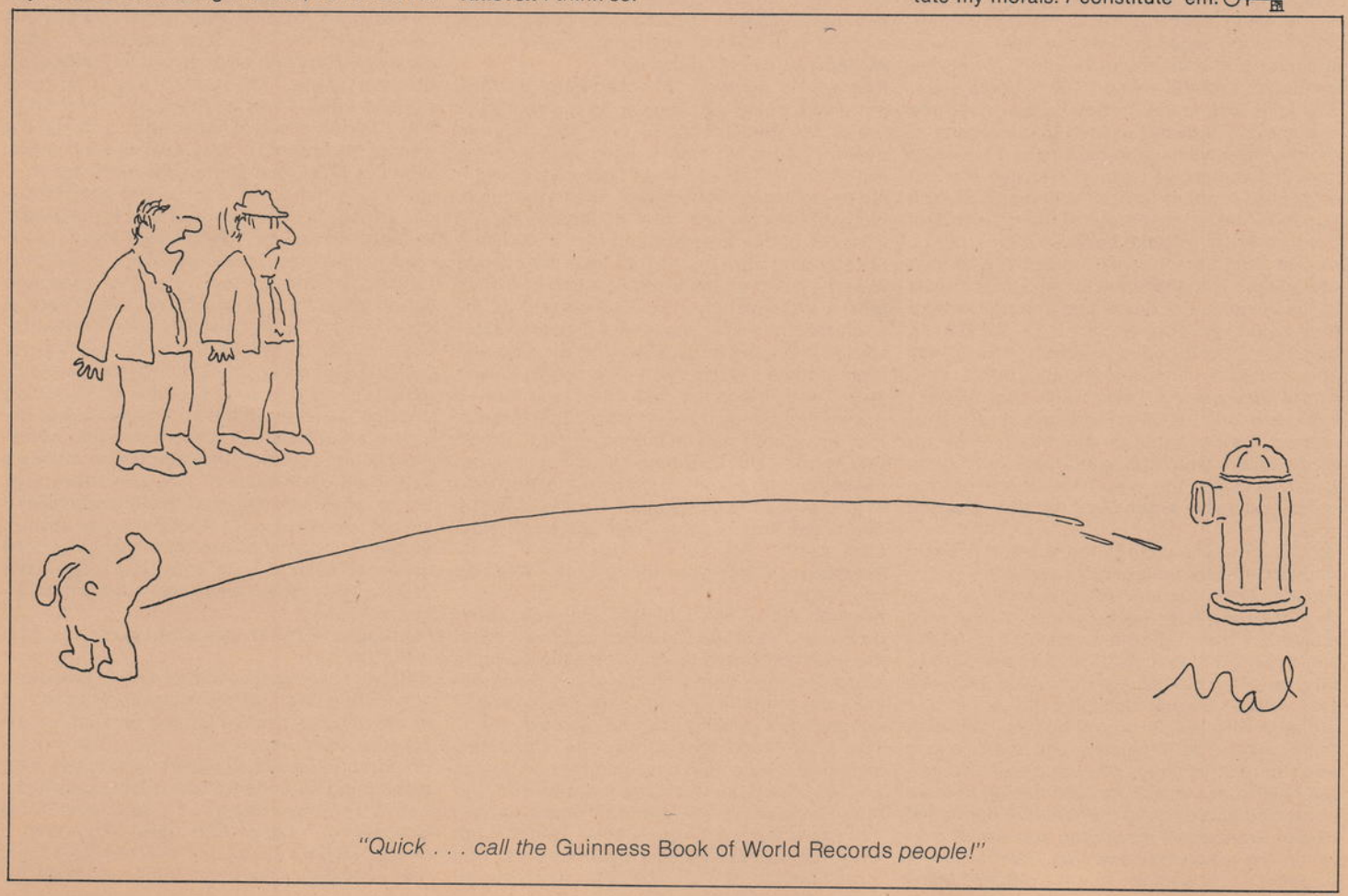
Knievel: I think so.

Penthouse: What do you think about women's liberation?

Knievel: I think it's a bunch of horseshit, that's all. A woman should be a woman. When she can't be a real good woman she wants to be something else, and that's where women's lib all started at. That's what I think about it.

Penthouse: Are you concerned about your public image?

Knievel: In some cases I am, and in some cases I'm not. If I really wasn't, I could walk away from this canyon jump and never have to do it. Then again, maybe I don't give a damn about the public. Maybe I just want to be right with myself and not be a phony, even if I have to die jumpin' that canyon. I don't think life is any popularity contest. The only guy I really gotta be with is the guy I look at when I'm shaving. I know what I think of my wife, what I think of my children, what I think of my immediate family. What I do, according to the laws of society, the way I live, may not be exactly right. But the laws of society don't constitute my morals. *I* constitute 'em.



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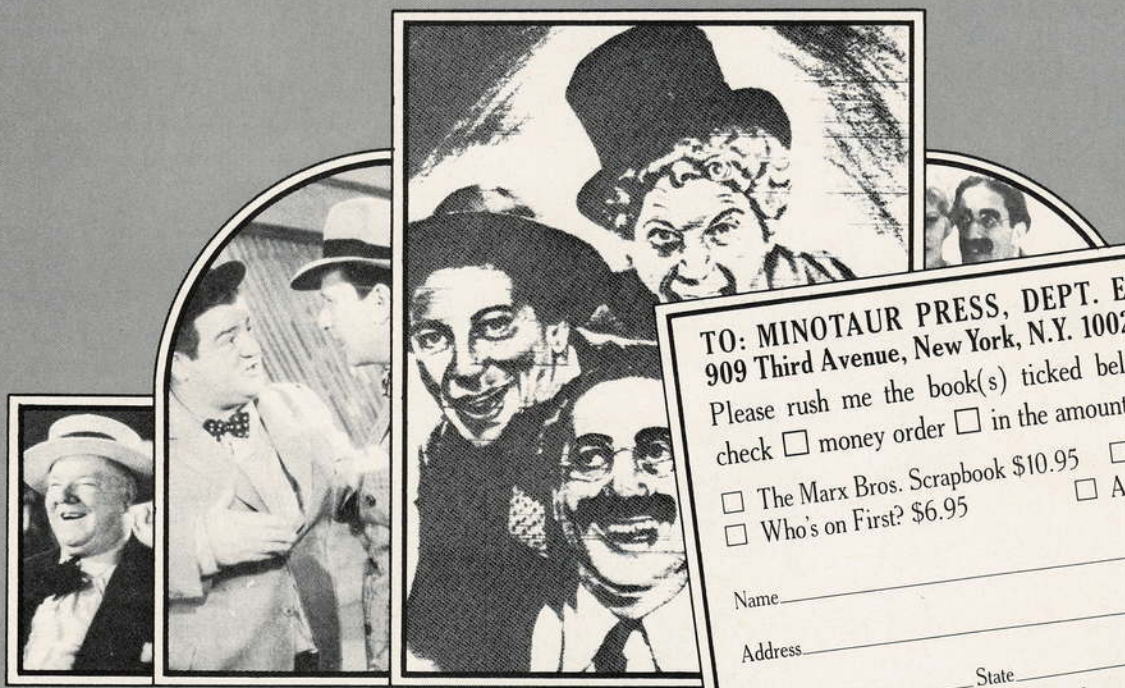

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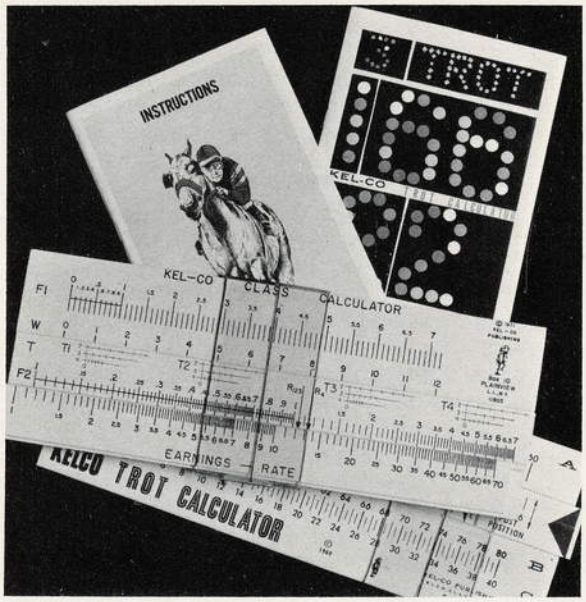

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STUNT MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

until Fairbanks reached the top that Dwan recognized his star.

Fairbanks died at fifty-six in 1939, his tanned body apparently untouched by age but actually so muscle-bound that the blood could barely circulate. He had not so much died, some friends thought, as run down.

Through the post-war period and into the Twenties, scores of stunt people drifted to California. A few stunt men, usually those with more courage and tenacity than skill, tried to improve their position with self-publicity, adopting picturesque nicknames and courting the fan press. "Suicide" Buddy Mason was perhaps the best-known stunt man of the Twenties, but his actual exploits are meager. Fred "Speed" Osborne, a mechanic who hoped for stardom as a stunter, earned only a reputation for recklessness in a brief career that ended with crippling disablement.

But generally the stunt men avoided personal publicity, cultivating a laconic style that, in a field where the average professional life was five years—after which one had either retired or been killed—served to disguise deep personal relationships.

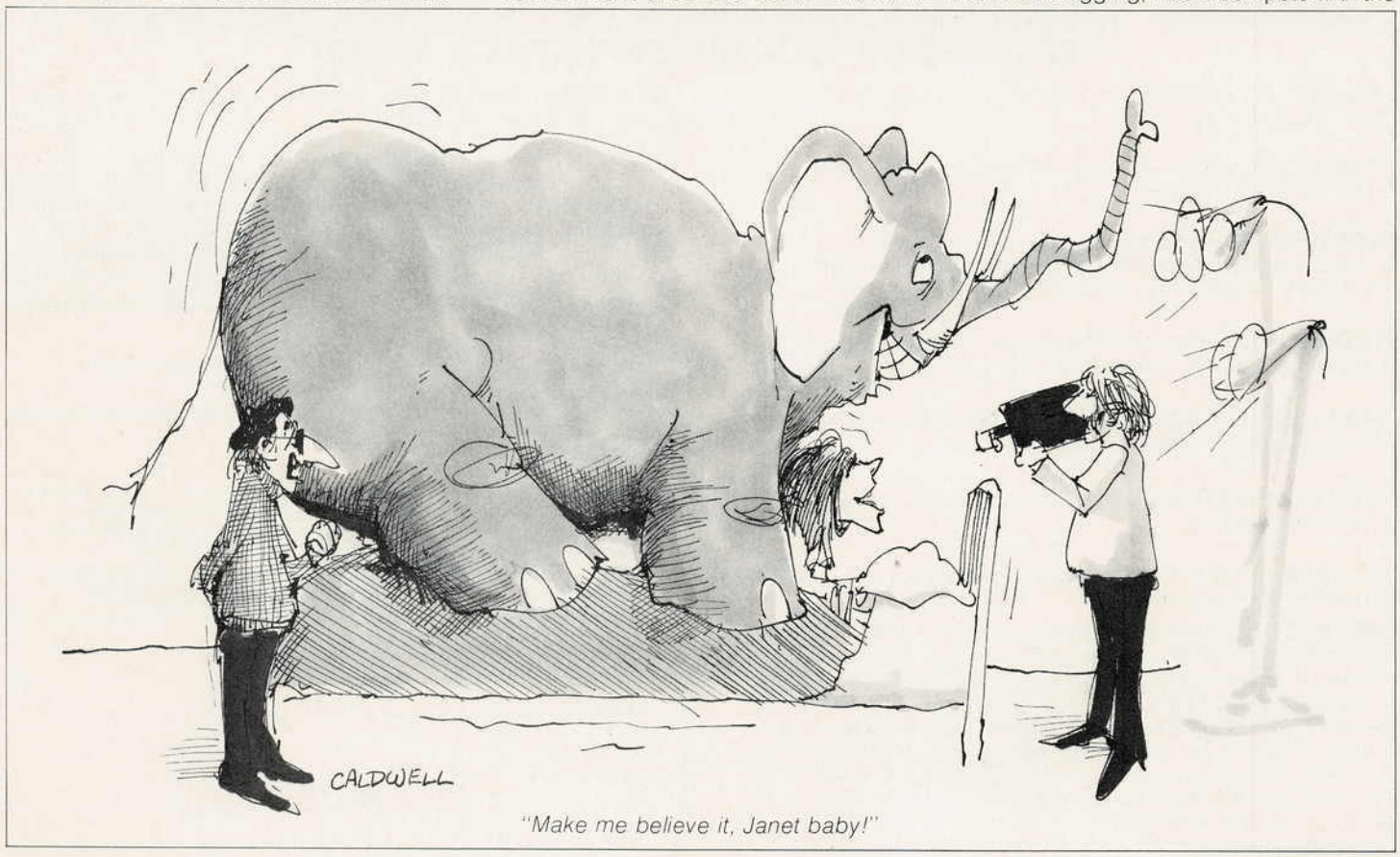
The amateur or newcomer was despised less for inexperience than for his lack of allegiance in a tight-knit community. Stunt flier Dick Grace's description of a man who died in an unsafe plane stunt has more malice than can be explained by outraged professionalism: "The poor damned fool. He ought to have known better. There he was, all crushed to hell—his head spattered to the size of a washtub, one arm grotesquely stuck through his right side and protruding on the left, just below the heart. His legs were still entangled in the jumbled mass of wire, linen and wood. . . . His name? It doesn't matter. After all, he was an amateur, and who the hell cares about one of them?"

But sometimes even the professionals "ought to have known better." Gene Perkins, whom many consider the greatest stunt man of all time, was killed at twenty-four on Christmas Eve 1925, during a plane-to-train transfer shot. Perkins trusted himself to a friend who had recently bought his own plane. Crosswinds confused the flier, who showed his lack of skill by missing the first two approaches. Perkins, hanging on the ladder, was tired, and when the third run left him clinging by outstretched arms to the last rung he couldn't climb back. Swinging around again, the pilot misjudged the wind even more and Perkins was slammed violently against the side of the train. As the plane veered off, Perkins, exhausted and probably injured by hitting the carriage, let go. So perfect was his coordination that he hit the ground standing after a fifty-foot fall. Perkins was terribly injured. The impact had driven his leg bones through the heels of his shoes and he had extensive internal injuries. He died a few hours afterwards. Four days later Al Wilson and newcomer Cliff Bergere completed the stunt for which Perkins had died—business was business.

Sound had a drastic effect on the stunt field. Constant action was no longer necessary. Stunt men who had come into the business after the First World War were now reaching their forties, and viewed the prospect of another decade of hard and punishing work without enthusiasm. Many of those who built the stunt legends of the Twenties had retired or died. In the Thirties, Dick Grace wrote his autobiography with the mocking title, *I'm Still Alive*, the sort of gauntlet in the face of death that most flamboyant stunters liked to think they flung. "I'm still alive!" echoed in the empty bars and closed sets of a dead decade.

Yakima Canutt has changed little since he came to Los Angeles in 1923 as a twenty-seven-year-old rodeo rider anxious to "browse around a bit" in Hollywood society, and stayed to become its most famous stunt man. His natural courtesy and pride are those of a man who has no need to inflate his exploits, which even in his wry, clipped telling have the quality of myth. He still chews tobacco, the legacy of a life spent around fire-nervous horses, and his movements, though a little stiff, remain naturally athletic. He worked for fifteen years as a perennial "heavy" but increasingly as a stunt man and stunt "ramrod," the term for a cowboy foreman that was applied to the boss of a stunt team. He brought to Hollywood many techniques later expanded and improved upon by filmmakers.

"In 1925," Cliff Lyons, the great stunt man, said, "there were only three basic stunts: falling off a horse, riding a bucking bronc and getting bulldogged off a horse." (In rodeo bulldogging, riders compete with the



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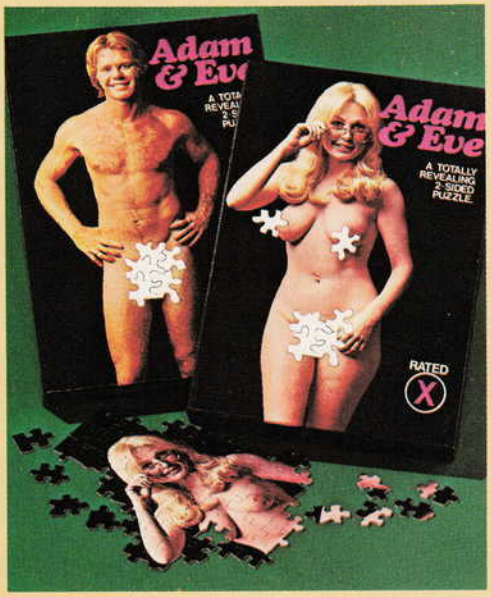

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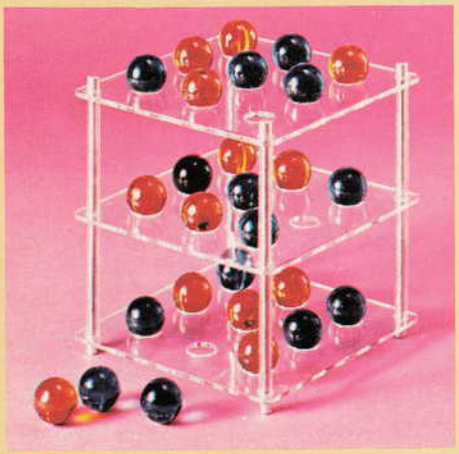

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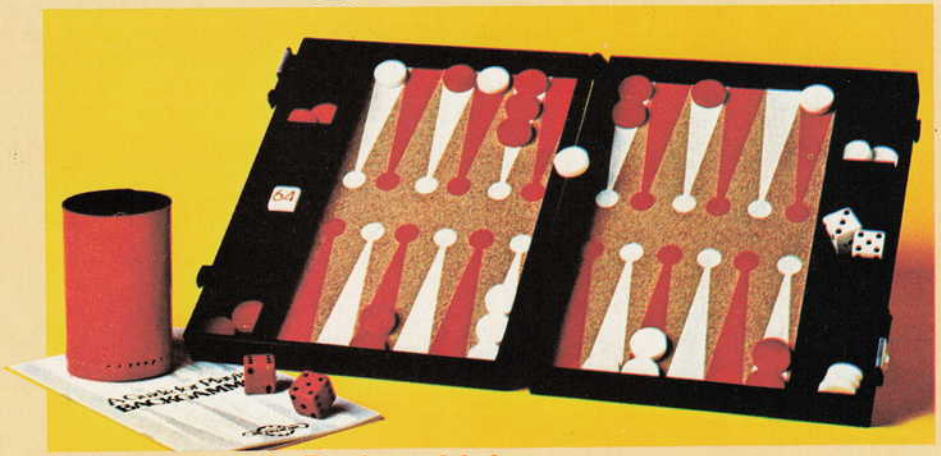

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clock to catch a calf, dive onto its back, wrestle it to the ground, and tie its feet; in the movies, "bulldogging" came to mean jumping from horseback onto another rider, or a man on the ground.) With the rodeo riders who took over the Hollywood stunt scene, Canutt expanded this list of tricks, introducing a battery of horse falls and wagon wrecks, along with the harnesses and cable rigs that make them foolproof.

Canutt's most controversial trick was the notorious "Running W" system of horse falls. Says Canutt, "I myself, personally, rode three hundred Running W's and never crippled a horse." Mel L. Morse, executive director of the American Humane Association, says, "I have listened to the stunt men telling me that they can do a Running W on a horse and not injure it . . . [but] . . . the animal will stand trembling for hours afterwards and is usually not fit for anything else after it has been used. The Motion Picture Production Code wasn't set up just to keep animals from being killed. It was to keep them from being abused. But as long as we, the audience, demand our share of thrills, the stunt men will continue to use these techniques. Blaming them is irrelevant; they are only doing a job. The final moral responsibility is ours."

"Barnstormer." No word evokes quite so well the uncomplicated days of personal courage and indifference to danger, the wisecracking and camaraderie of an America where all choices were simple. The cinema, automobile, and aviation industries thrived on its incautious optimism. A wartime ban on civil flying to conserve the country's feeble air strength froze the aircraft industry almost at birth, but when the law was repealed in 1919, growth resumed at a feverish rate. Hollywood took up aviation with its usual giddy enthusiasm. There were many competent movie pilots but Ormer Lester Locklear was a performer and, by the end of his short, violent career, a legend. Locklear habitually flew in a business suit, part of the nonchalance that charmed his contemporaries. Even as an Army Air Corps instructor at Barron Field, Texas, the handsome Lt. Locklear earned a reputation for reckless courage. When the radiator cap of a Jenny blew off during a training flight, he climbed onto the upper wing and stuffed a rag into the hole to stop boiling water blowing back into the cockpits. And to prove the wings of the JN4 would take the weight of extra guns he demonstrated the plane's stability by walking to the end of each wing, without a parachute. His luck ran out on the night of August 2, 1920, during a night stunt for *The Skywayman*. An aerial bandit was supposed to spiral to earth around a flare representing a parachuting victim. Fifteen minutes after take-off, Locklear dropped flares to signal he was ready and turned on the powerful wing-tip lamps; from the ground below, banks of blinding searchlights caught the plane, silver against the black sky. Two hundred feet from the ground the plane broke from its head spin, as if Locklear was making some violent correction.

> Devotees claim to have seen the same crocodile battle in five different Tarzan movies.

Whatever the reason, the plane went out of control and crashed on the edge of an oil-filled sump, then exploded. Locklear, wearing only a tweed suit, was burned beyond recognition.

Until the mid-Twenties, parachutes weren't generally used as safety devices. Even pioneer stunt parachutist Earl Burgess, who came to Hollywood in 1910 and became one of its top early stunt men, was not wearing a parachute when he went up in February 1920 to shoot a comedy sequence for a Slim Summerville film. Dick Grace tells a bloodcurdling story of an aging and out-of-condition Burgess hanging onto a wing skid until his muscles gradually "crystallized" and he fell. But news reports, which record only that Burgess was supposed to drop a dummy from the plane, then crawl back along the wing—a stunt the crew thought had been accomplished until they went to recover the dummy and found Burgess's corpse entangled in high-tension wires—have a more brutal finality.

For cinema thrills, the wild animal has no equal. A man armed only with whip and chair against a cage full of lions, the latent menace of the pendant python, the onslaught of a charging rhinoceros, evoke instantly our ancient fear of the beast, and predictably the cinema has exploited this, filming every permutation of man-animal conflict from circus lion-taming to the attack of giant ants.

Pioneer producers were nervous about real animals, and mechanical animals were common for decades. Animal films really took off with Tarzan. The first Tarzan was a powerful, vain, and not very bright actor named Elmo Lincoln. Despite his barrel chest, Lincoln made an unconvincing Tarzan. Director Scott Sidney, who did not hide his disappointment, put him in a loin cloth, covered his bald spot with a thick wig held in place by a headband, and ordered the bewildered actor to shave the hair that matted his chest and legs, a practice that continued weekly through the film. Covered by rope burns, cuts, and bruises, and bleeding where shaving had left large abrasions, Lincoln almost gave up when Sidney told him his last job on the film would be to stab the lion to death. The unit had by then formed an affection for toothless Old Charlie, but his death at Tarzan's hands as he crashed into the hut to menace Jane was a high point of the film, and Lincoln reluctantly set to work: "The lion was doped and tied up. I was supposed to jump on his back and stab him with a knife, but they gave me an old butcher's knife and the damn thing broke when I tried to stab him."

That night he honed down a bayonet and the next day messily dispatched Charlie with it. Sidney then set up the climax. Tarzan stands over the dead beast, one foot on its side and, with a cry, leaps the body to embrace Jane. As the cameras rolled, Lincoln put his weight experimentally on the lion and froze as from under his foot came a rumbling cough. "I set a new record for the

"How do you show it . . . flaccid or erected?"

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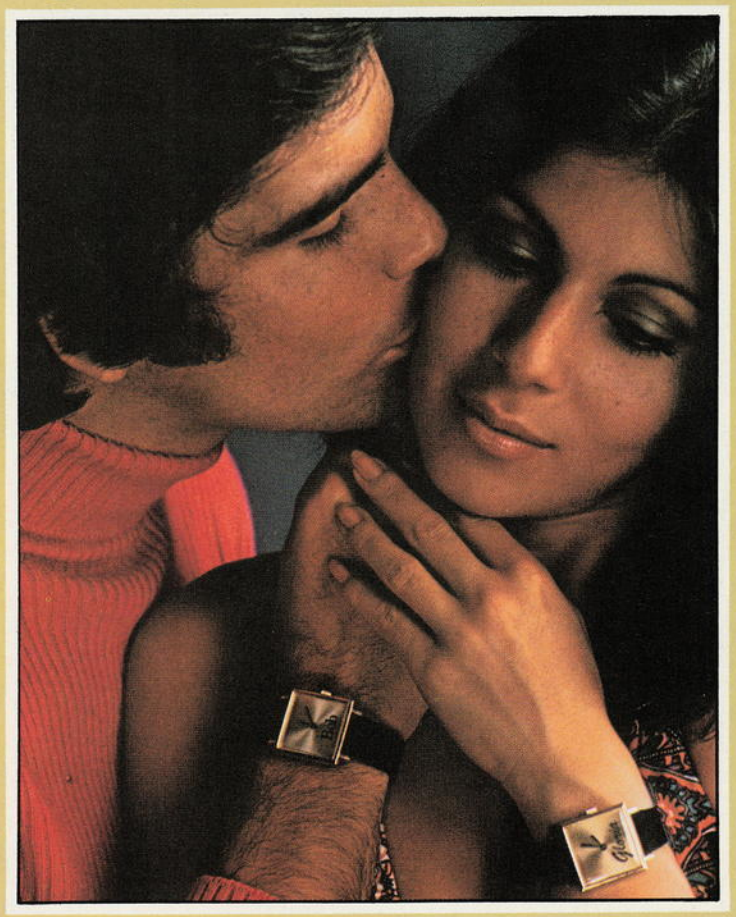

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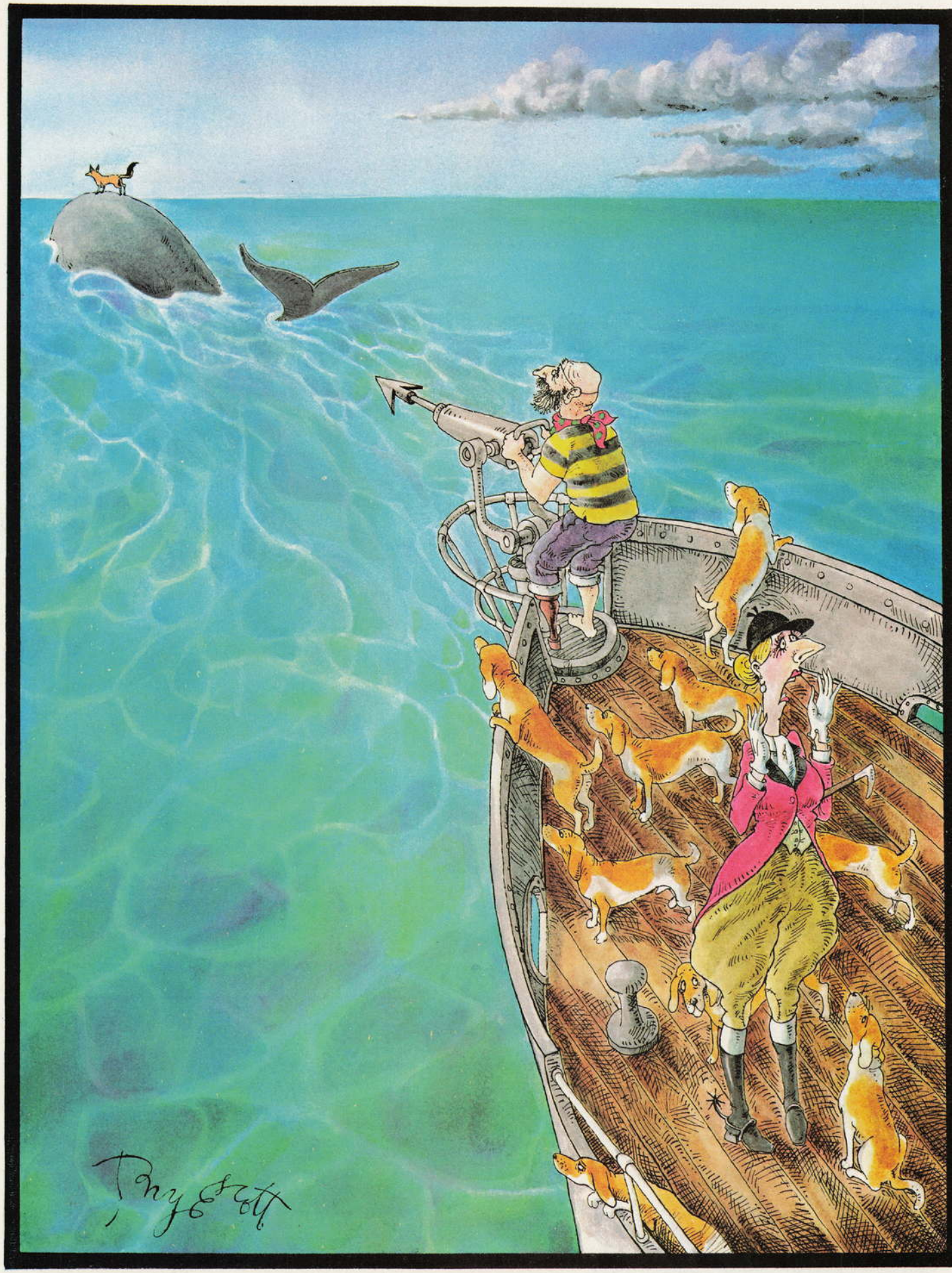

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broad jump," he said. Only after a cautious handler crept back did they discover that Lincoln's weight had merely expelled the air from Charlie's lungs in a posthumous growl. It was also a classic example of the brutal treatment of animals in early films. Jungle films eventually contracted to the level of Tarzan romances. Johnny Weissmuller wrestled drugged lions or, more often, dummies, with *Trader Horn* footage, progressively more faded, on the back projection screen. It wasn't until 1951 that a Tarzan unit actually took a star to Africa, and for most producers even Florida locations were a luxury. Good animal action scenes were like gold. Devotees claim to have seen the same crocodile battle in five different Tarzan adventures—duplication was cheaper and safer than going to Africa.

The words "special effects," like "additional dialogue" or "from an idea," cover some of the cinema's greatest mysteries. At one end of the scale, a special-effects man can be someone who supervises the back projection, or juggles some miniatures; at the other, he can script, design, photograph, produce, and direct stunt sequences vital to a film's success.

The techniques involved in simply falling show in microcosm the interreliance of special effects and stunting. Silent comedians used acrobatic ability to protect them, but as jumps got higher a shock absorber became essential. The carpet held by Pearl White's unit to catch Eddie Kelly in *The Perils of Pauline* and the nets rigged by stunt artist Richard Talmadge for his falls gave way to kapok pads, auto tires, excelsior, and other crushable combinations. Later, cardboard boxes became standard; three dozen of them, specially folded or trimmed around the corners to expel air on impact, covered with mattresses, and roped down under tarpaulins or nets, made an effective but bulky cushion. For falls in confined spaces, some men used flexible wooden slats laid across sawhorses with mattresses.

> The stunt man's average professional life was five years—after which he was either retired or dead.

Special effects can be extremely dangerous. Christopher Lee and Robert Beatty nearly choked to death when the snow machine on a Douglas Fairbanks Junior TV show went wild and filled the studio. Dry ice used to duplicate fog can also smother a man if the carbon dioxide is not dispersed, though the most grotesque dry-ice accident occurred on Frank Capra's 1931 *Dirigible*. For realistic breath effects in an Arctic scene (shot in tropical studio conditions), Capra made metal cages to fit in the mouth of each actor, and filled them with scraps of dry ice. Unable to speak his lines, Hobart Bosworth threw away the cage and put the dry ice directly in his mouth. A moment later he was in agony as the cold froze his cheek. Portions of tongue, jaw, and teeth had to be removed.

A violent new cinema has kept the effects men—190 in Hollywood in 1972, and a handful in Britain and Europe—more than busy, with scenes that go far beyond simple mayhem. For *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), a sequence where the bandit lovers die in a machine-gun ambush involved half a day's preparation for each take. Since director Arthur Penn demanded absolute realism, with bullets punching through the car body into Faye Dunaway, the realistic jerk of impact and the correct welling of blood, effects man Danny Lee spent hours drilling holes in the car, taping in squibs which were then painted over, and fixing corresponding charges to the actress's body so that, as he touched his battery to a pinboard linking the charges, they exploded in proper sequence. Four cameras covered the scene, shooting at speeds ranging from twenty-four to the extreme slow motion of 168 frames a second. Penn later intercut their footage to create a bloody ballet, disguising the complex mechanics behind the sequence.

Special effects don't always work properly. In *Porkchop Hill* (Lewis Milestone, 1959), stunt man Hal Needham played an American soldier advancing up a hill under cover of "friendly" artillery. Lines of charges had been set to explode in front of the advance. "But the effects man hooked his wires up backwards," he recalls. "We were supposed to go all the way across a line of pots and have them explode behind us, but just as I got two or three feet away from the one in front of me, it exploded. I had a helmet on, but it burned all my hair, my eyelashes, and eyebrows as well as my face. It knocked me down and all the dirt and peat moss in my eyes made me think I was blind."

Fire gags are among the most dangerous of stunts, and in the early days absurd risks were taken. Making *The Fire King* in Hackensack, New Jersey, in 1914, director Walter King put actors Charles Davenport and Arthur Robinson into a prop house which was then set on fire. Davenport, playing the villain who is supposed to have ignited the house, fights with Robinson and is knocked unconscious while Robinson drops through a trapdoor into the space under the house and appears triumphantly before the camera. The only safety device was an asbestos bag Robinson pulled over Davenport's head before he escaped. This should have protected him long enough for the shot to end, but when Robinson found his escape barred through the cellar, both men were scorched and Robinson badly burned before the director could get them out.

In the mid-Twenties, Dick Grace, doubling an unnamed female star, had a ballet dress he wore soaked in gasoline and set alight. "In a moment I was a flaming human torch," he wrote emotionally:

"It was too much; to feel those flames searing the flesh of my back, neck, arms and face pierced my self-control. With the agonized scream of a person burning to death I cleared the balcony in a bound, then down to the main floor. 'Help, I'm burning!' Everyone seemed paralyzed into inaction. Then everything began to fog before my eyes. I still had the presence of mind, however, to keep my arms locked above my head, thus preventing my face from burning seriously. I kept running, and so for the most part the flames and fumes swept behind me,

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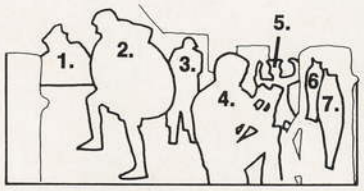

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although they reached ten feet higher than my head."

A moment later an assistant director threw Grace down and smothered the fire in an overcoat. All the skin from the upper part of his body was gone, but the doctor's prompt action in dousing the burns with gasoline, an agonizing but effective therapy, let Grace recover in a few months.

Most stunt men are skeptical about this legend. Are we to assume Grace agreed to be set afire without protective clothing of any kind, and that nobody was standing by to douse the flames when the shot was over? Such carelessness clashes with Grace's usual caution, and it seems safest to take the story with a large grain of salt. But undoubtedly Grace did do some hazardous fire gags, seldom with more protection than a double layer of clothing and heavy leather gloves. So confident was director George Hill of his skill that when he heard Little Venice was in flames, he called up Grace immediately and had him running in and out of the blazing buildings to store up some cheap thrills for later films.

Modern technology has made the fire gag safer, but any stunt man will ask an automatic $500 just to put on the special asbestos suit, fire mask, and miniature breathing equipment needed to keep him alive when doused with alcohol or gasoline and set on fire. Adjustments—for running, fighting or falling into water while in flames—can push the price up to $1,000 a stunt. The so-called "bail-out bottle" designed for high-altitude parachutists holds only three minutes of air, but no man could survive this period of continuous heat. The record is fifteen seconds

> More people died in the film version of the storming of the Winter Palace than were killed in the actual attack.

by stunt man Jack Wilson on *Tobruk* (Arthur Hiller, 1966). Wilson used a double layer of asbestos under his padded jump suit, with long underwear under the lot, and an asbestos mask and gloves capable of withstanding the two-thousand-degree temperature of napalm. For greater effect, he also smeared his suit with rubber cement to produce greasy black smoke. Accidents are common, often for the least likely reasons. Wilson's safety man burned his hands badly just by touching the suit minutes after a take. Others have been hurt by flame-throwers, failing to realize that gases make a vital vapor barrier between the suit and the flames. Effects men always incorporate alcohol into their gasoline/benzine mixtures to provide this essential shield, but the blast of a flame-thrower used too close can strip it away and fatally heat up the interior of a suit.

In Franklin Schaffner's *The War Lord* (1965), Hal Needham was one of nine invading soldiers doused with burning oil by castle defenders. It was not a pleasant experience, he says. "Time is important. They have to put you in the suit, seal you up, put the stuff on you, set you afire and get the shot all in three minutes. You can't have claustrophobia, because when they put you in that suit it really can work on your mind. I checked my air supply, and found they'd cut it in half. Everybody else had 2,500 pounds and I had only 1,200. I could have said, 'I don't have enough air, so forget it' but that would be throwing away $750, so I decided to go with what I'd got.

"The gag was for us to attack the door over the drawbridge, then be doused in oil, set afire, and fall into the moat. I got in there and, to save my air, I decided to breathe the air that was inside my suit and face mask. So I was breathing my own carbon dioxide. It does funny things to your mind. I damn near panicked. My eyepiece fogged up so I couldn't see where I was. I took my sword and felt about for the wall, and then for the edge of the bridge. I started to think: When the fire starts I have to fall into the water. It's night, and the suit isn't waterproof, so if I get water up my nose I can't spit out the mouthpiece because there's not enough room in the suit. I could drown. All that was going through my mind as they poured this mixture of alcohol and benzine and gasoline down on us, and the guy dropped the torch. He was in a window eighteen feet above us but the flame burned the hair off his arm. We just exploded! It was a hell of a fire, but I didn't really know I was in trouble until I pulled my faceplate tight to get a look at what was happening and I saw an effects man with a five gallon bucket spreading more of this stuff around. I got out of that one, but it was hairy—real hairy." OH

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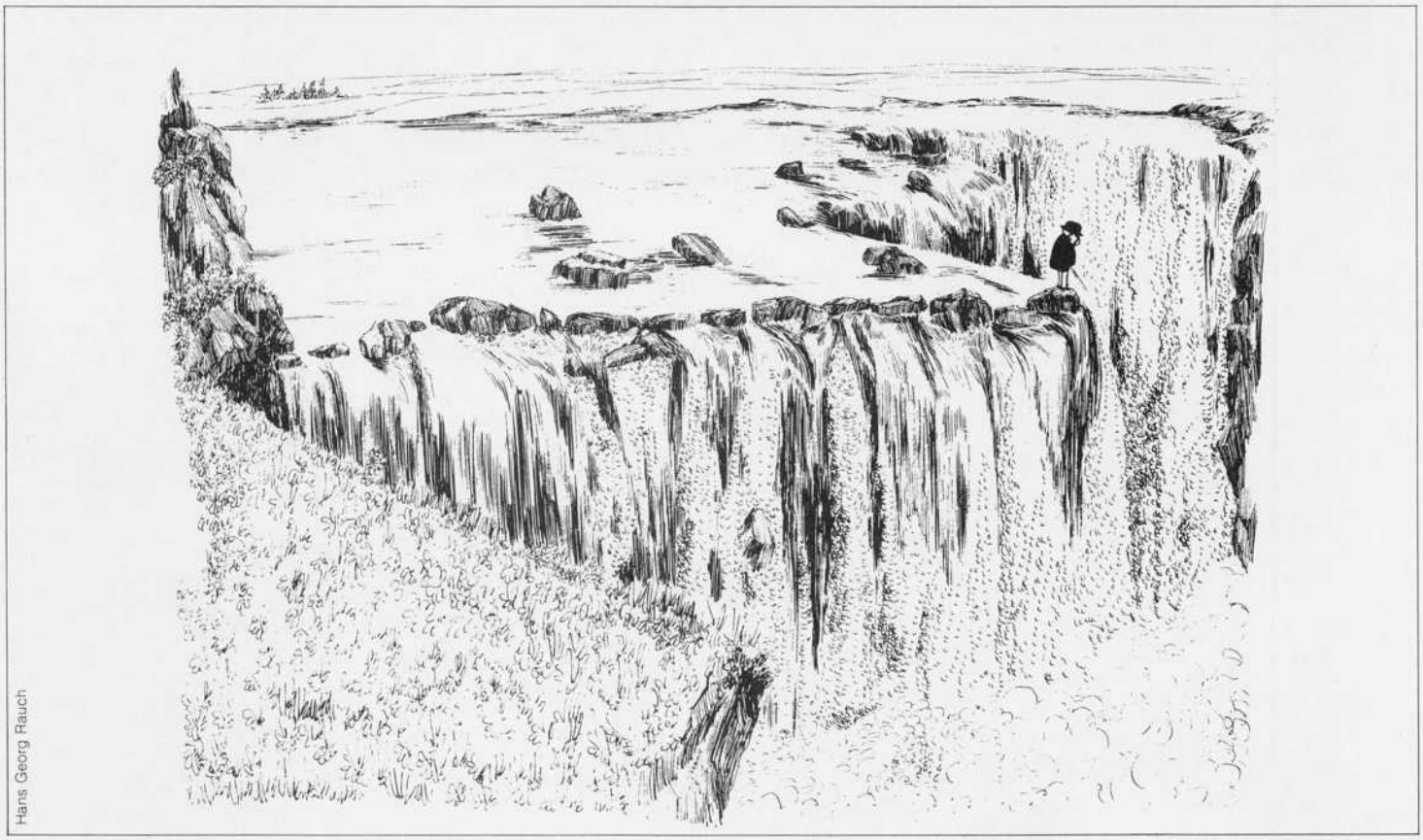

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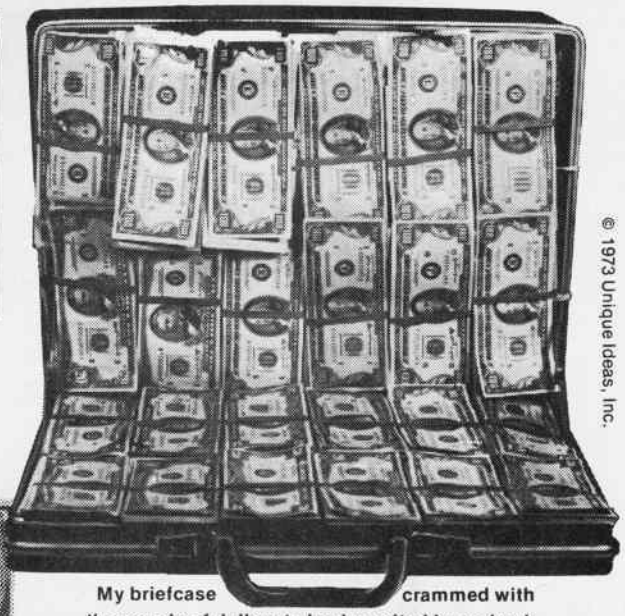

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Obviously you were not born rich so what? 85% of the men and women who are rich today started with very little money and had only average education, so why not be honest with yourself and stop using lame excuses, stand up and face the fact that the only real difference between you and thousands of rich Americans is that they discovered the right moves to make and you did not!

YOU GET RICH MAKING "THE RIGHT MOVES"

I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL $1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 8¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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Name.....

Address .....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

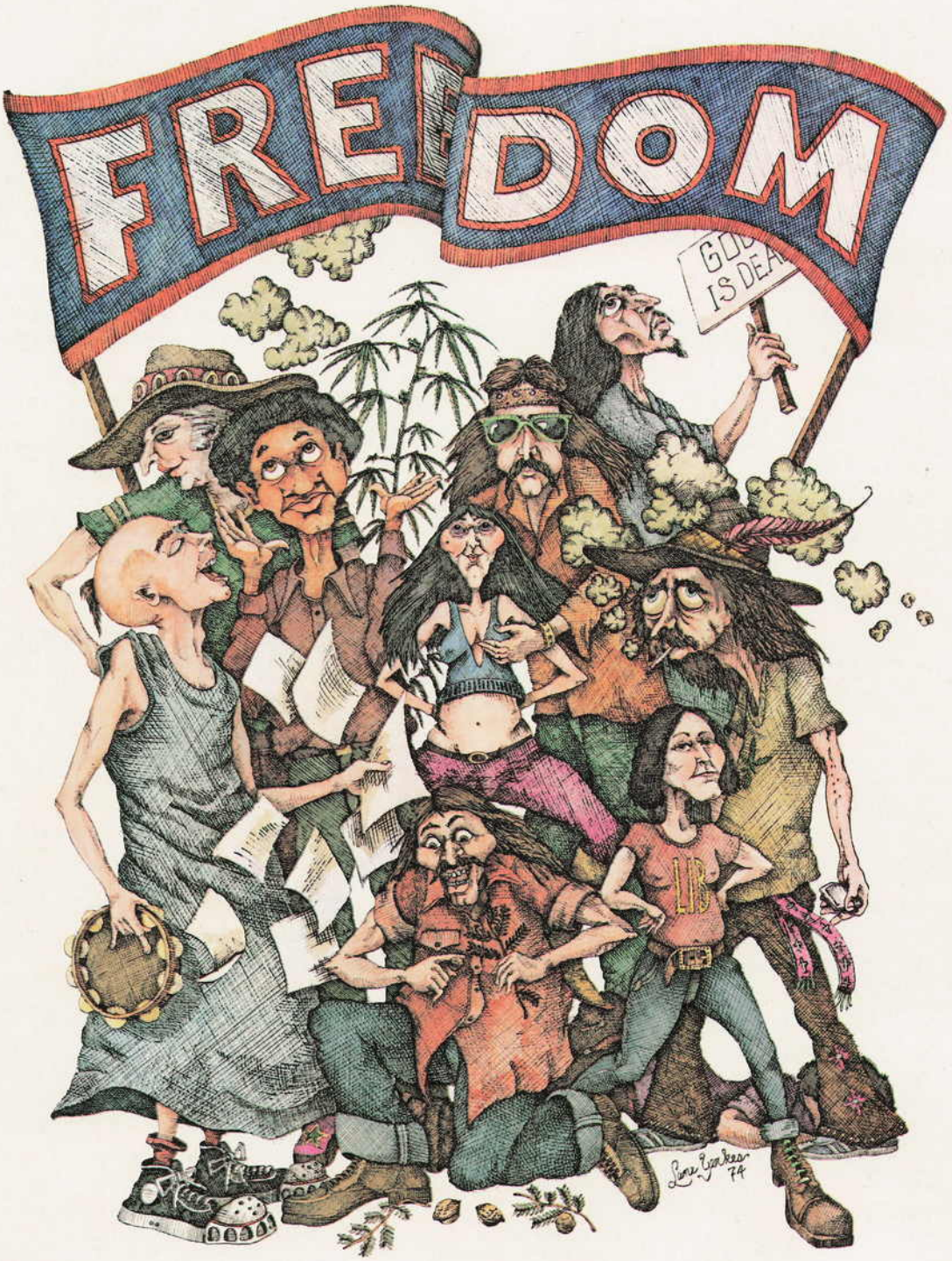
FREEDOM: 1 KIDS: 0

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

**Nobody has freedom.
Nobody understands it.
And nobody really wants it.
Especially kids.**

For the purposes of this enlightening essay, the word "kids" has a special meaning. It refers to a select group, viz: the undereducated (stoopid), the underdressed (raggedy-though-not-necessarily-poor), the vacant-eyed, the "I've got to find me's," the stoned, the indecisive, the snivellers, the "I don't want to work for no lousy profit-making organization" types, the eaters of nuts and ferns, the nonadenoidal mouth-breathers, the "There is no God because he's dead and I never seen him anyway I mean you know" theologians, the fourteen-year-old women's libbers, the shirkers, the "I think everybody should be like more kind like especially to me's," the pacifists who are pacifists because when a finger bleeds they faint, the bald clowns in bed sheets whose contribution to the world of the future is to hand out leaflets to people who use them for purposes of more successful littering, the skinny broads who wear granny glasses and horse blankets, the assholes who say "dig" and "heavy" and "horse" and "you know," the various varieties of "heads" and the general all-round no-good, nonproductive, nonfeeling, self-pitying creeps of all ages. And they do come in *all* age groups, you know.

The word Freedom with a capital "F" means just what it implies: freedom *from*; also freedom *to*. And this peculiar quality, this most misunderstood of terms, this vital, this precious stuff, is beyond price. It costs



and is worth more than everything there is. Remarkably, nobody has it; nobody can afford it; nobody understands it; and—saddest of all—nobody wants it. Think of that. Nobody wants it.

Especially kids. (See above. Or don't see above. Feel free.)

When a political figure uses the word "freedom" it is puke time, simply because what he wants is to be in charge of something. It doesn't matter whether the son of a bitch is running for a place on the Cultural Landmarks Committee, the Overseers of Hypo-allergenic Spasms or the Egg Marketing Board, all the little prick really wants is to tell somebody *else* what to do. He wants power. To take away someone else's freedom. (Of course most of them expect to make a buck on the side and most of them do—which means, simply, they get your freedom *and* your money.) Bastards.

The strange thing is that the community at large really *wants* to be told what to do. Kids and adults. Most adults are kids anyway and that's the reason kids don't want to listen to them. What the hell good is an old kid?

But, you say, they don't want freedom? Of course not. Who does? To most people, freedom means that somebody can send Commie pamphlets through the mails, and they don't like that. It means that you have the right to be anything you want to be, and most people can't stand all that vast range of choices. It scares them. It is truly a terrifying thought. You mean I can be a . . . a scientist? (But what the hell do *I* know . . . it takes me six minutes to figure out the change from a quarter. . . .) Or I can be a . . . a doctor? (I don't even understand what my own doctor *says* to me. He makes marks on a piece of paper; I take the paper to a druggist who says "that'll be eight-fifty," and he goes off in the back somewhere, takes out a wand and a small cardboard box, and what the hell is that all about?) You mean I can be a . . . rancher, poet, inventor, football star, police chief, carpenter . . . president? (How do you do those things? Where do you go? Who do you talk to?) Please, take your freedom and shove it. Please, tell me what to do. Make me. And tell me I'm a good boy and tell me you won't fire me and tell me you love me.

This is one hell of a revolution, this is. The eager young firebrands wake up, sooner or later, and there they are. A day, a whole day, staring them square in the mush. A day full to the brim—full of the worst horror known to revolutionaries—full of *freedom*. What in hell do you do with it? You put on your little, conforming revolutionary, conformingly torn, denims. You put on your conforming revolutionary shirt and your conforming revolutionary bangle. You put on your conforming headband or earring or slouch hat. Then, wearing your full complement of revolutionary face hair, head hair, hair hair, you go out into the great world—dressed in your uniform. The troops are already mustered in their customary revolutionary ranks. Some are sitting on the sidewalk—eyes empty, brains to match, not nurturing so much as a hope. Those with more active minds are wondering how to rip off enough for a joint, a fix, a buster. Even at this hour (3:00 P.M.) they're exhausted by all the freedom and have to rest their brains.

It's this never-ending fight to be free that wears you down, man. See that cat? That cat has a big overcoat. That cat is holding real bread. Where did the cat get the bread? He got it from grinding some poor slobs into scummy poverty. He exploited blacks and Chicanos, man. He got it from the sweat of the laboring man—sorry, the laboring person. We should rip off that cat. Then we can go over to you know and pick up some you know and rest up our brains. It grinds you, man, it is a put-down, it is a dumping. They dump all over us. They go home to those high-rises, like, where my folks live. They go into the church, man, and they make all that noise and they pay good bread to the fella to tell them they're okay. She-et.

I remember when I was in the school, man. Dragtime. Like I mean they didn't tell you nothing you could use, I mean. They had this audy-vizzual. Like, once you got the buttons pushed a coupla times, what the hell? You could push them all day, but then you know like you gotta have something to do. Like to occupy your mind I mean.

You wanna push buttons—you get a TV, but that's a drag, too, I mean. Oh comic books are all right if they don't have too much writing to them you know. You can tell the story by yourself from the pictures, then it's an okay book because to tell you the truth I mean I don't have the time for all that stuff.

I would like to of laid the teacher but she was tight, man, I mean that was a tight chick. Well I have this one of my own or anyway there's just the four of us, usually. It's okay. Like I mean most of the time I bet she don't even care which one it is. And she goes into a store with this like loose shirt and she picks up like some spaghetti, whatever. So we eat too. It's okay, but a lot of the time like you don't know what to do. To kill it I mean.

Mother has a good deal of freedom. At one time she was obliged to work her ass off, but now it's all fixed. If she feels like giving the kids something for breakfast, all she has to do is pour some milk over some dried crud and then stick the bowl in the dishwasher. She wipes the spoon on a rag and puts it back on the counter so it will be handy in case she has to give them lunch. Lunch is easy, too. A can of tuna, which they can open themselves on the opener, a couple of crackers, and a Dr. Pepper. Dinner is work, of course. She has to thaw something a little and then heat it in a pot, but you can put the pot in the dishwasher—and that usually comes out all right. The trick here is never to take anything *out* of the dishwasher unless you really need it. It doesn't hurt the rest of the stuff to get washed again. Do it good. That way you don't have to fool around with stacking dishes and getting cups broken and like that. Then once a week you get out the vacuum and really kill yourself, but if you cut a few corners it only takes about twenty minutes. You can have the TV on at the same time and you don't have to hear all that sound anyway—or just turn it up good and you can tell what the story is.

Daddy has freedom figured out pretty good too. He learned real quick from the boys at the plant. Nobody can say a goddam thing to you unless you get so drunk that you break one of their goddam machines . . . then you get the steward to bring it up before the arbitration. No sense doing any more than you absolutely have to, know what I mean. I mean, they ain't going to pay you any more, so why do you have to knock yourself out? Already they make so many deducts it hardly seems worth coming in in the first place. What the hell, they're rich, they got all the money in the world. What's a man supposed to do—kill himself just to make them richer? The stockholders get all the gravy. So I smacked into some bitch, broke my bumper—cost me a hundred eighty-six fifty outta my own pocket, them Christkillers over to the insurance they have to take out their goddam deduct. I mean, what am I supposed to do—kill myself? Boss comes to work in a Caddy; what's he do all day, chase the seckataries? He catches them too, bet your ass. What am I supposed to be, some kind of slave? Hell, if I could do what he does, it wouldn't take me an hour a week—for chrissake.

So here we have them, the salt of the earth, all ages, shapes and attitudes. They live in the free world. They're not subject to the whim of a fascist tyrant . . . they breathe the pure air of freedom, democracy, and love for one's fellow man. Our boys died so they might live in freedom, Godblessem! They deserve the best. Our boys, I mean.

Nothing is too good for our boys, except they should get over that business of wanting a pension all the time. I mean, once you did your bit, you did it, same as the rest of us. Too much goddam welfare anyway, which the blacks get most of because you got them liberals in there, which are the closest you can get to Commies. But, anyways, it's a free country, right?

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facets of both the male and female sides of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

HENRY C., age 28. 6'1", 185 pounds. Sandy hair, blue eyes. Henry is a handsome, likeable man with a small mustache and a friendly smile. He is deeply tanned and has a good build. He is a highly successful real estate broker, making about $45,000 annually.

BRENDA N., age 24. 5'8", 125 pounds. Long dark hair, brown eyes. As deeply tanned as Henry, since they spend a great deal of time outdoors, on his cruiser. She is a busty, lusty-looking woman with a full, pouty mouth that turns down a little at the corners. She wears mascara, eyeliner, and a pale lipstick, but no other makeup. Brenda has worked as Henry's executive secretary for three years.

HENRY'S STORY:

I was born poor and I came from a big family and I made up my mind, early, to make a lot of money and never go through the hard times my father did. And I also decided that I wasn't ever going to get trapped with a big family, or maybe any family at all.

I've got a good income, with prospects of becoming a millionaire someday, if I want it badly enough. But right now I'm enjoying what I've got. And what I've got is a $75,000 condominium apartment, a forty-foot boat, all the good clothes I always wanted, the best booze, the best food, the best women. I don't have any trouble in my business or in my social life. I guess I've got as near a paradise as any man could have.

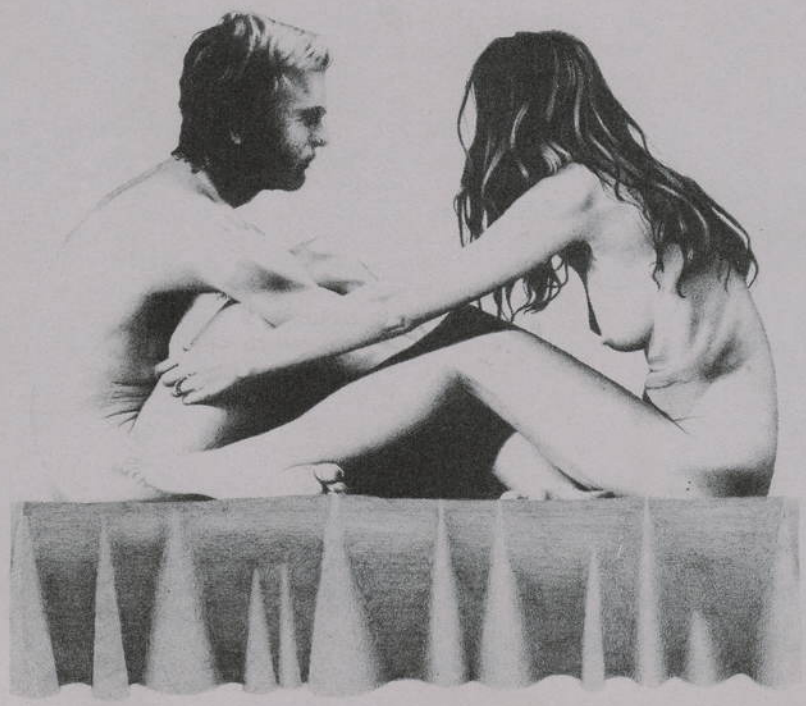
Brenda and I have a great relationship. No real hassles, to speak of. Oh, there are some, of course. But not real bad ones.

When I was just getting my business off the ground, about four years ago, she was my first employee. I'll never forget when she walked in the office. She had that long black mane of hers worn up, very businesslike. She had hardly any makeup. Well, as you can see, she still doesn't wear much. And she wore glasses, just plain window glass because she didn't need them. But she had just the right shape for her face, to make her look older, because she thought nobody would hire her as an executive secretary if she looked too young. And she wore a tailored suit, dark green. All very businesslike, except it was fitted snug and with Brenda's boobs it was the smartest thing she could have done. She looked like the airline stewardesses used to look before they started designing fancy clothes for them. Terribly sexy, but still quite businesslike.

So naturally, I hired her. But I made a mental note to keep hands off. I'm a good businessman and I didn't want to start fucking up the operation before I really got it started. So we spent the first six months Mister and Missing each other, all very formal; but I knew, and she knew, she was getting to me.

It was a small office, that first one, and we just naturally kept brushing up against one another and every time we did I began to feel some of my good resolutions starting to slip. Finally, I guess it was about a year after she started, we closed a hell of a big sale and I told her we ought to celebrate because we were ready to move into bigger quarters and hire a couple of salesmen. So we did. I took her to dinner, a big Polynesian bash, and we both had about six of those Tahitian Stomach Smashers, or whatever the hell they call those drinks with four different kinds of rum, sixteen fruit juices, and an active volcano floating on top. That did it. We both let our hair down. We were kind of slobbery by the time we got to her place and it was the usual pathetic scene when two drunks try to make it. We managed to get undressed and flail around on the bed without falling on the floor, but we couldn't get around to doing much but licking each other. She fell asleep while I was going down on her. A fine romance.

In the morning we woke up with heads like watermelons. We took turns trying to make coffee and bromos and holding wet towels to each other's foreheads. By about noon we felt well enough to sit up and have some Bloody Marys. We were still bare-assed but we didn't have any false modesty about it. Hell, by that time we knew we were going to be lovers.



HOWARD PEMBERTON

And by about two in the afternoon we were more than ready to give it another try.

It was sensational. To use an expression of an old Texas friend, I turned her every way but loose. And she did the same. I always felt Brenda would be sexy but I had no idea how much. I know that waiting for it for a year added a lot of fuel. The anticipation was fantastic. And I must say I was proud of myself on that first bang with her because I had one of those hard-ons that wouldn't go away. I came once. Then she nursed it back to life with those pulpy lips and that fat tongue of hers and from there on it stayed up. I didn't come again, but I didn't want to. You ever feel that way? You come once and then you just like the joy of having it stay stiff the rest of the night and you go on forever. Well, believe it or not, we went on until about four the next morning, with time out for sandwiches and beer.

On top of those big tits and magnificent ass and vampire mouth, Brenda has what is vulgarly known as a snapping pussy. She has this weird control over the muscles. Now personally, I think that's great. But it's never been the big thing with me that it is with some guys—it drives a lot of guys totally nuts.

Anyway, after that first one, we became steady lovers. The first couple of months, naturally, we fucked each other half to death. Then it settled down to four or five times a week, which is what it is now. I imagine that, sexually, Brenda and I are in the kind of routine people get into when they're married. Well, probably a lot better than that. Because just *being* married would dull it for me. I *know* it would. But I mean we both know it's there and when we need each other, there we are. No problems. But I can't stick it with just one woman. Never could. I told her this, right away, so she wouldn't have any beef. She kind of halfway agreed, but as we went along she resigned herself to it. And when she found out that I enjoyed her getting some extra love, under controlled conditions, she had no grounds for nagging me. You see those first couple of times I made love to her I was kind of nervous that I was killing a good business deal. She really is pretty indispensable to me in the business and if she started the routine of wanting to play house, with wedding bells and kids and everything, I was going to have to make some big adjustments in my business that I didn't want to make.

That's the main reason I got the vasectomy. I didn't want to trust her taking the Pill, because you only have to make a mistake once and there goes the ballgame, you know? I didn't need that. So I had 'em cut and I told her about it, after the fact, and waited for her reaction. She didn't seem to bat an eye and I don't think she was acting. She's probably just as relieved about it as I am. But I told her, "You better not throw away the Pills, baby," and then I told her that I didn't expect her to have to just stick with me for her love. I told her about my "controlled condition." I made it a rule that if she screwed somebody else, I had to approve it first. That was just two weeks after I doubled her salary. I kind of had little Brenda over a barrel there.

So anyway, we had a good time and we made lots of money. I didn't screw around with any other women for about a year and when I did, it was mostly in the line of duty. I had this widow, about forty, I guess. A skinny broad, a snob. Loaded with money and talked through her nose with that Boston twang. The old man had been a stockbroker, a big one, and he'd packed it in one night in the club car of the commuter train, leaving mama with a big bundle and a Pekingese and a miserable hippie kid in Yale. So mama decided to move south and start all over. She wanted an apartment but I felt sure I could unload a house I was trying to sell for a quarter of a million. I told Brenda that this could be a big one, but that this skinny broad would probably have to be loved into it.

I worked on her for about a week. Then I invited her out on the boat with us and we cruised around in the canals and intercoastal waters and got her loaded and happy. I told Brenda to give the sick headache routine and go below to her cabin.

To make a long story short, I got the rich bitch to give us a binder. Then, you know what she did? She said, "I think you're cute. But your girl friend is cuter." Holy Jesus! I had that money right there, right within reach, but unless Brenda helped out I might lose it. So I told her, "Well, what's wrong with both of us?" And she gave the nod and I took her down in the cabin and I gave her my best. She liked it. And she wasn't bad, either, skinny or not. Then I had to go to Brenda's cabin and break the news. I said, "Listen, baby, we've got like twenty-five or thirty thousand riding on this one." And I told her what she had to do. And she did it. She just wanted me to help her get started. So we went back to the rich one and I said, "Brenda, Mrs. C. thinks you're a fine figure of a woman." And with that, Mrs. C. took over. She laid Brenda down and they rubbed nipples. She was fascinated by Brenda's three-inch wide nipples, what with the little mounds she had.

Then she kissed her up and down her body and she said to me, "Henry, I'd like you to leave now." So I did, and Brenda made the sale. I don't know all of what they did to each other but when they came back on deck, about two hours later, we had our commission in the bag. Any wonder I love Brenda?

Some people would call this whoring. Well, maybe so. But marriage is whoring, too. Society just gives it a proper name. A guy pays a price for what he gets from his wife. So, Brenda and I pay a price for what we get from our customers. Hell, it's part of business and don't tell me people aren't doing this all over the world. It's combining business with pleasure. What's wrong with that?

Brenda and I still enjoy the hell out of our sex life. But these other people add spice and help swell the bankroll. Look what we get out of it. We have this great penthouse apartment. We have the boat. I've got an Eldorado and she's got a Mercedes. We've both got all the clothes we can buy. I sent her up to New York on a weekend and let her charge seven thousand dollars' worth of clothes. Seven thousand, man! And we're only in our twenties.

She came back and modeled all the new clothes for me and I got a hell of a kick out of it. She wound up with a gold nightie, nothing underneath, and I grabbed her and we had a love fest just like that first one I told you about. Hell, we couldn't be any closer if we were married. And we get a kick out of everything.

Sometimes, at night, we sit in front of the fireplace and we get hysterical remembering some of the guys and broads we've made it with while selling real estate.

Jesus, there was one guy, an old man . . . well, like sixty maybe, retired grocer. But I checked him out and it turned out he was a millionaire! I noticed when he came in the office that he was very interested in Brenda, so when I started dealing with him and found out he was a tough man with a buck I decided to let Brenda work on him.

We invited him to dinner at my place with Brenda doing the cooking, and I had her wear a see-through blouse and one of those real puffed out, see-through aprons. I thought the old boy's eyes would pop out into his drink. We drank quite a bit and I let the talk start to drift around to sex and it turns out this Middle American likes porn. So we set up the screen for him and ran a couple of films with Brenda sitting near him with her boobs practically hanging out.

So when he was all worked up he started talking about Brenda and how she should be a "movie star," which was his polite way of leading up to it. So then Brenda came over to him and ran her fingers over his bald head and said, "But that's not the way I make a living. I sell real estate." And then she handed him the contract, and the old boy laughed and signed it. As soon as he did, Brenda gave him the works.

She took his boney old hands and put them on her tits. She rubbed them across his face. She undressed him. When she went down on him with that mouth the old man damned near had a seizure, he carried on so. He was a little guy and Brenda handled him like a baby. When she got him up with her mouth she had him sit back on the sofa while she got on top of him, straddling him, and damn, I had to leave the room it looked so funny. From the back there was nothing but Brenda's hair and her big ass going up and down and those little pipestem legs sticking out from under her! And the funniest part is the old guy kept getting a cramp in one leg and Brenda would have to get off and massage his leg and then go back to work on him with her mouth to get him up again. Anyway, he was so worn out we had to take him home in our car and put him to bed. That was the funniest sale.

BRENDA'S STORY:

When I met Henry, I thought he was the handsomest thing I'd ever seen. I could also see that he was a guy who was going places in real estate. He had that look about him and I knew he could sell anything and I wanted to get tied up with somebody like that, in business, if not in my personal life. But I played it cool and didn't make any real attempts to lure him on and for a long time we just played our roles as the hard-working boss and his loyal secretary. I learned the business very fast, I think, and I finally reached a point where I knew I was pretty indispensable to Henry. That was about the time we were making the big sale that put us over the top and established us as a power in real estate in this area. I guess it was then that we both relaxed, with each other, that is. We stopped playing games. We became lovers.

I suppose we were pretty disgusting that first time because we were smashed. I mean we were so awfully drunk that nothing happened. About the middle of the next day we managed to get rid of our hangovers and I remember exactly what Henry said. We were sitting on the bed, and we were beginning to lose our green complexions, and he took my face in his hands, very gently, and he said, "Brenda, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. I want you. I need you. And I think I always will."

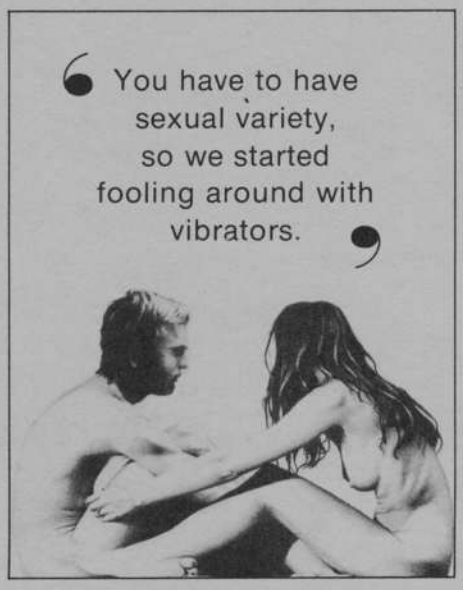
And he meant it. And I knew he didn't mean marriage. I knew that because in all those months we worked together even though I never talked with him, directly, about the subject, he let me know by his conversations with his friends, on the phone, that he was a bachelor and he was going to stay that way. So, fine. I didn't make any plans. But then we became lovers and Henry was such a wonderful lover, so strong but so tender, that he really impressed me and I fell in love with him, romantically, the old-fashioned way. I didn't let on. Or, at least, I don't think I did.

But I felt it. I thought about being a wife to him, as well as a business associate. I thought about having his kids. But I never pressed him on it because I didn't want to push it and blow the whole relationship and blow a pretty damned good career I had built for myself. What girl of twenty-three was making more than twenty-five thousand a year, and with only two years of junior college? I had to think about that. And then he got the vasectomy and that definitely put away any girlish notions I had, and I guess it was probably just as well.

So we were selling like crazy all day and making love in our free time and, my God, how the money rolled in! And that's how it's been. Of course, we're true to each other in our fashion. I mean, we don't embarrass each other by fooling around with other people publicly because that would mess up our whole image and mess up the business. But we have our moments. I'll bet Henry gave you some routine about how he wouldn't let me play around with anybody he didn't approve of, didn't he? I thought so. Well, that's his little machismo talking.

I let him talk about it and I don't try to stir him up on the subject but he knows and I know that we're both going to do what we damned well please so long as we don't hurt the business, or really hurt each other. I mean, if he hated some guy I wouldn't make a point of seeking out that guy for sex, but if I like somebody I'm not going to hold back until Henry runs a check on him and says yes. We've had some blowups about that, once or twice, at first. But it's really ironed out now and we groove pretty well. Naturally, after four years we're not screwing ourselves into a frenzy every night. Henry says we've got it better than any married couple after four years and he's probably right. We make it, sexually, maybe two or three times a week. Maybe a little less some weeks. It's just enough to keep us from frustration, but not so much that we can't make it to the office in the morning.

What I like best about our sex is that Henry has fantastic staying power. Right from the beginning he wasn't the kind who had an orgasm in the first five minutes and then had another one a half hour later and then two hours later and, well, you know. Henry would make love to me for maybe an hour before he'd come the first time. And by that time I'd had, well, I don't know—who counts them? He was fantastic, really.



We had a real pattern. A solid hour of love from Henry, with my coming and coming. Then he'd come. Then we'd rest and have a drink and we'd stroke each other and nuzzle for a while. And then we'd glide into sixty-nine. Oh, God, Henry is just great in that department, too. Fantastic. We would suck and lick each other until I came a couple of more times and then Henry would go back inside me. And it was so sweet. It really was. I don't think any man has ever made love to me like he did. None of them.

Of course, as time went on, we tried more and more different things. It's a law of sex. You have to experiment and you have to have variety or the thing just dies. So after we had exhausted all the umpteen positions, we started fooling with vibrators. Henry found a fantastic thing, shaped like a phallus and with big soft rubber projections on it. A kind of French-tickler vibrator. Made in Taiwan, I think.

He did crazy things to me with that. He'd run it all over my body. It used to drive me crazy on the nipples and, for some reason, on the back of my neck. My neck has always been a sexy spot for me. We have a veterinarian friend who says that's true of many animals, not just humans. He said dogs and cats have the same thing and I remember one time Henry and I watched a couple of cats mating and it's true. The male was biting her in the neck and they were both screaming their heads off. She sounded as if he was murdering her. It was awful, but Henry said, "Well, hell, if she didn't like it she wouldn't live with him." Our vet friend told us an even worse story about the moles. They're blind and the male chases hell out of the female, burrowing under the earth until he catches her. And his penis is something like a sharp spear and her vagina is covered with very tough tissue, not just a thin maidenhead like humans have. And when he catches her it's kind of a horrible bloodbath and it really hurts her. After we learned about that, Henry used to mention it every time we talked about women's lib. He'd say, "Well, maybe we aren't treating women as well as we should, yet. But we've come a hell of a long way from the mole."

Anyway, about my neck. Henry always excited me by kissing and gently biting me there, particularly when we'd do it lying like two loving spoons, with him in back of me. He'd kiss and bite my neck and play with my breasts and give me slow, loving strokes until I was worked up and then, oh man, he'd get me up on my knees and we'd go. Sometimes he'd have black and blue marks around his groin because he was hitting my bottom so hard. He said my bottom was like a pair of beautiful, padded boxing gloves. It didn't hurt *my* bones any because *I* was padded. But Henry's slim around the loins and he took a beating. Or he gave *himself* a beating! It was great. And it's still great, except, as I said, we've slacked off to a couple of times a week because that's nature's way. You just can't maintain that high level of passion with the same person. It's kind of a shame but it's the same for everybody. I don't care what people may tell you. Some of my married friends have bragged and said that after six or seven years their husbands want them just as much. Well, you know that just can't be true. It's not human nature. It's a shame, but it's just not human nature. People seek variety. They can't help it unless they're all closed in tight by religion or the Puritan ethic or whatever you want to call it.

And that's particularly true if you're not married, like Henry and I. You don't have any social laws to break. Oh, technically we're breaking the social laws of our parents by living together. But who isn't these days?

So, anyway, when the time came, Henry and I did begin to have sex with other people. But mostly, we've been together when it happened. You can call it an orgy if you want to, but I think that's just a word to make it sound dirty or wrong. And it isn't. The first time I was a little shy about it, I'll admit. But Henry and I talked about it and he convinced me it was a pretty natural thing to do. Anyway, we've never done it with a whole bunch of people. It would kind of get out of hand and you know, this community is big but it's not so big that you can become the leading hell raisers and still keep your business image. So we've been careful about it.

Also, I don't see anything wrong about women having sex together. I must admit I'd be turned off by any real dykes. I couldn't stand a woman who was real butch and masculine. But a feminine woman, yeah, I can see that. Particular-

ly if we're part of a foursome. You know, some of the people that we've fooled around with have been clients. Maybe that seems tacky, but, well, look, people have been using sex in business for a long time. So what's so new or terrible if Henry and I sometimes do the same? I wouldn't make love to some disgusting, drunken slob to make a sale. And I wouldn't do it at all to make a *small* sale unless I was really attracted to the person. Henry told you about the old man, didn't he? Well, you know that was kind of funny, really. He was a clean old man. Really a kind of baby. So I gave him some pleasure and he gave us a big sale. Is that somehow worse than marrying an old Greek millionaire? I can't see it. I only had to do it once. A young girl who marries an ugly old beast just because he has a lot of money is doing much worse, I think.

And anyway, most of the time we don't do it as a business thing. I remember one young couple who were making a very modest purchase, a house that was selling for maybe forty thousand. There was no big money in it for us. But when we met them, there was instant attraction on all sides. We could just feel it. So we did it. We had them out for dinner and drinks and we went back to our pad and everybody was feeling really good. They were real swingers and real sweet. And they were sexy as hell. They looked like us. I mean the guy was a lot like Henry, tall and good-looking and lean. And the girl was dark-haired and dark-eyed, like me, and we were about the same height, except she had put on weight and was maybe fifteen pounds heavier, mainly in the bottom. She had a pretty enormous bottom, but it looked good, you know. She was really firm.

So we went the whole route. No hassle. We really didn't give a damn if they bought the house. They were nice people and we all wanted a good time and we had it. We suggested it, or rather Henry suggested it to the man, and he said great. So we just paired off in our living room, with the lights dim and the music soft but with a low, heavy beat. And our living room is like a sexy jungle, you know. All soft and furry . . . the rugs and furniture. You can make love anywhere and not roll over on anything sharp.

What I particularly liked was that the man loved my vagina. I have a kind of rare thing. I can move my muscles inside and that just drove him crazy. Henry, somehow, doesn't get that excited over it. But I thought this guy, his name was Dick, I thought he would just lose his mind. He was good, but he didn't have Henry's staying power. He was pretty tuckered out within a half an hour and we lit up cigarettes and made drinks all around and then sat back to admire Henry and the girl. God, Henry was great. I was really proud of him.

Henry just fucked her blind. I remember how he had her legs up over his shoulders and her big bottom was quivering as he kept coming down hard. And then, Henry had to pull out before he came because she wasn't on the Pill, for some damned reason. When he came it just spurted all the way up to her breasts. I got so excited that as Henry rolled off of her, I had the impulse to lick his semen off of her. And I did. And Henry and Dick started laughing and applauding. I licked her stomach and breasts and she responded and we made love there in the same position. She was terrific. Soft and yielding and when she got her breath back I don't think I ever had such pleasure from a woman. She had a beautiful mouth and we kissed and rubbed our breasts together and fondled each other and sixty-nined for, oh God, I don't know how long. The boys finally pulled us apart and made us stop for refreshments. But it was great. And, like I said, it didn't have a damned thing to do with making a sale. As a matter of fact they didn't buy anything from us. We referred them to another company that had a house that they wanted. But we're still friends, and we still get together occasionally.

So that's the way it is with us. I wouldn't be surprised if we stayed together, forever. Maybe we won't. I don't know. We're still young and anything could happen. Maybe some day I'll split up with him, maybe I'll meet Prince Charming and go the married route. But right now I can't imagine it.

Except for kids, what am I going to get out of marriage? Respectability? Most of the respectable people I know make me ill. Money? Who am I going to meet who will treat me half as well as Henry. I'm virtually a partner in the business. I have everything in the world I need. We hardly ever have any serious fights. And we have fun. So tell me why I should be dissatisfied and give all this up. Kids? Well, that's the only thing. Someday it may come down to that. Someday I may look around and decide that that's what I want. But I doubt it. I really doubt it.

ANALYSIS:

I am prone to say that after forty-two years of counselling people in sexual difficulties I have "heard it all" and that there is nothing left that can possibly shock me.

Yet on first reading through the "confessions" of Henry and Brenda, I found that I was shocked. When I came to analyze why, I concluded that it was because they reveal the commercial exploitation of sex between two people on a scale I do not think I have encountered before.

So what's wrong with the commercial exploitation of sex? Doesn't practically all Big Business use sex as an inducement to persuade potential customers to place orders? Isn't it true, as Jeffers and Levitan declare in *Sex in the Executive Suite*, that "Sex is a necessary lubricant of business! A surprising statement, but not to those in America's executive suites who know that business runs on sex—getting it, giving it, using it. Of course there is a price attached—a deal locked up, a promotion garnered, a job secured, money earned, an ego gratified. It's the New Way. Why? Mostly because everyone else is doing it!"

With the exception of prostitution, which, for the most part, fulfills a social need, I find the exploitation of sex in commerce amoral if not immoral. I believe the whole system is responsible for much of the malaise that is presently undermining the moral fiber of the great industrial societies.

It is not the function of psychologists and sexologists like myself to moralize, and usually I do not find myself having to resist the temptation to do so. This is probably because I sincerely believe that each of us is entitled to any sexual experience, no matter how it is achieved, provided that neither partner is compelled to do something against his or her will, and is not physically or psychologically hurt by it.

This is a pretty sweeping tenet to apply to sexual behavior, but in my view it is justifiable, as long as the conditions are observed. It covers not only way-out behavior but takes in the so-called deviations of a more extreme nature.

So what is wrong with sex in the executive suite as it's presently practiced? If all those concerned are indulging voluntarily, what can be wrong?

But that is the crunch! Not all concerned *are* indulging voluntarily. Many are doing so out of fear that, if they don't, they will lose out materially or in some other way. This insidious compulsion destroys the whole basis of the sexual experience to which I have just subscribed, liberal though it is. The accounts of Henry and Brenda succinctly encapsulate the executive sex scene.

Henry has come from a large poor family. Naturally, he does not want to go through life experiencing the poverty which colored his childhood, especially since he has discovered that he possesses the talents to win material success. But in putting these talents to work, he has lost sight of practically everything but material rewards. Nothing is allowed to come within a fraction of an inch of jeopardizing those rewards.

This determination is most vividly underlined by the vasectomy episode, by the "controlled conditions" under which he would permit Brenda to have sex with other men, and by his comment on the timing of his telling her both these things. "That was just two weeks after I doubled her salary. I kind of had little Brenda over a barrel there."

After this, his use of Brenda for his own personal sexual satisfaction and for the furtherance of his materialism can have no bounds. And it appears that it hasn't!

But if Brenda is prepared to be used in this way, what is wrong with that? Nothing, if she had *not* been subjected to a subtle, coolly calculated brainwashing by Henry in order to achieve his ends.

". . . I fell in love with him," she says, "romantically, the old-fashioned way. . . . I thought about being a wife to him. . . . I thought about having his kids." But the vasectomy "put away any girlish notions I had, and I guess it was just as well. . . . I didn't want to blow a pretty damned good career I had built for myself."

But notice how desperately both want us to know how happy they are, sexually and otherwise. By impressing this constantly on us, both are expressing their uneasiness about the actual quality of their relationship. Justification after justification occurs frequently throughout both of their narratives.

Neither one knows anything about love. Though they may have a lot of fun, all that they have in common is physical sex and a worship of material wealth. They are *using* each other, which is quite different from *giving* themselves to each other.

And if I may pontificate for once, it is *giving* not *grasping* which injects true quality into living and loving.

Celluloid Dreams...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

novel. There was even some golden guy —whose name really *was* Guy—and girls who were heiresses and stuff . . . oh, Christ! . . . I was just incredibly jealous of all that, and it was the basis for a dramatic motif that I've been playing with for years now and am still involved with."

He poured another glass of Taittinger champagne, then began munching on a thick slab of mozzarella cheese. "Um-m-m-m . . . so *good*!" he said, swallowing the cheese. Francis Ford Coppola was sitting in his office at the studios of American Zoetrope, his feet propped up on a rolltop desk, trying to calm his nerves. American Zoetrope is the film company Coppola had launched several years ago in San Francisco. A large, three-story building located in the city's warehouse district and equipped with all manner of movie-making hardware—custom-built sound-mixing consoles, video scanners, picture-editing tables—Zoetrope was where Coppola had cut the final version of *The Godfather*. He was now using the studio, as well as the city, as a base for his forthcoming movies.

"If *Godfather II* is as big as the first picture and makes another $150 million," he smiled, as if to reassure himself, "Paramount promises they'll give me a Lear jet. Now what am I going to do with *that*?" Throwing up his hands, he walked over to the icebox in the next room and pulled out another slab of cheese. Soon after *The Godfather* became the biggest box-office hit of all time, Paramount gave Coppola—who had directed the movie despite a series of battles with studio bosses that were now film history—a $45,000 Mercedes-Benz 600. As he still continued to tool around the streets of San Francisco in his tiny Honda, the promise of a Lear jet seemed to offer him little comfort.

Coppola looked exhausted. Dark rings had formed under his eyes, and his clothes—a rumpled brown corduroy suit, a blue-striped shirt, and no tie—looked as though he'd slept in them. He was four weeks into making a new movie, a modestly budgeted feature called *The Conversation*, starring Gene Hackman, and he had five more weeks of shooting to go—all of them in San Francisco—before beginning work on *The Godfather, Part II*. *The Conversation* represented a direction in Coppola's filmmaking career that he had always fancied—one that the extraordinary success of *The Godfather* had now freed him to follow. It is a "personal" film based on an original script and shot with a small crew, a film over which Coppola could exert maximum control in every area of production. Hackman plays the part of an eccentric, middle-aged surveillance expert who has the ability to record almost any conversation by means of sophisticated electronic devices. He operates out of a small van, like the infamous phone phreak, Captain Crunch, and after bugging the conversation of a young couple in a park, he comes to learn of a plot to assassinate a mysterious Mr. C. The story bears some striking resemblances to Watergate, even though Coppola first conceived of this film more than five years ago. The picture, Coppola's first film since *The Godfather*, had not been going well. First, the budget suddenly jumped from $1.1 to $1.8 million and the shooting schedule was extended from forty to forty-five days; next, the cameraman was fired; and now Coppola was struggling night and day with numerous revisions of his original script.

He felt exhausted, too, for he had spent and scattered his energies over many different projects during the past year—movie scripts, a play, and even an opera. It was as though he still felt a maddening compulsion to prove himself, to win acceptance from those critics who thought of him as just another big commercial Hollywood director. Although *The Godfather* had established Coppola as an important American filmmaker, perhaps one of the most gifted of his generation, the whole experience of making the picture over a year and a half, he said, had been miserable. He had almost been fired four times: first for attempting to cast Brando and for fighting with the moguls to make it a three-hour movie, then for going way over the budget, and finally for insisting on the film's Sicilian sequence. *The Godfather*, however, had rapidly receded into the past for Coppola; he hadn't even seen the picture since opening night.

Big money was now coming in, and only a few weeks back Coppola had received a percentage check for $1.5 million. He would probably get at least three times that by the time *The Godfather* was shown on television. Not long before Coppola had bought himself a Gatsby-like mansion, a colossal affair of twenty-two rooms overlooking the rolling hills of the city. He and his wife Eleanor were still refurnishing the old Victorian house, remodeling here and there and converting what had once been a ballroom into a spectacular screening room. His friends said that he'd become more conservative now and was not as "crazy" as he used to be—say, when he made his first feature, *Dementia 13*, a grade-B horror flick, back in 1962 while still a film student at UCLA, or even later, in 1969, when he hustled Warner Brothers into backing *The Rain People* even *before* the studio heads had seen a script. But Coppola disagreed.

Still, he had undergone some changes. And restlessly pacing back and forth in his office now, waiting for a photographer to show up, to scout locations, he looked worried. Behind him hung a huge poster for Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Conformist*, a movie Coppola seemed obsessed by. "Bertolucci!" he exclaimed. "He's an extraordinary talent! I look at two reels of *The Conformist* every day. He's my freedom therapy. I say, 'My God! he's *doing* that.' I wouldn't have let myself do that—I'd be too embarrassed. He's obviously together enough that he can do absolutely anything that delights him. Why can't I? What's happened to me?"

Coppola sighed and said that he felt riddled with contradictions. Several of his earlier pictures—*You're a Big Boy Now* (1966), *Finian's Rainbow* (1968), *The Rain People* (1969)—had been box-office flops, and though *Rain People* was enjoying a local revival, Coppola was something of an enigma to most movie critics. His movies, taken together, fell into no particular genre; nor were they, except for the acting, especially memorable. But somehow, inexplicably, Francis Ford Coppola had managed to pull off one of the most phenomenal commercial and artistic successes in the history of motion pictures—*The Godfather*, after all, is probably the best gangster movie ever made—and nobody could explain exactly how he'd done it. Critics always noted Coppola's gift for working with actors, even for using the same performers—James Caan and Robert Duvall—in such very different movies as *Rain People* and *The Godfather*. Not unlike the early Orson Welles, Coppola seemed to be building his own repertory company, his own Mercury Theatre.

And so the contradictions he felt were probably, all taken together, responsible for his talent. He didn't know. They were buried somewhere in the psychic recesses of his past—in his Italian origins, in those fantastic dreams and aspirations he had as a child.

"Francis," his secretary called from the next room, "the photographer's here. He's waiting—"

"Tell him I'll be ready in a couple of minutes," Coppola yelled, then quickly finished another glass of champagne. "God, this process of making films is driving me crazy! I won't make films anymore if it has to be this miserable. . . . As I talk to you now . . . as I do whatever I'm doing . . . as I hear that *The Godfather* is setting the all-time this and all-time that—it's always tempered by the *real* activity going on in me, which is how am I going to get through next week?"

On the night of *The Godfather*'s premiere in New York, an offer was made to Francis Ford Coppola that he couldn't refuse. Robert Evans, the head of Paramount, asked him to write a screen version of *The Great Gatsby*. The writer previously assigned to the script, Truman Capote, had not delivered, and Evans was anxious to use the movie as a vehicle for Ali MacGraw—who was his choice for the important role of Daisy Buchanan (a role finally to be awarded to Mia Farrow). The choice of Coppola had been made on the basis of his impressive skills as an adapter—he had won an Oscar as coauthor of *Patton* and had just succeeded in transforming Mario Puzo's racy bestseller into something more than just popular melodrama. For reasons probably unknown to Evans, the choice couldn't have been more appropriate. The story of Jay Gatsby's rise to fame and fortune and his elusive, tragic love for Daisy had striking parallels in Coppola's own life.

So Coppola, promised a large sum, immediately plunged into the screenplay. He worked steadily at the script each morning for five weeks at the Café Trieste in San

Francisco's North Beach. Just as he'd done with *The Godfather*, he tore out all the pages of Fitzgerald's novel, pasted them down into a stage-director's notebook, and then began summarizing the action on each page. He worked quickly and methodically. He stole lines from other Fitzgerald stories but never—he says—allowed his own ego to intrude upon the narrative. He made the script very much a period piece, but without projecting current attitudes onto the past, emphasizing the most visual elements of the novel—the elusive green light flickering at the end of Daisy Buchanan's dock, for instance, and the enormous eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg that peer out from a billboard over the environs of Queens. He wrote out portions of conversations and then dictated them to his secretary.

The script opens with a series of shots of Gatsby's colossal mansion in West Egg: tower, marble pool, private beach, and boat docks. It is winter and the mansion is deserted. The movie now dissolves to Gatsby's list of boyhood chores at the back of an old, ragged copy of *Hopalong Cassidy*. Coppola uses this list, a symbol of Gatsby's quest for the American Dream, as a framing device. Now the scene shifts to the Buchanan estate, where Nick Carraway, a thin young man in a white linen suit, appears with Tom Buchanan, the powerfully built blond husband of Daisy. Nick, somewhat awed, eyes the red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion. . . .

"You like it?" asks Tom.

"Very nice," says Nick.

"Used to belong to Demaine, the oil man. Where's your place, Nick?"

"In West Egg, across the Sound. But it's just a little servant's cottage I got for eighty a month."

"Eighty a month!" exclaims Tom. "Our beer bills at New Haven were more than eighty a month!"

Nick smiles, good-naturedly, "I'm just one of a thousand young struggling bond salesmen on Wall Street."

After they enter the mansion, Nick encounters Daisy and her friend Jordan Baker, both dressed in white.

"Nick, is it really you?" cries Daisy.

"It is. . . ."

"My dear lost love," she says, taking his hand. "I'm p-paralyzed with happiness." Then to her friend, "Jordan, this is my cousin once removed, Nick Carraway. Does that mean we kiss when we greet or no?"

"I hope it means we do," Nick says, then kisses her.

"Tom says you've just come from Louisville. Tell me everything. Do they miss me?"

"The whole town is desolate," Nick says.

"How gorgeous!"

"All the cars have the left front wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night."

"Let's go back tomorrow, Tom," Daisy says. "I love a persistent wail."

Later in the story, after all of his extravagant parties, Gatsby is finally reunited with Daisy Buchanan. They stand together in Gatsby's mansion.

"Your guns are crooked," Daisy tells Gatsby. "You're handsomer than you used to be. Jay, you have the most remarkable eyes."

Gatsby stares at her: "I'll love you until the day I am too old for loving."

"All those years, gone by, wasted," she says. "And this strange coincidence that you live in West Egg, just across. . . ."

"It wasn't a coincidence."

Daisy stares in disbelief: "Am I to sit here and believe that you bought this great mansion just to be across the bay from me?" Tears begin to well in her eyes. "How touching, Jay, how absolutely dear, and touching, and sincere. Please, come here. Let me kiss you."

Gatsby sits down beside her, and holds her at arm's length, looking at her mysterious eyes.

"Be my lover. . . ." she whispers.

"I'll be your husband." He kisses her.

"Husband and lover. . . ." Daisy says as the scene ends.

After Coppola's boyhood summer and winter out on Long Island, his family moved in to Queens, where he attended Jamaica High School. The scrawny kid, now sixteen, had become stronger and more assertive physically, but he was still considered an outsider. He had attended more than twenty different schools in his brief career, and he always felt uprooted. The other kids nicknamed him "Science" because he was smart and wanted to be a nuclear physicist.

By this time his interests had changed—his really basic interest was now girls. With his friends from the Bronx and Brooklyn, he went girl-watching in the city after school. "I lived in that shady world of girls, first kisses, and strange, extravagant sexual stories that maybe happened or didn't happen," he remembered. "Then my fantasy life really started to take over. . . ."

The high school Coppola went to was rough. There were gang wars and actual killings. He was angry when he was beaten up in school and got shaken down for quarters every day, so he conceived a fantasy of a secret army—a paramilitary organization of which he was the general—an army of smart kids who would fight gang wars with technological weapons. He conducted secret meetings with his friends and devised a vast arsenal of weapons for combat. He dreamed of winning wars—and, of course, all the girls—scientifically, and he envisioned coming back from Korea with his secret battalion of kids to ticker-tape parades. "All through this fantasy life," he recalls, "I didn't realize that what I wanted was to make movies."

One day Coppola's father discovered his secret files and decided to send him to military school, which he attended on a tuba scholarship. He hated military school—there were no girls and, besides, he had now decided not to be a scientist. He would be a playwright instead. At school he wrote love letters for his fellow cadets for a dollar a page; he'd take a photograph of a cadet's girl friend, sit down alone in his room staring at the picture, and then write a long passionate letter. One day, after more than a year and a half of this, he decided to run away.

"Christ! It was ridiculous!" Coppola told one reporter when asked about his screenplay of *Patton*. "They asked me to write a script about a war that ended when I was five years old, about a general I'd never heard of. On top of that, I had to please a producer [Frank McCarthy] and a studio boss [Darryl Zanuck] who were *both* generals!"

Early in 1964, when he was twenty-five, Coppola was assigned to script a movie. At that time he was a staff writer for Seven Arts, turning out screenplays, mostly adaptations such as *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, at a fast clip—usually in from six to eight weeks. With *Patton* he would be able to spend six months on the project. After reading several biographies of the general and combing through his speeches and letters, Coppola's first reaction (as he later told another reporter) was, "Wait a minute, this guy was obviously nuts! If they want to make a film glorifying him as a great American hero, it will be laughed at. And if I write a film that condemns him, it won't be made at all." Coppola wrestled with the problem for a long time before coming up with a brilliant solution: he would make Patton a "man out of his time, a pathetic hero, a Don Quixote figure," thus satisfying both those who wanted to see Patton as a hero and those who saw him as a madman.

The studio was not pleased with Coppola's script and farmed out the project to another team of writers. But when George C. Scott was offered the part of Patton, he remembered the Coppola version and said that he would do it *if* he could use the earlier script. At that time Coppola was experimenting with a "presentational style" of filmmaking—of having an actor stand in front of an audience and talk. Thus the opening scene of *Patton* has Scott standing against the backdrop of an American flag, and his speech is word-for-word from the Coppola script. Coppola also contributed the scenes in which Patton stands at the sight of ruins in Sicily and talks of reincarnation. Later, Coppola won an Oscar as coauthor of the picture, though he never met his collaborator.

The next week, when I met Coppola to go on with our interview, he was pacing nervously up and down San Francisco's Union Square, where he was preparing to shoot the opening sequence of *The Conversation*. Four cameras with high-power 800-mm lenses were positioned at strategic points around the square, ready to zoom in on the action below—Gene Hackman following a young couple in the park. Coppola looks worried. He'd been trying to set up the same shot for the last week, and he began to thumb through a batch of index cards that contained all the complex camera angles and shots for the day.

At high noon Union Square overflows with people. Bankers and businessmen and secretaries from the nearby financial district were casually strolling along in the sunlight, while bums on the park benches passed bottles of booze wrapped in brown paper bags back and forth between them. A white-faced pantomimist, Robert Shields, dressed as a drum major, comically began to mimic the

mannerisms of innocent passersby. The scene was ordinary enough for San Francisco—about what you'd expect on a typical day in the square, except for the presence of the cameras and film crew.

"Awright, folks! Just keep moving!" Coppola yelled. "Make it look like Union Square really *is*. Keep moving!" Coppola was still wearing rumpled brown corduroys. Big and bearlike and tough-looking, he stood next to the camera, encircled by his crew.

"We're waitin' for the command," an assistant director said. "The blitzkrieg begins at"—he checked his watch—"at noon."

"Gimme a quarter for a drink, pal," begged one of the bums.

Turning to his staff, Coppola gave the command, in a nasal Queens accent, "Okay. Let's roll the cameras. . . . Action!"

Suddenly a motley crew of street musicians struck up a jazz rendition of "Red, Red Robin." The overall scene was still typical enough, but now the camera focused on an attractive young couple (Frederic Forrest and Cindy Williams) sitting on a park bench only a few feet away from the musicians. In the film, the couple is unaware that their conversation—which on the surface seems innocent enough—is being monitored by a team of surveillance experts.

In another part of Union Square, Gene Hackman, the mastermind of the team, sat quietly, sipping coffee from a plastic cup. He wore a drab green suit, wire-rims, and a narrow black tie; and he looked like a bank clerk. But Harry Caul—the character he plays in the movie—is an electronics whiz, a paranoid genius who coolly invades the privacy of others, while opposing, even to the point of violence, any invasion of his own. Off the square, half a block away, Harry Caul has set up a special van equipped with the latest, most sophisticated bugging devices.

What are the facets of Harry's character? "Oh, uptight, right-wing, eccentric, secretive, but with no axes to grind," Hackman explained. "Problem is, he's taping this couple who are walking around in this park here, and he hears something in one of the party's voices as he's listening to the tapes. He's moved by it and makes the mistake of becoming involved. The plot is really intricate, very complicated. It's much more of a character piece and a social statement"—he chuckled—"God, that sounds boring! No, I didn't say that. Hopefully, it's a statement about the invasion of privacy."

Meanwhile, up on top of the City of Paris building, one of Hackman's co-conspirators had been zeroing in on the couple's conversation. The man was using a powerful shotgun mike. Suddenly two real policemen, thinking they had found a mad sniper, came storming out on the roof, guns drawn. "No, no! Wait a minute!" the man shouted, pointing to the mike. "It's only a movie! It's only a movie!" After he had been frisked and his mike inspected, the policemen were finally convinced and allowed him to go on.

By late afternoon Coppola was ready to quit shooting for the day. Long shadows stretched across Union Square, and the crowds of curi-

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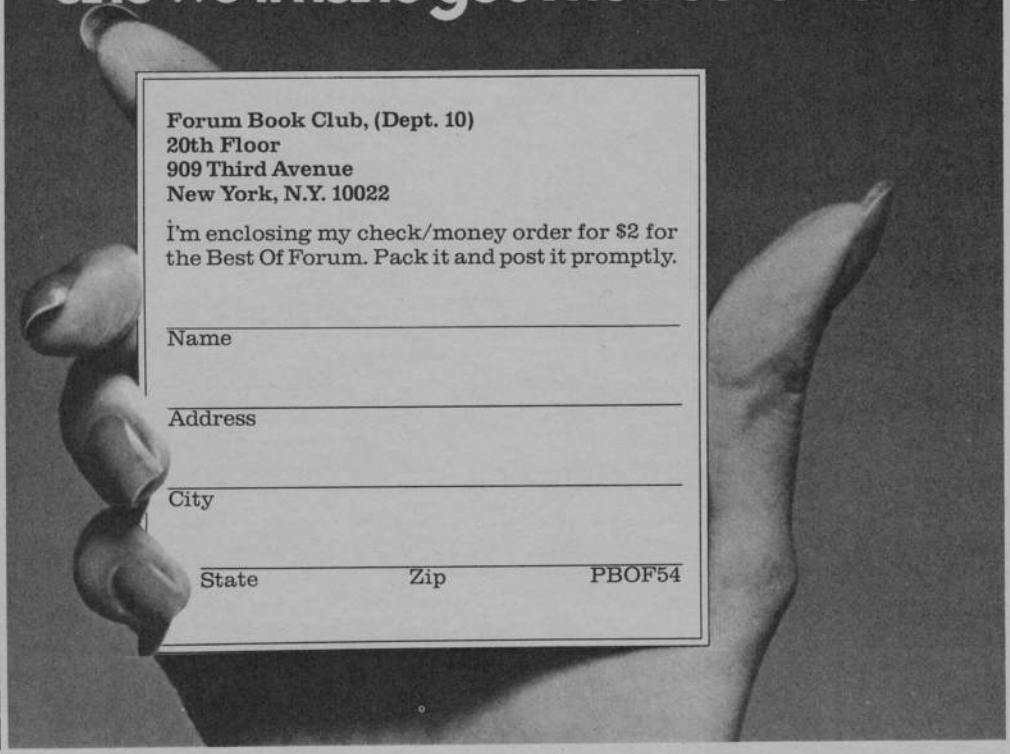

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ous onlookers had become increasingly distracting. Everybody left for a nearby restaurant. "Man, we're having like $7 meals on this picture, with two kinds of wine," Hackman smiled. "That's the thing you really look forward to."

Standing next to Coppola in line was George Lucas, a wiry, bearded young filmmaker, maybe twenty-seven or twenty-eight, one of Coppola's closest friends and protégés. He talked about the movie he had just finished and that Coppola had produced—a low-budget, Sixties rock-greaser flick about high school kids who cruise around Mel's Drive-In. This film, *American Graffiti*, was to become Lucas's *The Godfather,* establishing him as a leading Hollywood director.

"I first met Francis," Lucas told me later, while sitting in the screening room at American Zoetrope, "about five or six years ago on the set of *Finian's Rainbow*. Warner's had assigned me to be a student intern on that picture—I was just out of film school, UCLA—and after about three days on the set I was bored out of my mind. This is just another ridiculous Hollywood movie, I remember thinking. Then Francis came up to me and said, 'Hey, kid! What do you wanna do?' 'Make movies,' I told him. So he put me to work on various jobs, like doing special effects and finding angles and working with the art director. Francis was given to helping film students because he'd been one himself at UCLA; and he was the first director who wasn't related to anybody in Hollywood, knew nobody, and had made it purely on his own power. That was an event in those days—FILM STUDENT MAKES IT AS HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR!—for if one guy could do it, others could too. So after a while he came to depend on me for ideas and stuff. . . .

"Francis was, and still is, very story-oriented as a director. He comes out of a theatrical tradition. His personality is outgoing. He's very Italian, very flamboyant. He calls me 'the kid with the seventy-year-old mind.' His head is up in the clouds—he dreams. I always used to say that he was crazy in a good way—the kind of guy, like in the old movies, who goes out there and pulls off things while everybody else says, 'No, no, Francis! You can't do that!'

"In 1969, when he was making *Rain People*, he told me, 'We can make movies anywhere. We don't need Hollywood. We ought to move someplace else.' So he started American Zoetrope with $300,000 of his own money and with backing from Warner Brothers. He asked me, 'Well, what do you wanna do now, kid?' I said, 'Make *THX-1138*.' I'd done the movie as a short in film school and it had won a couple of prizes. 'Okay,' he said, 'You write a screenplay and I'll get the film made for you.' That's one thing about Francis—he's part con man. You have to be. How in the world are you going to promote one or two million dollars without doing that? There are a lot of people who don't like it, and in the process people *do* get hurt—Francis is a used-car salesman. Arguing with him is a real tour de force. He just runs all over you, because he's emotional—he pulls out these things, talks very fast and very loud, 'I'm doing this *for you*. . . .' In the end, you love him and he's talked you out of whatever it was that you wanted. . . .

"So we moved to San Francisco and got *THX-1138* all ready to roll—we got the cast and the sets and worked out the budget. Then Francis came down to L.A. He pulled into the Warner's lot on his motorcycle—it was right after *Easy Rider*—and burst into the office, shouting 'What's going on here? We're ready to shoot! Where's our go-ahead? Here's the script, here's the cast. . . . What kind of organization are you guys running?' Francis was pretty hot at the time and the people at Warner's wanted him. He said, 'Look, we're all crazy kids, and we've got this great avant-garde studio up in San Francisco. . . .' All we really had was an old warehouse and a lot of filmmaking equipment. But Francis went on, 'Where's our money? You wanna be with us or don't you?' They said, 'Well, a-a-a-ah. . . .' Then a couple of days later, he sent a telegram to Warner's, 'PUT UP OR SHUT UP,' and that's how *THX-1138* got started.

"About six months later, Francis went down to Warner Brothers again, this time with a rough cut of my movie and seven scripts and all those other projects. That was Black Thursday. They read all the screenplays—*The Conversation* was one of them—and they hated every one of them. Then around that time *Love Story* came out and all of a sudden crazy kids were out and traditional stuff was in. So they dropped everything, completely backed out, and said, 'We're getting rid of you guys.' By then Francis was over his ears in debt and had to cancel everything. Things were very black. Francis was pushing close to a half-million dollars in debt . . . in serious trouble, right? I mean, *we got trouble.* People were suing us left and right and the doors were closing. Then Francis got the job to direct *The Godfather*. Peter Bart called him at my house in Mill Valley and really wanted him to do it. He'd been after Francis for two months. 'Should I do it or not?' Francis asked me. 'Go ahead, Francis,' I told him. 'We really need the money. What have you got to lose?'

"So Francis got the job. It wasn't much—not nearly enough to get us out of debt, not even re-*mote*-ly enough. So what does he do in the face of total disaster? He goes out and buys himself a mansion. That really sums it up for him."

The summer before Coppola ran away from military school, he lived with his older brother August in a little house in Los Angeles. His brother, five years his senior, was going to UCLA and wanted to be a novelist. The house was always crowded with bohemian types—writers and artists and pretty girls. Francis began reading the works of Aldous Huxley, André Gide, and James Joyce, and after he returned to New York he enrolled in Great Neck High School. Now he became involved with a crowd of intellectual Jewish kids who hung out after school in Greenwich Village, looking for e. e. cummings. "Those kids were fabulous and I just idolized them," he remembers. To impress his friends in creative-writing class, he once handed in a 110-page paper on Hemingway—actually, his brother's master's thesis, slightly rewritten. This quickly became a legend at Great Neck, and soon all the girls were turning in hundred-page papers—only they were really writing them. "I was a totally terrible writer, and I knew it. But I wanted to impress the girls in creative writing. . . . I was a total shuck all my life, but I'd made up my mind that I was going to be a playwright, even though I hadn't written anything that was any good. . . ."

Having almost finished *The Conversation*, Coppola was now hard at work on the screenplay of *Godfather II*. The movie had been scheduled to go into production by early summer 1973 and nearly half the picture was to be shot in Italy. The budget would be $6.5 million, about a million more than *The Godfather,* and Coppola would have greater artistic control this time. Mario Puzo, who would collaborate on the script, was in town, and for a while Coppola was totally inaccessible, spending all his time working with Puzo. Then one day at Zoetrope I caught up with him.

"What are you going to do with *Godfather II*?" I asked.

"It's a secret," Coppola said, smiling boyishly.

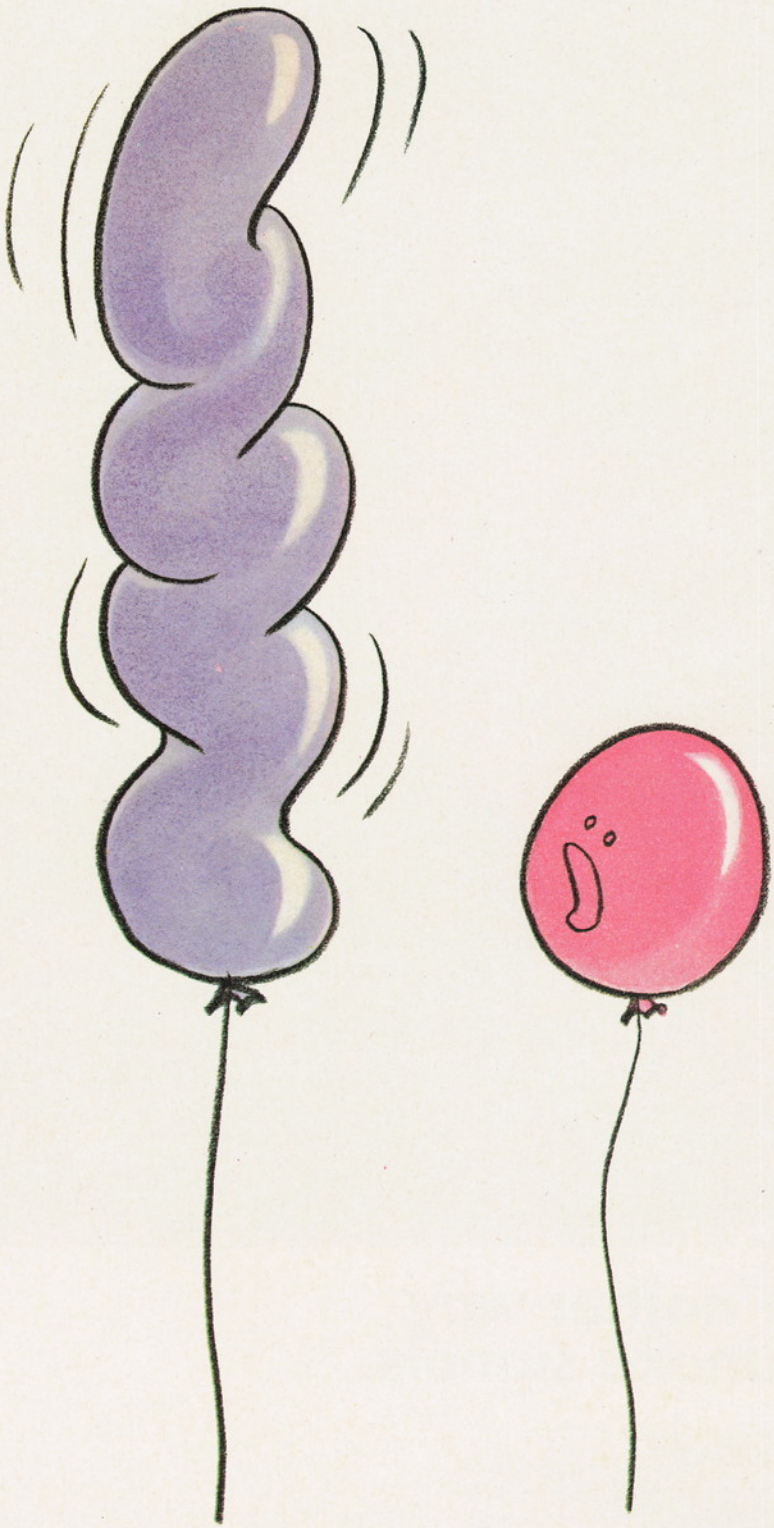
"Well, what's the secret?"

"I'm going back to the original book—doing lots of parenthesizing. I think it'll be a much better film than the first, much more daring. My whole intention is that, when it's put together with the first film, it will change both of them into another third film—a film that qualifies the first half. Puzo was very turned on by this idea because he's already written another version, though it's not at all what I would have done—something rather like *The Valachi Papers*, an imitation of *The Godfather*."

Coppola also said that *Godfather II* will go back to the early 1900's, to the family roots of Don Vito Corleone, and then flash forward from where the original movie left off, with Michael Corleone in power, right up to the present. Coppola explained that he wanted to extend the use of the Mafia as a metaphor for capitalist America. He didn't say, however, if the movie would begin with the words "I believe in America," spoken against a black screen. Brando wanted to do the sequel, Coppola told me, though at present he had "ideological differences" with Paramount.

"What happens after the sequel?"

"I view finishing *The Godfather, Part II* as the starting of a second act—in that I've lived out all my hopeless childhood fantasies," Coppola said. The myth, according to F. Scott Fitzgerald, is that there are no second acts in the lives of American writers. "If this financial security is in fact there, I'll be able to take off a couple of years, go to Italy and learn more Italian, and really digest what I've done—complete my education, which has always been interrupted by rehearsals. . . ." Coppola was out the door at Zoetrope now, getting into his pint-sized Honda. He smiled back at me, and I wondered if he would ever recapture the romantic impulse of that beautiful, doomed summer on Long Island long ago. . . .



"Henry, you're working too hard!"

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DID I COME?

After nine years of marriage, I still love my husband very much. I don't believe either of us have any sexual hang-ups, and every week our sex life gets better and better. We have tried everything we can think of, and we also discuss sex without any guilt or embarrassment. My problem is this—after all these years I've still got no idea whether I've ever had a climax! I read letters to you from women stating that they "came three times" or "had a stupendous climax" and they just bewilder me. Am I actually supposed to feel it the same way a man does? Is it possible that I can enjoy sex with my husband as much as I do and yet never climax?—Jo

Many women never reach a climax and yet really enjoy their sex life. However, they do not know what they are missing because life and love can be so much more ecstatic when they finally reach that fantastic feeling of a complete orgasm. Some women have learned through my advice in this column how to either do it themselves or instruct their ignorant husbands. Masturbation in the bathtub is one of the nicest ways to have a first climax. It is gentle and you don't even have to touch yourself. Simply seat yourself in the bathtub underneath the faucet from which the combined warm and cold water spray flows. Spread your legs and let the water (not too hot and not too cold, obviously) just flow on your clitoris. Close your eyes and think of someone very sexy. It might take a little time to reach that first orgasm, and I have to warn you not to let the bathtub fill up with water. Once the water reaches the upper part of your triangle, the feeling of the water spray diminishes. How will you know when you've reached an orgasm? It usually starts with a hardening of your nipples and goose bumps on your body, especially your arms and legs and around the breasts. Then you feel a warm, tingling feeling between your loins and a spastic sensation starts going through your vagina. All your muscles become very tense, and when you reach orgasm you simply can't stop anymore. It is as if the muscles inside your vagina open and close repeatedly for at least three minutes. You'll start feeling warm and all excited. When it's over you'll feel happy, satisfied, and sometimes even tired. Touching the clitoris after an orgasm can be painful. I believe that women's orgasms can certainly be compared to those of men. It is to a woman's advantage that she can reach more orgasms in a short period of time than a man. There are also certain women whose orgasms can last much longer than just one, two, or three minutes. Another way to reach orgasm is, of course, manual masturbation. Lie on your back, your legs slightly opened, and move your index finger gently around your clitoris, preferably not right on top of the clit, because that is usually a very sensitive spot to keep touching. If needed, some kind of lubricant might add to the pleasure. Make sure you are not distracted by phones ringing, people running around, loud music in the background, etc. Start fantasizing, or if you are with your husband, have him watch you masturbate. He might do the same and you soon will find out how exciting it is to masturbate and watch each other.

Another form of masturbation is that in which the woman uses a vibrator. Go to one of your local sex shops or mail off for one. (Vibrators and other sex aids were discussed by Dr. Robert Chartham in the December 1973 *Penthouse*.) With the use of your own hand and the added strength of the vibrator it will be very hard for you *not* to reach an orgasm.

The last and most satisfying way of reaching an orgasm, in my opinion, is having your

husband perform oral sex on you. However, this requires an experienced lover who knows what he is doing and not some wild animal who simply goes down and cannot even find the clitoris. Gently guide him to where you want him to kiss and caress you. You will soon become lubricated if he does it right, and while you hold his head at the right position you can put your legs around his head or your feet on top of his back or shoulders, and within several minutes you can reach a very satisfying orgasm. Tell him not to bite or chew—too much sucking can hurt and be unpleasurable. Good luck!

EXCESSIVE VIRILITY

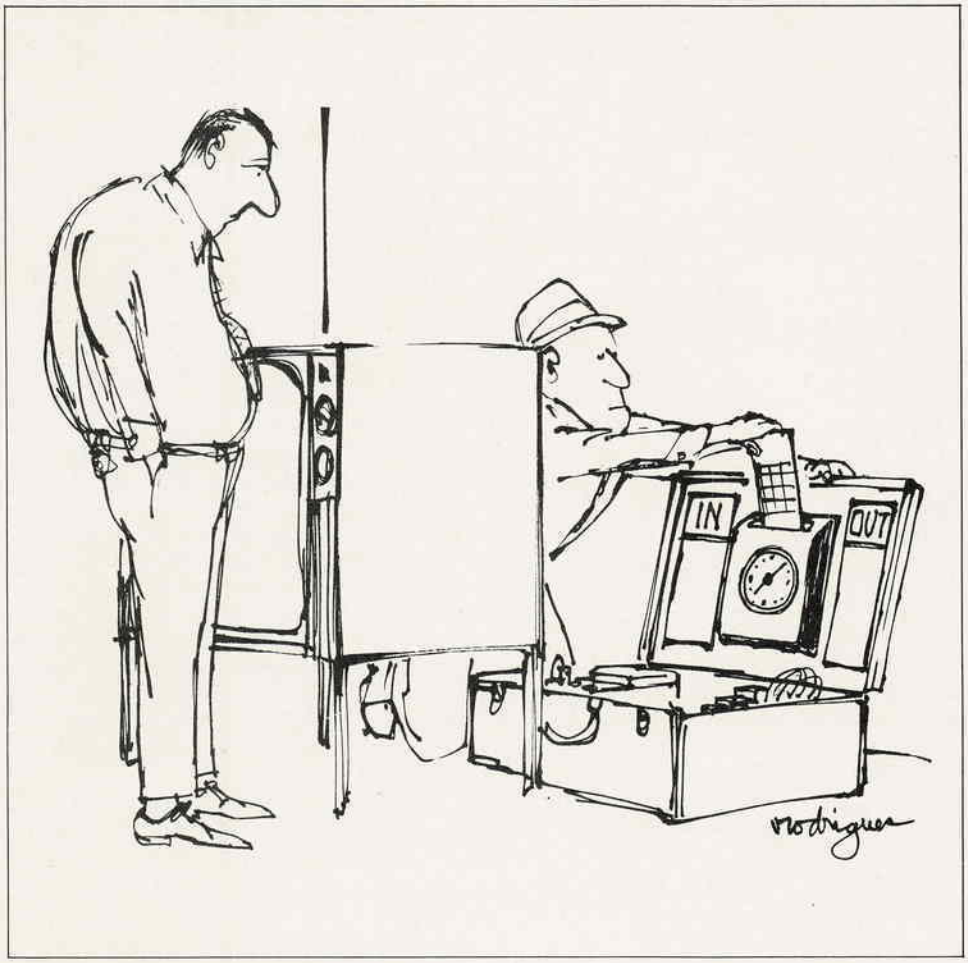
I'm in my mid-twenties and have been married for nearly a year. My problem is that I have a perpetual hard-on, and as soon as I'm naked and near my wife I get as hard as a stone. Is there something wrong with me that I can't seem to get enough sex to allow me even one good night of rest?—Overexcited

You are just a superhorny man, and there are not too many of you around nowadays. However, I have seen some men with similar symptoms during the time I had my house of prostitution in New York. Those men were among my favorite customers because they generally spent hours in my establishment having sex almost every hour with a different girl. Sex seemed to be the only thing they had on their minds. For a customer-prostitute relationship that is quite all right, but I doubt a wife would appreciate such a supersexy man—after all, too much of anything gets to be a bore, right? So, in your case I would see a doctor. Maybe he could give you some kind of pill that will cut your sexual appetite down, without leaving you impotent, of course. Also, why don't you start diverting your attention to other subjects? How about reading a good book, a good detective or science-fiction book? Take up a sport so you'll come home tired. Drinking might also help you cut down that eternal hard-on, because, as you may know, the influence of alcohol certainly decreases the power of the cock. However, I don't want to turn you into an alcoholic, so I think your best bet is to see your physician.

PENILE MELANOSIS?

I'm twenty years old and I have a color problem with my penis. Lately it's changed from a light pink to a much darker shade. This doesn't seem to have affected my sexual performance at all, but I wonder what's caused this change, whether it will hurt me in the future, and if my penis will continue getting darker. Maybe the reason is that I was circumcised at sixteen.—John

As with the nipples of a woman, the color of the head of the penis is bound to change depending on how excited you get. In certain porn-books, the penis getting darker is a sign of excitement and turns the woman on. But I can only suggest you see a doctor. A doctor friend of mine, to whom I read your letter, told me that the circumcision operation could have left a constricting band around the shaft just behind the glans, so that the blood circulation could be impaired. A urologist, in this case, would be able to help.



WRESTLING WENCHES

I'm twenty-four years old and have always been aroused by the sight of two girls fighting. Once, at a party, a fight broke out between wo girls—it was a combination of hair-pulling, slapping, and wrestling—and the sight really turned me on. I've always dreamed of seeing my wife wrestle another girl, preferably her best friend, who is beautiful and about the same size. But I'm afraid to tell her about this because she might think I'm nuts. What should I do—tell her, or try to forget my fantasies?—Pete

Some women get really turned on by watching two men wrestle or box, and it is not abnormal that a man gets aroused by seeing two women fight. In my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, I described a client who showed me pictures of girls fighting with each other. He also liked them to wear sexy garterbelts, high heels, black stockings, and a half-bra. You don't seem to have reached that stage yet, but I think that you might get turned on by watching two women fight while wearing super-short miniskirts.

I get quite excited watching a healthy wrestling match, whether with people of the same sex or of the opposite sex. Why not show your wife my answer and ask her opinion? Perhaps if you challenge your wife and guarantee her a nice gift if she wins, you can get her to fight her girl friend. After all, every woman is a bit of a prostitute and usually she is more easily persuaded to do something if there is a nice reward afterwards.

WOMEN WILL TALK

I'm a twenty-seven-year-old, healthy, red-blooded male, and I'd like to ask you a question. When a woman finds sexual satisfaction with a man, why does she tell all her friends about it? The other day, I was picked up by two girls in a restaurant. We got to talking and I ended up at their apartment. We spent the rest of the day making love together. I made each of them come four times and had a total of four spine-tingling climaxes myself. When I asked them why they picked me up, one of them said that she'd noticed the big bulge in my crotch, and decided to find out exactly what I had down there. I've got an unlisted telephone number, but since that day it hasn't stopped ringing. The women who call are very frank—they say that these girls have told them about me, and they want to try me out. I've accepted every one of them, but I'm surprised that the word about my performance has spread so quickly. Do you ever pass lovers on to friends?—S.C.

Boy, it seems you have it made! Since you haven't turned down any offers, I'd say there is not much of a problem for you. However, I must say it is a rather strange way of becoming famous. It's usually the other way around—*men* give the number of a hot-blooded girl to their friends. Too bad that prostitution is not legal—you could be a rich stud! Your experience shows that the world

has really changed. Ten years ago, this would never have happened. Women were still very oppressed and demure, sitting at home waiting for the phone to ring so they have a date for the evening. Now it is the reverse . . . women chasing men and you know what? You love every minute of it!

SHE CAN'T COME UNTIL THE STORK DOES

Please give a few words of advice to men whose wives are in their first months of pregnancy. Not all women go through a period of extreme nausea, but for those of us who do, sex can be very difficult. Any form of movement tends to start me gagging. I will gladly accommodate my man as soon as my stomach returns to its proper place and gets out of my throat. I'm also looking forward to resuming an active sex life manually, orally, and vaginally. I don't mind when he relieves himself by masturbating, but the lectures on how sexy a woman should be when she's pregnant are more than I can stand! Please tell him that I'm not just being awkward, and if you know of any technique that would allow us to enjoy sex together while I'm pregnant, we'd both love to hear them.—Donna

I have only been pregnant once, and that was ten years ago, when I was nineteen years old. I was pregnant for almost three months until I had an abortion. However, during the first two months I felt pretty miserable and sex was no pleasure. It takes a very considerate lover to understand that the woman he supposedly loves goes through all kinds of changes—chemically, physically, and mentally—when she's pregnant. Some women remain sick for quite a few months and won't accommodate their husbands at all. Others don't feel a thing and continue sex until their ninth month. Then, of course, there are those who fake pain so they don't have to perform and get the sympathy of hubby. Every woman is different, and if you get sick to your stomach, your husband should prove that he loves you and treasures what is growing inside you by being considerate and thoughtful.

I've known men who came to me while I was a madam and used the services of my girls because, they said, "Ugh, my wife is pregnant and I can't stand touching her anymore! She just looks disgusting and ugly!" When I asked them, "How many months is she pregnant?" they would say, "Oh, only three months, but the thought of fucking her with a baby inside makes me sick to my stomach." I think you are better off with a husband who loves you and your body while you are carrying his child, than with one of these bastards who cannot stand the sight of their own wife once she is expecting. And at three months, you can hardly see a difference! For some pregnant women, there is no harm in continuing a normal sex life, including full intercourse, until the last month of pregnancy. I have a fetish for pregnant women and love to look at the swelling of their bellies.

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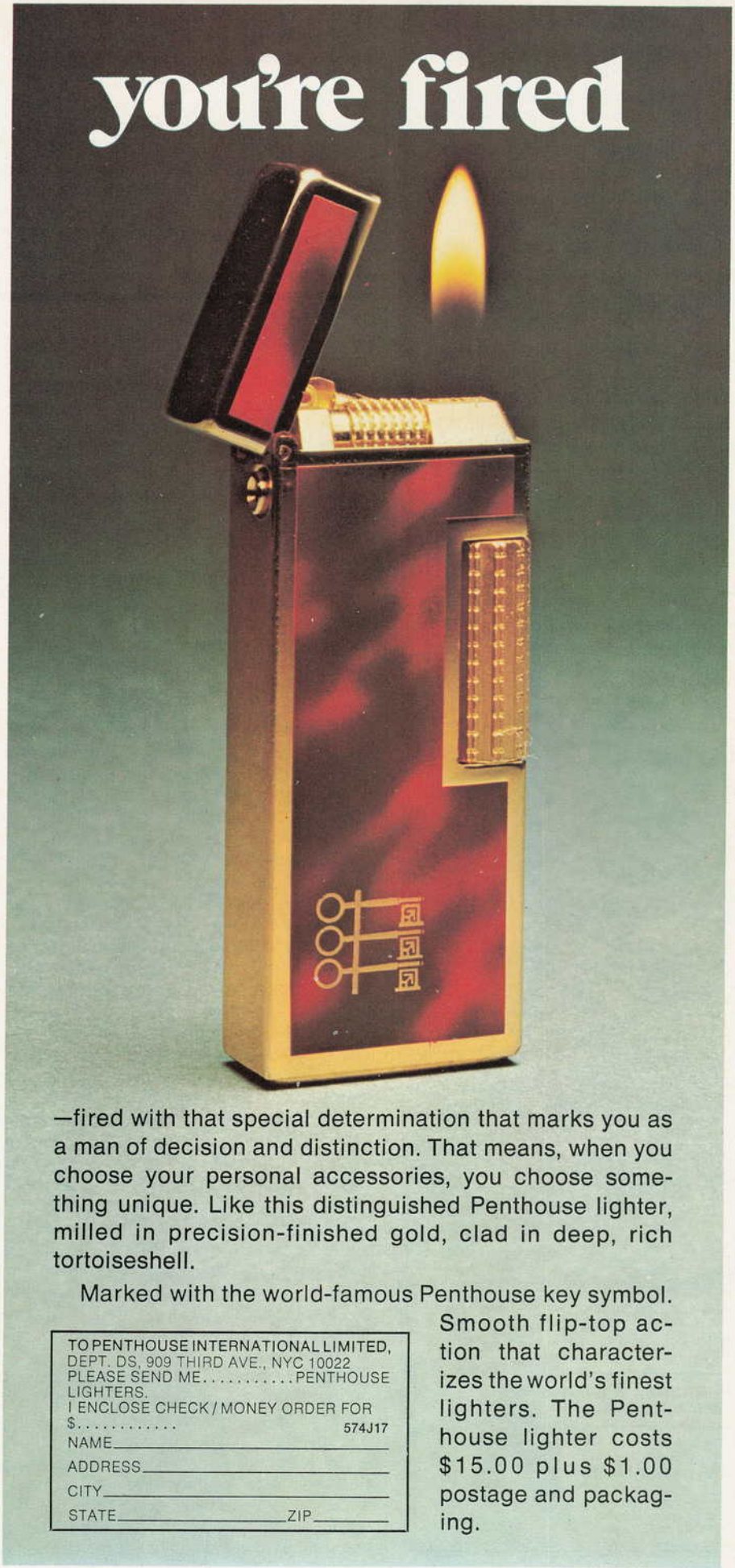

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the way is either by sitting on top of him or by having him enter from the back—he should lie behind you with his hands caressing your swollen nipples and breasts and his penis in your vagina. Entry from the back does not penetrate as deeply as when you sit on top of him, so it is probably less damaging. I would also suggest that you ask your doctor for advice, because with some women it might not be advisable to have intercourse during the entire pregnancy. There are, of course, other ways to bring each other off in addition to intercourse.

TRADERS' TRICKS

My husband has tried to persuade me for years to switch partners with other couples when lovemaking. I am afraid that my refusals frustrate him to the extent that he's becoming genuinely upset by his obsession. He is very highly sexed and fulfills me completely. I don't need another man when he's so good to me, but he needs variety and I cannot satisfy his appetite by myself. The funny thing is that when he talks about wanting to watch another man fondle and strip me, I do find it exciting. But when he starts planning to contact other couples, I just panic. I'm quite plain-looking, and if the other man didn't fancy me, I'd die of humiliation. I suspect I could enjoy swapping husbands with another woman, and I'm quite curious to know what it feels like to have another man's cock in my hands and watch him enjoying my breasts and buttocks. But setting it all up—uggh! What do you think, Xaviera? Is wife-swapping bad news for a complacent suburban mouse like me?—T.M.

The best orgies are those that have not been really planned beforehand. Spontaneity is a must. In other words, if you and your husband have some nice couples as friends and you all go out for dinner or have to attend some social gathering, things might just come naturally. It is very possible that you might get turned on to your husband's best friend and he, in turn, to his best friend's wife. Rather than cheating behind each other's back, it can be greater fun to both flirt with mutual knowledge, permission, and appreciation.

Although I have attended a few orgies that, because of the tremendous amount of people present, *had* to be planned and were certainly successful, I would definitely *not* suggest that you two walk into such a scene cold. These swingers are experienced and have no hang-ups or guilt feelings. For them, swapping partners is simply a matter of having sex and no emotions are involved. Such swings are usually only allowed for couples and single girls or men are not welcome.

I would simply suggest that you and your husband go easy on the swinging and if you both happen to like a certain couple, try it on a small scale of "two by two" and you may enjoy watching your husband do it to your partner's wife as much as you yourself, hopefully, will have a good time not only holding your new lover's cock in your hands but putting it inside your eager vagina as well. Make sure there are no jealous feelings creeping up; if so, remind yourself and the others of the fact that you are all out to have a jolly good time and not to take each other away for more than a sexual swing. Try to stay away from the ads in underground papers—many bad things have happened to new swingers who got tempted by some of these ads.

SHOW-OFF

I'm an eighteen-year-old male, and I have this irresistible urge to show off my body. I display myself whenever I get a chance, and love every minute of it. Reading some of your answers in this column, I've noticed that you seem to like being an exhibitionist, too. Do you think this urge is normal?—B.E.

It's rather strange to call yourself an exhibitionist so early in life. What seems more likely is that, since you are becoming more and more masculine in looks, you are so proud of your virility and physique that you feel as if you have to show the world: "Here I am, don't I have a fantastic body?" In all probability, you might still be a virgin, without any sexual experiences. But I'm just guessing, since your letter does not make this clear.

If you are sexually liberated and a sensuous, outgoing person, there is a good chance that your body could and maybe at times *should* be displayed in such a manner that others would admire it. If you've got it you may as well flaunt it. Right? However, from your letter I don't know whether you feel like doing this in public places to shock people (a true sexual exhibitionist likes to expose himself to women) or simply when you are alone to admire yourself (Narcissus complex) or in front of your own girl friend.

As long as you don't shock or offend outsiders, in particular young girls, there is nothing wrong with being somewhat of an exhibitionist.

HE SHOULD HANG IN L'HOOVER

I am a twenty-four-year-old single male, and I've got a problem that's been causing me deep guilt feelings for nearly fourteen years—I am sexually attracted to my vacuum cleaner. When I'm alone in the house I get great pleasure and satisfaction from using the suction end attached to my bare penis.

I find the sensation the suction provides is out of this world. I have spent entire evenings drifting from orgasm to orgasm with the hose sucking away over my penis. I don't really want to stop doing this, but I'd like to know whether you consider this practice to be a deviation. (If it is, it shouldn't be!) I would also like to know whether you have received any letters from girls who use vacuum cleaners for sexual purposes, either on their breasts or in their vaginas.—B.T.

Boy, you sure must get the strongest BLOWjob anyone has ever had! What an idea! I never knew that the vacuum cleaner had an erotic, aphrodisiac influence. Mind you, I have read some pretty kinky letters, but yours is really funny.

Now, with the energy crisis, I hope for your sake that they don't cut down the electricity supply—you'll be lost without that big broomstick with a sucking head on it. In all honesty, I have not yet tried it with a vacuum cleaner. I have tried many things, but for some reason I am just not that interested in that. I still prefer the real thing.

LESS IS MORE

I get an erection every time I see a picture of a naked girl, but I've noticed that in nudist magazines none of the men have hard-ons. I'd love to go to a nudist camp, but I'm sure I'd have a continuous erection, and I wouldn't want to "stand out" in the crowd. Do you think there is something wrong with me?—Embarrassed

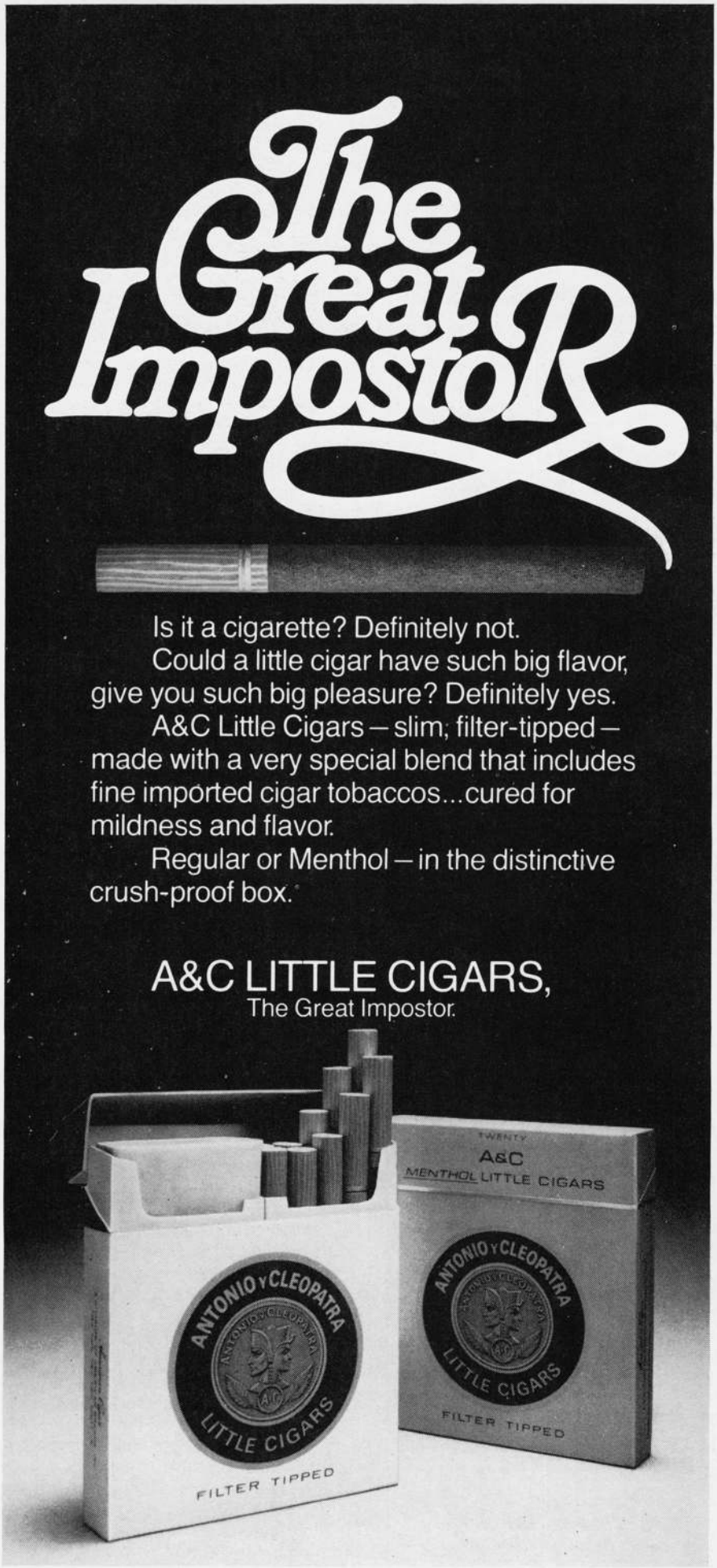
Nudist camps are good examples of how little we realize what a large part the imagination plays in eroticism. See a girl in a magazine with marvelous breasts and an alluring pubic patch, and since you can't touch her, you're dying for her. But sit around a fire eating hot dogs at a nudist colony with exactly the same girl, with all her charms there for inspection, and all you can think of is passing the mustard. I'll let you in on an interesting fact: If you were to go to a nudist camp, and stripped yourself naked and joined a group of naked girls who were not into any kind of sexual activity, you would have no trouble remaining docile and dormant.

But let one of those girls come sit beside you and place a small towel across her hips, or across her breasts and up would come your periscope for an exciting peek under her towel. The moral of this is: we get horny for what we can't have immediately, not for what's being thrown at us.

A HAIRY PROBLEM

I'm a young guy who's reasonably successful with the ladies, but I've got this big hang-up about pubic hair. It seems that every woman I go to bed with has more hair in the pubic region than I do. This makes me feel very unmanly, although my sexual performance hasn't received many complaints. Is there anything I can do to grow a thicker mass of hair, and do you think that the hairier a man is down there the better he is sexually?—Pete

Take it from me, Pete, the penis makes up for any deficiency of body hair. If you're hung, you don't have to be decorated as well. I don't think there's anything you can do about growing pubic hair, nor do I think you have anything to worry about. Unless, of course, you're leaving out what you think the real problem is—the fact that you're underhung as well as under-haired. In either case, you should relax. My experience is that there are just as many girls who dig a modestly equipped man as a magnificently equipped lover. It's the technique that counts. If you're driving a girl out of her mind with what you're doing to her, she won't stop to wonder just what you're doing it with. And no girl I know ever had an orgasm from a thicket of hair.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ARKANSAS TRAVELER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

more. I've joined the church since you were here last."

"You mean there's a church won't let you have Sno-Cones?"

"The Communion of the Holy Sneak."

The next morning, after a breakfast of coffee and a doughnut at the Olympia Café, Dap'paw rode a Fair Park bus out to the College of Dentistry, which was in the old buildings with the bars on the windows, where they used to have the state nut house.

The College of Dentistry was now part of the State Agricultural School founded in 1888.

When the Agricultural School had first opened, it offered nothing but "Theory of Farm Animals," and its motto, expressed on the seal and graven in Batesville marble above the gates, was PIGS, COWS, AND CHICKENS. After the College of Dentistry was added, the motto was changed to PIGS, COWS, AND CHICKENS ET DENS CAVITAS.

Dap'paw went into the waiting room, to find out about things.

It was cold, marble walled and floored, with waxed oak benches filled with people in misery, all nursing swollen gums.

He went up to the woman at the Information and Registration Desk.

"I used to get hired out to let dentists take tests on me, back at the YMCA. . . ."

"That was the old days," she interrupted. "We don't do it that way now. Now, you have to have a chest X-ray first. Go over to the Health Department and get a chest X-ray. We'll write you when we find out you're clear."

"Chest X-ray?" asked Dap'paw. "Why a chest X-ray to work on my teeth?"

"Why? I'll tell you why! TB! *Too*-burka-losis! Do you think dental students want someone with TB breathing in their face? I'll say not! Why, they're all young men with a future!"

"I used to get paid to let dentists work on me—as a problem. That's what I want to find out about. About getting rehired for that."

The receptionist looked at Dap'paw's face.

"I see what you mean. Maybe I'd better let you talk to Dr. Frightmann."

"Dr. Frightmann?"

"Dr. Wilhelm Frightmann. With a 'V' on the 'Vilhelm.' "

Dr. Wilhelm Frightmann was Director of the College of Dentistry and at that moment was sitting in his office reading a report of a case observed for nine years, with postmortem findings.

His mind was not on it. He was bored by dentistry and preferred reminiscence: the smell of shellac on a cold morning; Nuremberg in 1924; Sunday afternoons as a boy; the new smell of shiny leather; Erich von Stroheim; Malta.

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Dap'paw entered his office.

"Dr. Frightmann?"

"I am Dr. Vilhelm Frightmann! Ac-c-ch! Und who are you?"

"I used to draw money for letting dentists take tests on me, down at the YMCA. . . ."

"Dot vuss the olt days. . . ." said Dr. Frightmann, looking up at Dap'paw. "*Himmelreich!* but you haf an overbite! How haf you lived? It's not me you vant! You vant Dr. Overmann! Overmann for Overbites! Down the hall!"

Dap'paw left and Dr. Frightmann resumed his reverie: an angular young girl with red hair in a Munich nightclub in 1929, who wore a dress of pink feathers, with a pearl choker, and pretended to be a flamingo. . . .

Dap'paw saw a flashing neon sign reading OVERMANN FOR OVERBITES and entered the door nearest it.

The sign was a gift to Dr. Overmann from the graduating class of two years before.

Dr. Overmann was planning to get rid of his wife by infecting her with rare disease germs which he could order from a medical supply house in New York. He hated her, and with her gone he would be absolutely free to move in with Jay LeGuerre, the local actor. LeGuerre was on the inside of the outside world.

As Dap'paw entered, Dr. Overmann was talking to some students who were writing notes in workbooks. "The next test will consist of fifty true and false and fifty false and true, and—this needs to go in your margins—after that we'll pretend we're a class in criminology and plan and execute a perfect crime as a semester project."

He turned and saw Dap'paw. "I have no time for you. You'll just have to make the best of your sorry lot."

"Wait a minute, Dr. Overmann," said one of the students, who was in graduate studies. "I'd like a chance to examine that man. I believe I could use him to prove my thesis."

"That you can move jaws by treating them with meat tenderizers?"

"It works on mice!" said the graduate student.

"He's yours," said Dr. Overmann. "Take him away."

The graduate student, a young man from Dardanelle, Arkansas, who held the catfish-catching record in those parts, took Dap'paw into a room filled with dental chairs, seated him in one of them and started to explain.

"I've been foolin' around with what they call papane, comes from th' pie-pie-a. It's what they put in meat tenderizers. I have an idea that it'll soften bones in the jaw so they can be moulded into shape when they're not right to start with.

"It's worked on mice. I've softened up dozens of mouse jaws. I've had mouse jaws so soft they were hangin' limp and you had to feed it with a camel's-hair brush. Now I'm ready to start on a person and you walk in here with just the mouth I'm lookin' for!"

"Well, I'll swunney," said Dap'paw.

"Here's what I plan to do. First, we'll shoot papane into your jaw, every day for three months. By then, we oughta be gettin' a little play in your jaw bone. That's when I rig up a kind of reverse vise on your jaw and every day tighten it up some, until it starts givin'.

"By the end of a year, we oughta start gettin' a little movement."

"A year?" asked Dap'paw.

"First, let's get the dental hygienist in and let her clean your teeth. After that, I'll come back and test your pulp centers for vitality."

"Well. . . ." agreed Dap'paw.

The dental hygienist was a flashy young woman with a stock line.

"Do I see the groceries!" she exclaimed as she broke away at Dap'paw's teeth.

"Wrench your mouth," she said and left.

The graduate student returned.

He plugged some sort of meter into a wall outlet and set some dials. Then he opened Dap'paw's mouth and started touching his teeth with a live wire. He was nice about it.

"Now if it was me, and some fella started puttin' somethin' in *my* mouth that had electric cords on it. . . ."

The examination determined that there was life left in Dap'paw's teeth.

"Where do you live?" asked the graduate student.

"Northwest Arkansas—near the Missouri line."

"That's gonna be too bad, then. If you lived here, I could get the school to hire you, to try out my theory on."

"I can move!"

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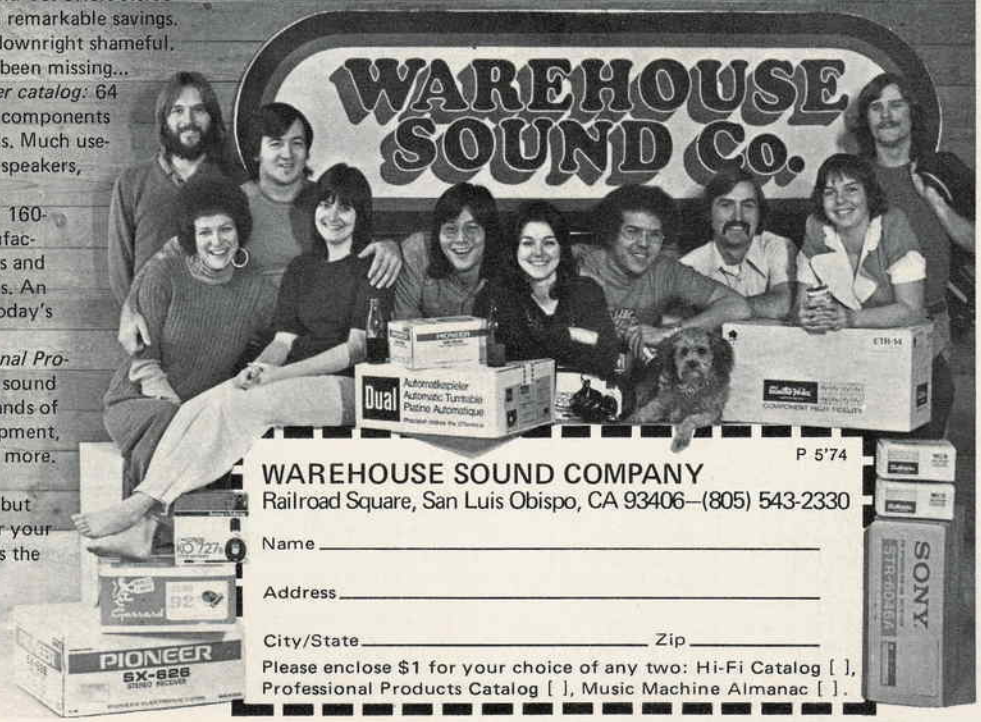

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"How long will it last?"

"About two years," said the graduate student.

Dap'paw would then be eligible for Social Security.

They shook hands on it. Dap'paw was to report the next Monday.

"By the way," asked the graduate student. "You have your chest X-ray, don't you?"

"No sir, I don't."

"Get it by next time. All right, old man?" He patted Dap'paw on the shoulder in a spirit of camaraderie, then dismissed him.

Dap'paw was elated. He was going to be able to leave Sonny and Cobra Lee and be on his own again.

Pancho Fink was waiting at the Merchants' Hotel to take Dap'paw home. There were two rich college kids with him.

"These boys are going up to the University and I offered them a ride," explained Fink to Dap'paw.

"We're much obliged, Mr. Fink," said one of the boys.

"Call me Pancha."

The two college boys had been to Augusta, Arkansas, for the Fall Festival and had taken two girls who lived there to the street dance that wound it up. Both girls had had their hair done, and while they danced it had become dappled with specks of fly ash from the chimney of an all-night BB-gun factory in the neighborhood.

One of the boys, a business major, was drinking openly from a quart bottle of pop wine called Port Said.

Pancho Fink appeared reborn. He had seen all his old friends in the state headquarters of the Welfare Department. "Well, if it isn't Mr. 56S Card," the commissioner had said, greeting Fink. "Only now, we call it the 3A Card."

Being back in the world of social work had made Pancho Fink feel once again that all men were good and capable of change. That was why he had picked up the two college boys. That was why he stopped fifty miles out of Little Rock to pick up another hitchhiker.

Fink did not know it, but the ratty little man in the bib overalls and checkered flannel shirt was Ole Bar Tolliver, just out of jail on parole, with nothing of his own but a Barbie Doll carrying case, held together with a bent coat hanger.

Fink never knew it, for as he pulled off the road to pick up Bar Tolliver, he slumped forward, struck his head on the steering wheel, and died of a massive heart attack.

There they were, off the main roads, with the driver dead, one boy half-drunk, the other a drama major, and Bar Tolliver up to heaven only knows what.

The first thing Bar Tolliver said was, "Is it natural causes?"

"He just keeled over," said the boy drinking the wine. He took another pull from the bottle.

"Anybody know him?" asked Tolliver.

"He's Pancho Fink from up near Rogers," said Dap'paw. "He's about as high up in the Shriners as you can get."

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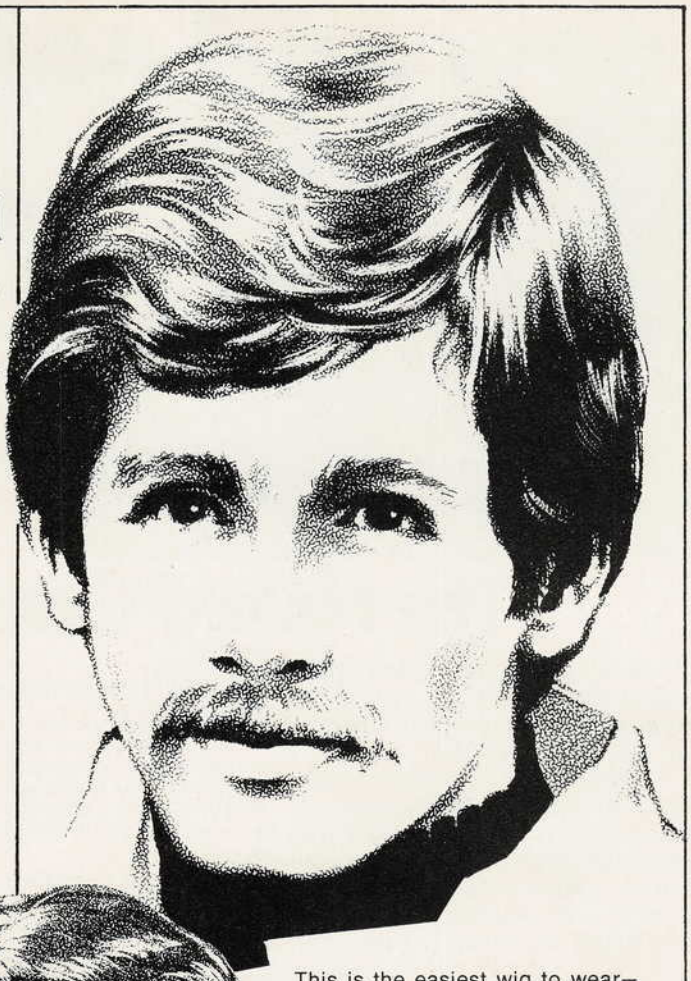

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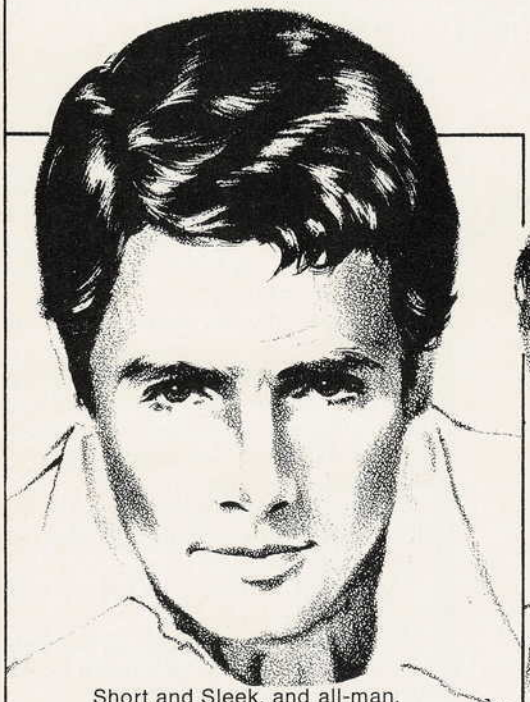

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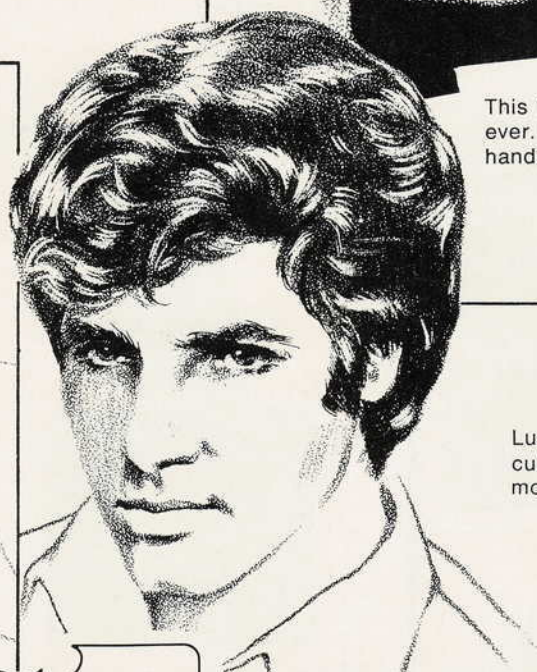

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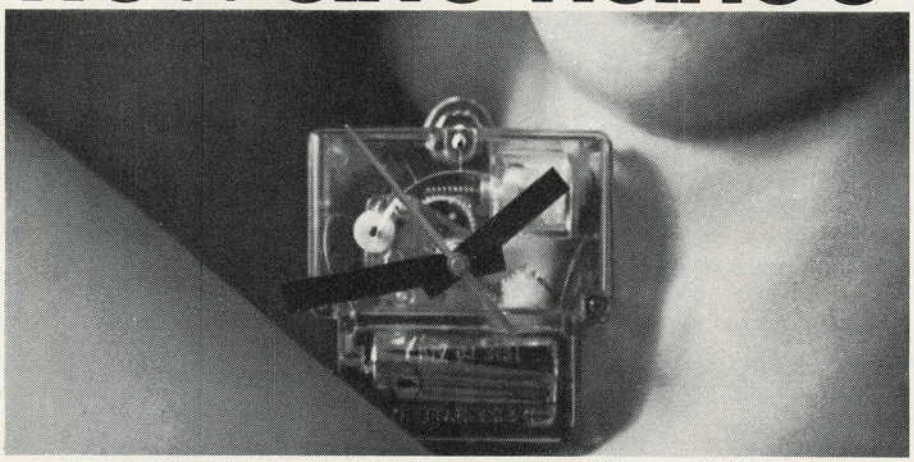

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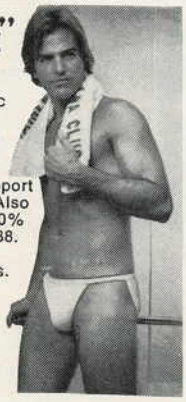

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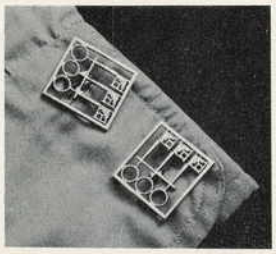

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"You a friend of his?" asked Tolliver.

"I guess so," said Dap'paw.

"What do you say we do?" asked Tolliver. "Put him in the back seat and drive him home?"

They all agreed, so they lifted Fink out of the front seat and set him in a corner in the back.

"Who can drive?" asked Tolliver. "Can you drive?" he asked Dap'paw.

"Not a car. I can handle a team."

"What about you?" Tolliver asked the college boy who was drinking.

"Sure I can drive."

"Take the wheel," ordered Bar Tolliver. Dap'paw and the other college boy got in the back with the dead Pancho Fink and by their presence they managed to keep him wedged in a sitting position. Tolliver sat next to the driver and kept his Barbie Doll case on his lap.

The driver stepped on the gas and they hit eighty in a minute.

"I'll stay with you 'til you get near Fort Smith," said Tolliver. "I got a job to do there."

"What kind of work do you do?" asked the driver.

Tolliver's face was lean, deep-tanned, and wrinkled.

He laughed.

"I ain't got no regular work. Never have. I only had one real job in my life—at the dog pound in Memphis. I was the cat-gasser."

"Cat-gasser?" asked the actor in the back seat.

"I loved that job! That's 'cause I hate cats. Cats is for shootin' with .22's. I don't mind dogs, if I can get one mean enough. I musta killed me a hundred of 'em, trying' to find one that could take it."

"Is that all you ever done?" asked Dap'paw.

"Oh, I had a little ole part-time job once. Foti Brothers Animal Crematorium, down near Odessa, Texas. Burnin' up dead cows. I couldn't get into that though. I didn't have nothin' against cows."

There was silence for a while. Then the actor said, "The trees are pretty, aren't they? The leaves, I mean."

"What ain't dried up an' fell off," agreed Tolliver.

"How come you to get out of cat-gassing?" asked the driver, upon whom the wine was beginning to tell.

Bar Tolliver laughed again, a laugh that recalled happy times.

"I quit. That was back when I started runnin' with Juan Bedlam. Juan Bedlam! There was one mean-ass little man! People always thought he was a Mess'can, with that name of his, but he was a full-blood Peckiwaw Indian. Bravest little man I ever did meet. He wasn't a'scairt of no cop on earth."

"What kind of running did you do?" asked the driver.

Bar Tolliver looked each of them in the eye in turn—long, hard looks—and decided he could trust them.

"Me an' him was stick-up artists."

There was silence in the car again.

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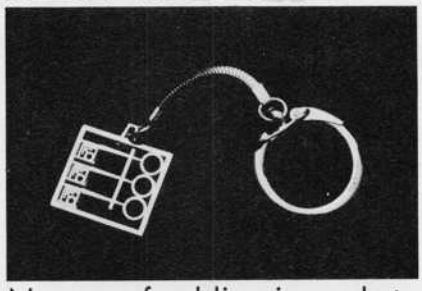

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Tolliver nodded, "That's right. That's what we did. I just got out—Juan, he's still in."

"Convicts?" asked the driver. He put on some speed.

"I got a daddy, right now, doin' time in the West Virginia pen," said Tolliver.

"The West Virginia pen," repeated the actor. "The West *Virginia* pen. Man, that's got a lonely sound."

"My daddy's somethin' else!" said Tolliver, proudly. "Last time he was out, he got clean away with a whole side of salt meat. My oldest bub, Batfield, he's inside for strong-arm. Branch, that's my little bub, they got him in a federal reformatory for takin' a load of firecrackers off an interstate truck. Last I heard, my Momma was still out."

They drove on for an hour—the big car really shooting along the highway—and nothing much was said.

Then the actor nudged Dap'paw and nodded toward the late Pancho Fink. "Is he still dead?" he asked.

"Still dead? Why son, a fella stays dead!"

The boy wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Stays dead. Right. I know. It's just that . . . I can't get used to people being dead, right at the start. I always think, somehow, they'll come back, that it'll be like I was having a dream."

"They stays dead, son," said Dap'paw.

The highway became more curved because they were getting into the Ozarks, and the driver—getting drunker and drunker—kept pulling on the Port Said and putting on more speed.

They had to stop for gas, and when they drove away from the service station, Tolliver said, "Back there, it would have been the easiest thing on earth to stick him up. The gas man, I mean."

"How?" asked the driver.

"You drive up, buy a dollar's worth, and pay with a ten. Them gas men, they all carry a roll of bills in their shirt pocket. When he goes for his pocket, just lay your pistol up in the crook of your arm where he can see it. He'll know what you're after."

"What if he runs?" asked the driver.

Tolliver smiled. "You hafta wing him. Kill him, maybe."

The driver was holding the steering wheel with one hand and the wine bottle with the other. He was hitting ninety—through the mountains.

"You ever kill a man?" he asked Tolliver.

Tolliver looked straight ahead.

"None that didn't have it comin'," he said.

Bar Tolliver was in high spirits.

"I likes the looks of you fellas," he said. "You, too," he nodded toward Dap'paw. "I got a job lined up in Fort Smith and I need a few good men to go along."

"What kind of job?" asked the driver, who was now hitting a hundred and the road nothing but curves.

"The Seven-Up Bottling Plant. Stick up the cashier. At night. No trouble at all."

For some reason, the driver said, "We'll need a gun."

Tolliver started unwinding the coat hang-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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ARKANSAS TRAVELER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

er that held his Barbie Doll case together. He opened it and took out a .22 calibre pistol, wrapped in a pair of women's panties. There was nothing else in the case.

"That'll do it," he said, passing the gun around.

The college boys admired it and Dap'paw handed it back to Tolliver. He took the panties and wiped it clean, then rolled it up again and put it away.

"How about throwin' in with me?"

"Not me," said Dap'paw. "I ain't so quick no more. Besides, I start to work at the Dental College, come Monday week."

"How about you two?" asked Tolliver.

"I don't think so," said the driver. "The risk. I'm about near to graduating. Making a CPA."

"There'd be money in it," said Tolliver. "Close to fifty smackeroos apiece. . . ."

The driver, still doing a hundred, missed a curve and the car shot off the road, passed inches from an isolated farmhouse, sailed on across a ditch and into a plowed field and rolled over and over and over before stopping upright.

Dap'paw came to. He saw double for a while but then things came back into focus. He looked out the window to find a gaunt, haggard farm woman pressing her nose against the glass, looking in.

She saw Dap'paw move.

"Do you know the Lord?" she screamed.

The two college boys had been killed outright. No one ever knew what became of Ole Bar Tolliver. He was gone when the ambulance got there.

After Dap'paw gave his account, the state troopers arranged a ride home for him.

He walked into the house as Cobra Lee was helping Sherry Lynn try on a new padded bra.

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"Oh Dap'paw, I heard about the wreck, wasn't it awful? Those two boys—and one of them ready to make a CPA. And you never will be able to tell me that ole man Fink hadn't picked up those two boys to do you know what with them.

"Talk about something really awful! Dap'paw, we lost Benfield Junior! He got too close to the TV and just went up in a flash. I kept telling Sonny that picture was too bright, something was on too high!

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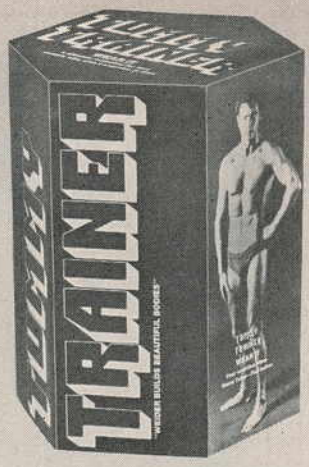

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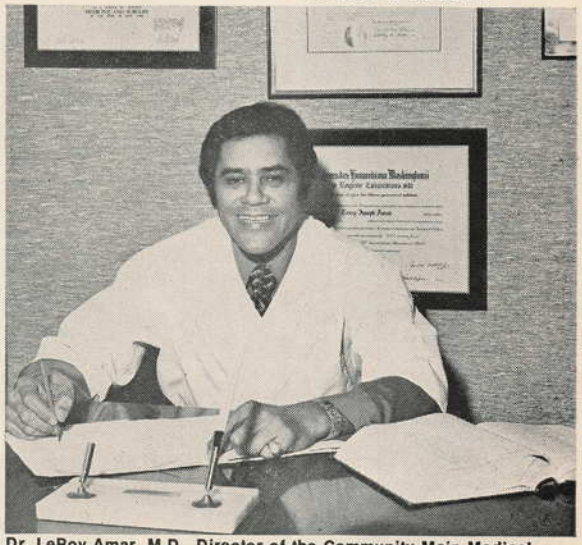
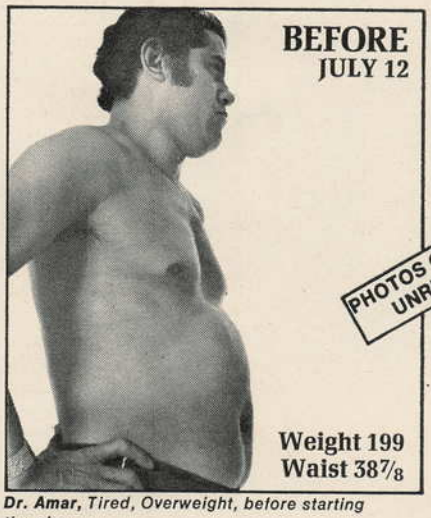
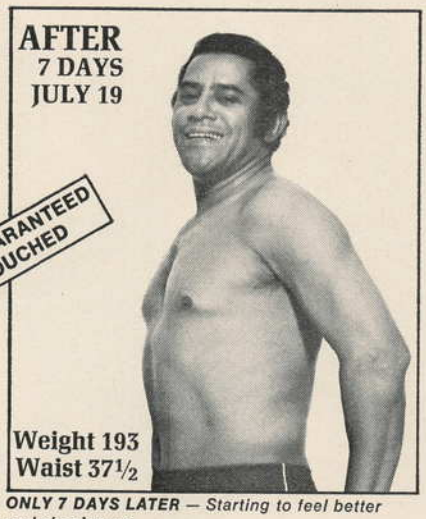


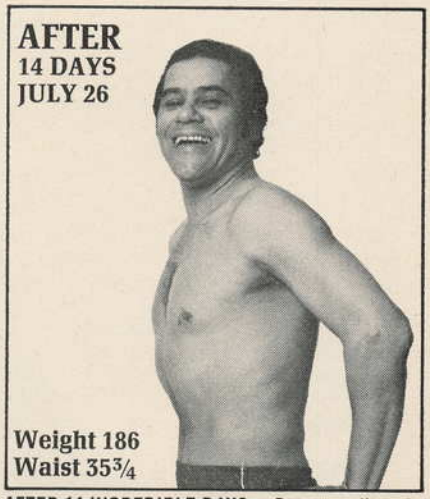
Dr. LeRoy Amar, M.D., Director of the Community Main Medical Group, Manchester Medical Group, University Medical Group, Hoover Redevelopment Medical Group, Medical Director of the Manchester Hospital.



***Dr. Amar,** Tired, Overweight, before starting the plan.*



***ONLY 7 DAYS LATER** — Starting to feel better and shaping up.*



***AFTER 14 INCREDIBLE DAYS** — Pot gone, firmed up — looking and feeling years younger!*

"14 Days Did It...Fast Enough!"

DR. AMAR WRITES—"It took me just a few minutes, using the "5" Minute Body Shaper plan to convince me on how simple and easy it is for the average person to firm, shape up and lose weight.

While in the Marines I was a paratrooper, gym instructor and led a group of 2,000 Marines in the Officer Cadet School Fitness tests...I was in great shape! But after leaving the Marines and becoming a medical doctor in charge of five Medical Clinics, working 12 to 15 hours a day, I neglected my own health and fitness condition and was out of shape and overweight before I realized it. I tried to ignore my condition, continued working long hours, but recently just became too tired and overweight to continue functioning properly. I knew the answer, diet control and exercise, however gym classes were a time luxury my patients wouldn't allow me to afford. An Attorney friend of mine had much the same problem, but he found the answer. He introduced me to the "5" Minute Body Shaper plan...it was easy to follow, doing a simple 5 to 10 minute continuous exercise in the morning and again before my evening meal — I didn't have to count the calories or give up the foods I love. I simply didn't need so much food while I was on the plan because my metabolic system became so much more efficient. The Body Shaper is so convenient to carry. I take it wherever I go, so I don't have to miss shaping up. It took me just 14 days to lose my pot and my appearance improved 100%. I was extremely happy with the results and now recommend it to all my patients and friends, whether they need it or not. I found the benefits of the plan if followed over a period of time, will not only produce weight losses, shape and firm up flabby muscles, but will increase strength, endurance and joint flexibility while reducing minor aches, chronic fatigue and just improve your over-all ability to relax.

This is the first plan I've ever come across that's so simple to follow, so reasonable in cost, that can do so much to improve posture and general appearance without intruding in your daily life. Show the plan to your Physician, I'm sure he will agree!"

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

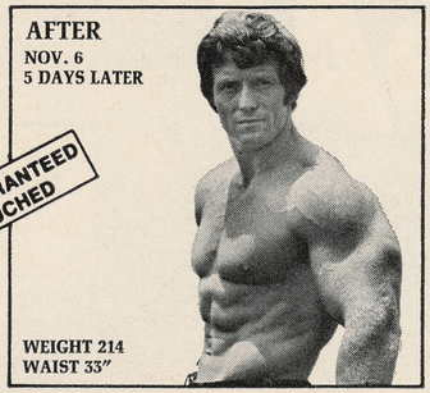
"I lost 18 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Mathews** ▪ "I lost 13 lbs. and 4" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Harvey** ▪ "I lost 15 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," **P. Boyd** ▪ "I lost 10½ lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Pearson** ▪ "I lost 15 lbs. and 5" off my waist in 14 days," **L. Heathcock** ▪ "I lost 11 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Peetrich** ▪ "I lost 13 lbs. and 2⅞" off my waist in 14 days," **R. Vaderity** ▪ "I lost 9 lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," **J. Miniford** ▪ "I lost 14 lbs. and 3½" off my waist in 14 days," **M. Reed.**

Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. However, the above is just a sampling from the impressive file of letters we receive daily — and we want you to know that — you too must be satisfied with our guaranteed results — or every penny back!

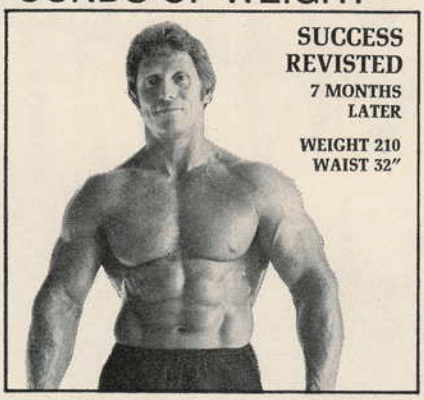
The World's Fastest Body Shaper!

"IN ONLY 5 DAYS I LOST 3" OFF MY WAIST AND 6 POUNDS OF WEIGHT"

***Ken,** out of shape, the day he started the plan.*

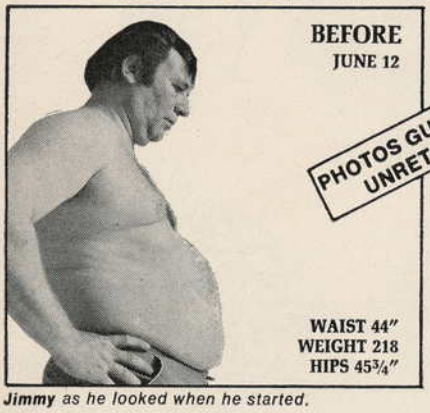


***Only 5 Days Later** — Gut gone, and shaping up. Fast Enough?*

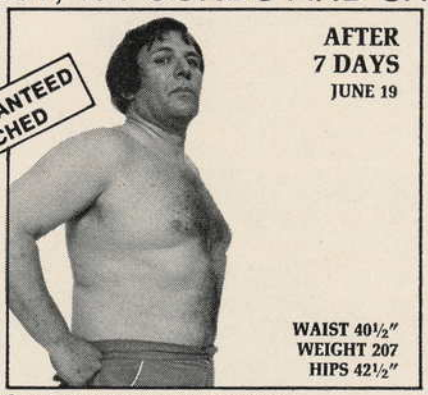


***7 Months Later** — Still in great shape — muscular, firm and rugged — Results that Stay!*

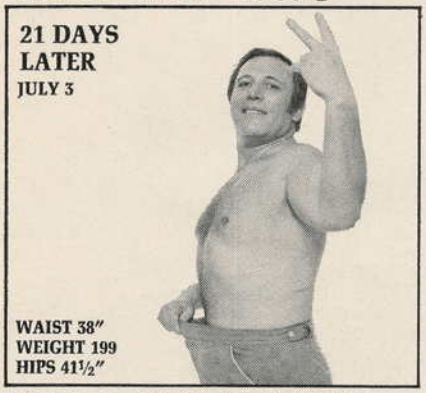
"I LOST 6" OFF MY WAIST, 19 POUNDS AND SHAPED UP IN 21 DAYS"



***Jimmy** as he looked when he started.*



***Only 7 Days Later** amazing results — pot almost gone.*



***After 21 Days** – Slimmed, reshaped, looking younger, feeling better.*

THEY SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY Complete Kit Only **$9.95**

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. AU/P

"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN

21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

I want to get into condition and shape up! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I can feel great all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up or every penny back. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it—in plain wrapper!

☐ **I enclose $9.95 for the above, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.** ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $..... California residents add 5% sales tax.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

(Please print clearly)

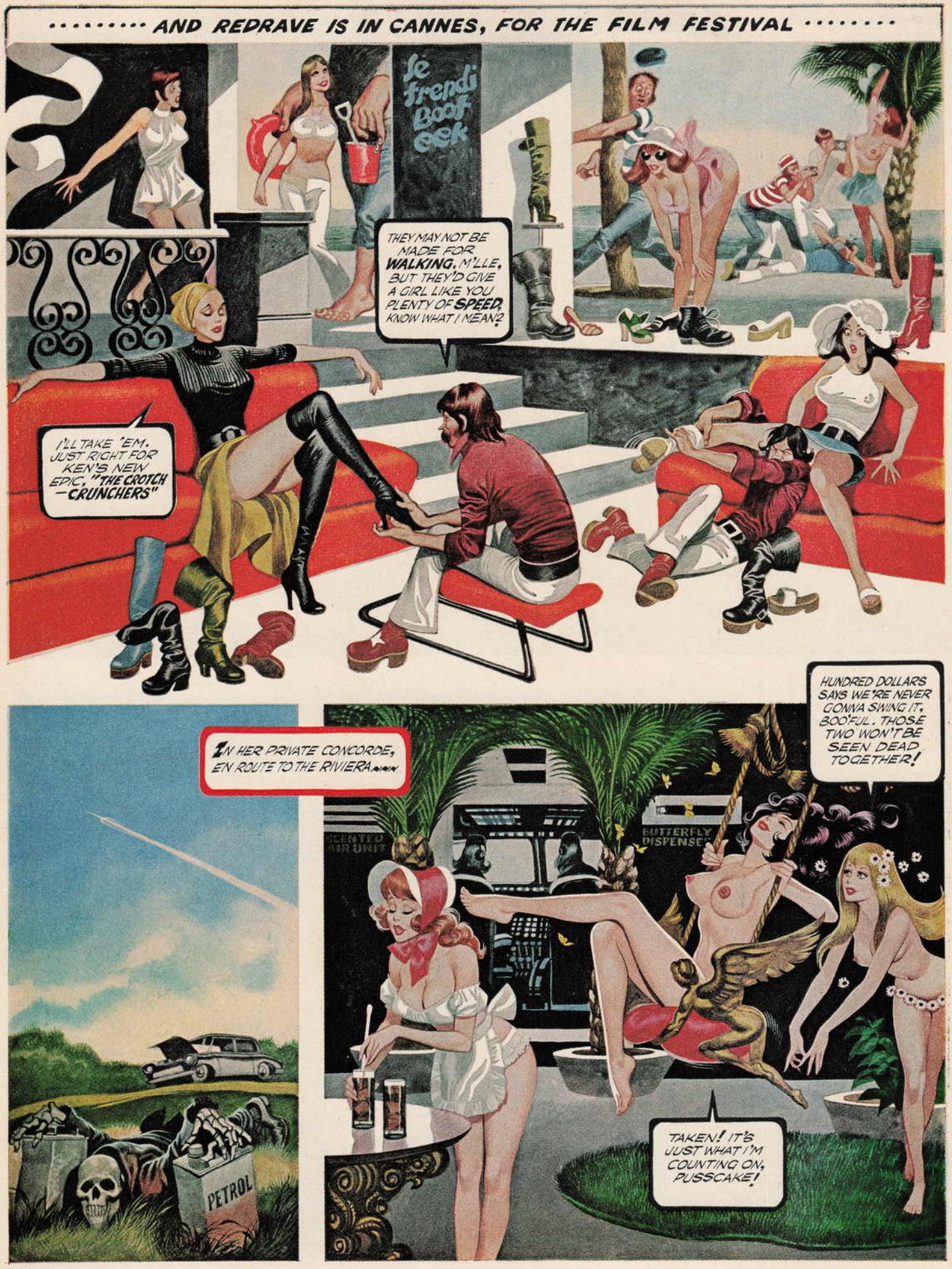
IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

OH, WICKED WANDA!
ON A FINE SPRING MORNING, WANDA VON KREESUS TAKES HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS, ON A TOUR OF HER FIENDISHLY CONCEIVED MUSEUM OF MISFITS
IT'S COMING ALONG FINE, PUSSCAKE. MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT QUITS AND START OUT ON SOME NEW CAPER?
Doggie
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

OH, PLEASE—NOT YET, DARLING! THERE ARE STILL A FEW UNUSED STANDS WE COULD DO SOMETHING WITH
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, DOLL!
FIFI! CHUM! LASSIE—DOWN!
I GUESS I'M DRYING UP—NO, NOT THERE, SILLY! I MEAN OF IDEAS!
SEE IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING WHILE I TAKE MY MORNING'S SEXERCISES
NYERK!
I'VE GOT IT! HANK SINISTRA — AND WASSA NAME OF THAT BRITISH FILM BROAD, ALWAYS MARCHING WITH THE LEFTIES?
OL' RED EYES IS GOIN'
VENUSA REDRAVE! YOU'RE GROOVIN', SWEETHEART!

·····ALL THIS WEEK·····SINISTRA IN MONTE CARLO···· GUEST OF THE RAINIERS···

I SAID GET LOST, GRANDAD!
SCRAM!
TUPPENCE ON RED!
ALLOW ME
SWITCH THAT $1,000 FROM ROUGE TO THE TOP PAIR, BABY — AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR TITS!
FAÎTES VOS JEUX, MESSIEURS!
ROOT BEER


AND REDRAVE IS IN CANNES, FOR THE FILM FESTIVAL
Le frendi Boof eek
THEY MAY NOT BE MADE FOR WALKING, M'LLE, BUT THEY'D GIVE A GIRL LIKE YOU PLENTY OF SPEED, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
I'LL TAKE 'EM. JUST RIGHT FOR KEN'S NEW EPIC, "THE CROTCH-CRUNCHERS"
IN HER PRIVATE CONCORDE, EN ROUTE TO THE RIVIERA...
PETROL
HUNDRED DOLLARS SAYS WE'RE NEVER GONNA SWING IT, BOO'FUL. THOSE TWO WON'T BE SEEN DEAD TOGETHER!
TAKEN! IT'S JUST WHAT I'M COUNTING ON, PUSSCAKE!

SINISTRA'S BEDROOM IN THE PALACE OF MONACO
ME ALREADY BILLED TO GIVE THE BEST PUBICS AWARD TO THAT COMMIE REDRAVE! I'M OUT ON THE NEXT PLANE, GRACE! THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A CLEAN AMERICAN CITIZEN!
NOT YET, HE AIN'T!
YOU HEAR THAT? HE'S WITHDRAWING!
CHE
KARL
WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
I THINK I'D LIKE TO BE CORRUPTED BY THE LOUSY CAPITALIST SYSTEM!
HANK SPIRO
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT IN VENUSA REDRAVE'S HOTEL ROOM
FROM WHO?— I MEAN WHOM? THAT CREEP! WELL, JUST GO BACK AND TELL THE COMMITTEE I'M TAKING FRENCH LEAVE!
FEE
DO IT YOURSELF VASECTOMY
R-I-I-I-P
ALL TIME GREATS OF WOMEN'S BOXING
FREE SEX TOYS
LIBERATION THROUGH CASTRATION
LIBERTY EQUALITY PATERNITY

TAXI!
TAXI!
TRICKED INTO BOARDING WANDA'S ZURICH BOUND CONCORDE...
WELCOME ABOARD, M'LLE REDRAVE!
ALL PART OF THE FESTIVAL'S EMERGENCY FLIGHT SERVICE, M'SIEUR SINISTRA. ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO TO RELAX YOU...MASSAGE? MANICURE? MILKSHAKE?
WE'RE SCREENING THE LATEST SINISTRA MOVIE
SQUELCH
YOU WOKE ME FOR THAT CRAP? THE CREEP CAN'T EVEN ACT!

AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE NNNN
WHY, YOU COMMIE C....! I'LL SPELL IT OUT FOR YA!
I'M AN IMMORTAL
YOU CAN'T SING, EITHER!
ONE OF THE ALL TIME GREATS!
SPLAT
GOODBYE, DOCTOR SPOCK!
EFFEN IMMORTALS ARE SUBJEK TO THE VILEINCE IN THE STREETS!
HEY, YOU! GET THAT KID OFF THE STRIP!
ZIP
ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLYPOP
C'WAN, KID- THERE'S YA BIG CHANCE —YOU'VE GOT AN AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS!

♫ THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN' ♫
IT'S A BRUTAL WAY OF MAKING A GUY COME TO HEEL, BUT—CHACUN SON BOOT!
LATER, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS
NINETY EIGHT NINETY NINE ONE HUNDRED! MAKES A SUPER EXHIBIT, BOO'FUL! WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU FOR KICKS?
WELL, FOR STARTERS, YOU COULD TRY PUTTING YOUR MOUTH WHERE YOUR MONEY IS!
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S KNEE-TREMBLING INSTALMENT!!

Introducing *MAN & WOMAN*

a whole pictorial library that is completely free and unashamed about love, sex, and adult relationships

Including...

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Sexual attraction is communicated not by words, but by "body language." What are these telltale signs?

POSITIONS FOR THE ADVENTUROUS

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Is there really such a thing as "platonic friendship" between the sexes? Does close friendship between a man and a woman always lead to bed? The answer may surprise you.

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Is orgasm a simple matter of physical stimulation—or is it more? How far do emotions control our orgasms?

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Is is possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time, or must he be deceiving himself?

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Imagination, initiative, and a sense of adventure are the most effective aphrodisiacs. How can a person acquire the skill that will make him or her a confident sensuous lover?

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The dilemma of a man who feels compelled to seek escape in an extramarital affair.

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Why do they do it? An eminent psychiatrist explains what motivates them and what teasing can lead to sexually and psychologically.

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The Editorial Advisory Board includes distinguished British physicians, university professors, and marriage counsellors. And in addition to helpful insights into all the physical aspects of lovemaking, each volume deals with hundreds of important psychological problems in relationships. Can a man love two women? What causes a woman's "moods"? What breaks up marriages? How can jealousy be dealt with? Can a man or woman be single yet happy?

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G1

"Goddam automatic windows!"

SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

cobblers, but they were so expensive that several women had to share one among them. They were still popular in the Middle Ages, and, in the 12th century, Bishop Burchard of Worms set out to punish women "wont to make a machine in the form of the *membrum virile* for the satisfaction of your desires." During the Renaissance, velvet and glass godemiches (*q.v.*) came into use and some of them were equipped with an ejaculation device. With the invention of rubber and sophisticated molding devices, the modern dildo has become even more lifelike, and electricity has provided an added thrill: "The vibrator has really replaced the dildo as the alone-girl's best friend," as the British magazine *Time Out* reported. In Britain, the strap-on artificial penis has helped to save so many marriages where a husband suffers from impotence, that it may be prescribed by a doctor on the National Health Service. Apart from actual penis substitutes, there are many sex aids designed to enhance the penis's size and effectiveness. Modern favorites are the many types of knobbed or ridged, thick sheaths which may well increase the woman's pleasure, but tend to diminish the man's. Many primitive tribes use penile adornments to achieve the same end. The Dyaks of Borneo insert a silver needle through the glans of the penis and use rods of varying lengths according to the womans' demand. A refinement, *ampallang*, involves flattening the glans between two boards for several days. It is then pierced with a rod made of copper, silver or gold with agate balls slotted on either end. This *ampallang* can be up to four inches long and Dyak wives can divorce their husbands for refusing to use it. The Northern Celebes of Indonesia tie the eyelid of a goat, with the eyelashes attached, around the corona of the penis. This has a delightfully ticklish effect, and many modern sex shops sell "ticklers" based on the same principle, made of a rubber collar with bristles attached. The collar may serve the dual purpose of stimulating the clitoris and preserving the man's erection, since it inhibits the flow of blood out of the penis. Another form of sex aid, for the "alone-guy" this time, is the artificial vagina. They were popular with sailors in the 19th century and consisted of an animal bladder surrounded by soft leather and stuffed with straw. Nowadays, they are made of rubber and tend to look like enormous dried figs.

Sex-change operation: Surgical conversion of the genitals to those of the opposite sex, usually male into female. The testicles and penis are removed and the scrotum slit and reshaped to form a vulva. Sometimes an artificial vagina large enough to permit intercourse is constructed, using the sensitive skin of the penis. Dr. Georges Burou, a Casablanca surgeon who specializes in sex changes, claims that some of his patients can experience orgasm from the artificial vaginas he creates. Supported by hormone therapy to induce breast development and repress beard growth, most recipients of the operation emerge as thoroughly normal-looking and even glamorous women—like Miss April Ashley (*q.v.*). However, they can never become pregnant, despite their frequent claims to have done so. The reverse type of sex-change operation—woman into man—is very rare, but it has been performed a few times with moderate success. Most adult candidates for the sex-change operation are transsexuals whose psychological rejection of their own body is so extreme that they find life intolerable. Obviously, doctors will only agree to initiate the change of sex when all else has failed. If refused the operation, such transsexuals will occasionally attempt to do it themselves—recently a man turned up at a Scottish hospital carrying his testicles, which he had amputated himself, in a box. After medical and psychiatric treatment, he was discharged, seemingly satisfied, but three years later he amputated his penis. The first publicized sex-change operation was performed on George Jorgensen (*q.v.*) in 1952. However, there had been at least one previous operation which was kept secret for three years—in 1951 former British fighter pilot and racing driver Robert Cowell, the father of two children, was changed into Roberta Cowell. Since then, conversion surgery has become increasingly widespread. An in-depth study of sex-change operations, entitled *Transsexuals*, and written by Terri Schultz, appeared in the January 1974 *Penthouse*.

sexual positions: Though the Western world tends to think of the missionary position—man on top—as the norm, many other cultures have different favorites. There is considerable evidence that the Romans and Greeks favored woman-on-top or "dog fashion," and so did many primitive societies. Some African tribes had never even *thought* of doing it with the man on top and were taught this position by missionaries—hence the name. Actually, there are many more interesting positions where neither partner lies on top of the other. "Scissors" is a good one: the man lies back, slightly turning his body towards the woman who lies at right angles across him, so that their bodies form an "X" with their pelvises meeting in the middle. If the partners then cross, or intertwine their two nearest legs, they have formed the classic "scissors" shape and they can alter the depth or tightness of penetration by moving their legs together.

smegma: Glandular secretion which collects under the foreskin in uncircumcised men. Since it can smell extremely unpleasant and may cause infections, it is essential to wash this area carefully at least once a day. Some authorities believe that smegma may be carcinogenic: it is well-established that Jewish women rarely suffer from cancer of the cervix, and this may be because their circumcised husbands do not harbor smegma bacteria.

Sodom and Gomorrah: Biblical "Cities of the Plain" (probably located in Jordan), famous for the debauchery of their inhabitants. *Genesis XIII* states that "the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." At this stage their sin is still unspecified but a few chapters later it becomes clear that it is homosexuality. Hence the word *sodomy* (*q.v.*). Abraham's nephew Lot lived in Sodom, and one evening two angels came to his house. Lot generously invited them in and gave them a feast and a bed for the night. But the men of Sodom gathered outside the house and demanded, "Where are the men which came into thee this night? Bring them out unto us that we may know them." Lot held the door shut and replied, "I pray you, brethren, do not so wickedly. Behold now, I have two daughters which have not known man; let me, I pray you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes: only unto these men do nothing." Fortunately, the Sodomites did not take up Lot's unpaternal offer and the angels rewarded him for his courage by warning him that God intended to destroy the city. Lot and his family escaped hurriedly (though Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt) and Sodom and Gomorrah were devastated by fire and brimstone.

sodomy: Legal term for the act of anal intercourse, whether between two men or a man and a woman. In English law it used to be called "the abominable crime of buggery"—hence the hilarity in British homes when Watergate "buggers" are referred to on television. It was a capital crime in England until 1861, then changed to a punishment of life imprisonment. But the Sexual Offences Act of 1967 made homosexual sodomy legal in Britain, provided the participants are consenting adults and not members of the armed forces or merchant navy. Ironically, anal intercourse between a man and his wife is still an indictable offense. Most states in the U.S. still have stringent laws against sodomy, whether homosexual or heterosexual. By no means do *all* homosexuals use sodomy; many prefer mutual masturbation or fellatio. The anus is not the ideal sexual receptacle, since it lacks the vagina's elasticity, and with prolonged use it may become slack, leading to incontinence. Doctors claim to be able to recognize passive homosexuals by the fact that the anus is dilated and opens immediately when pressed. Rectal VD and piles are other occupational hazards of the sodomite. The anus does not secrete its own lubricant as the vagina does, and so an artificial lubricant is always necessary. Despite all these drawbacks, however, Kinsey found that: "The receiving partner, female or male, often reports that the deep penetration of the rectum may bring satisfaction which is, in many respects, comparable to that which may be obtained from deep vaginal insertion." On the other hand, Kinsey discovered that "it is only an occasional individual who is brought to orgasm by such techniques." (Homosexuals usually masturbate during or after the sodomitic act.) Among heterosexuals, anal intercourse is usually practiced as a birth control measure or for variety's sake, but some writers—notably D.H. Lawrence (*q.v.*) and Norman Mailer—imply that it has a deeper psychological role: it is the ultimate act of submission in the woman.

soixante-neuf (sixty-nine): Oral-erotic technique in which the partners simultaneously engage in fellatio and cunnilingus. The usual position is for the woman to kneel on all fours over the man, who lies on his back beneath her, with their heads in contact with one another's genitals. Or the roles can be reversed with the man on top, but many women complain that they feel "trapped" this way. Alternatively both partners can lie on their sides, head-to-groin, provided the woman raises her upper knee sufficiently for the man to reach her. There are a few other possibilities but they are strictly for acrobats and show-offs. The man can stand and hold the woman upside down in the air with her face to his penis. Even more ingeniously, the man can sit with his legs astride and the woman standing between them, with her back to him and her buttocks at his face level. She then bends forwards and downwards to fellate him and he cunnilingues her from the rear. Yoga addicts, of course, can do it standing on their heads—literally—but this is not recommended. One drawback to soixante-neuf, however performed, is that some people find it hard to concentrate on pleasing their partner when they are becoming wildly excited themselves. On the other hand, it is more loving to give and receive pleasure mutually. Soixante-neuf is French for 69, and the figure represents the shape of the two bodies in contact. The Chinese yin-yang symbol is identical, as is the zodiacal sign for cancer, the crab. Soixante-neuf obviously has a long history. It is shown on several ancient Greek and Roman oil lamps as well as in Hindu temple carvings.

Sexindex will continue next month.

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